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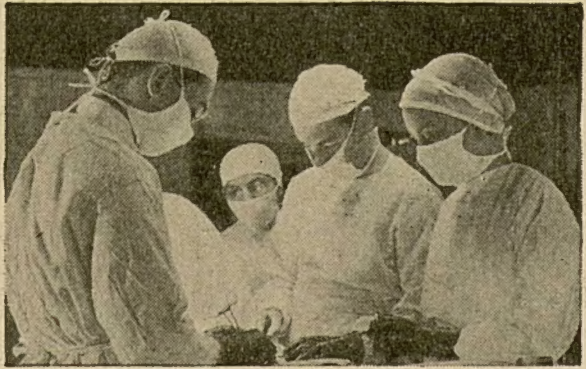

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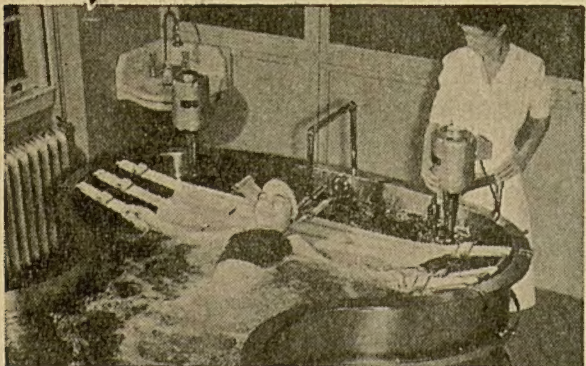

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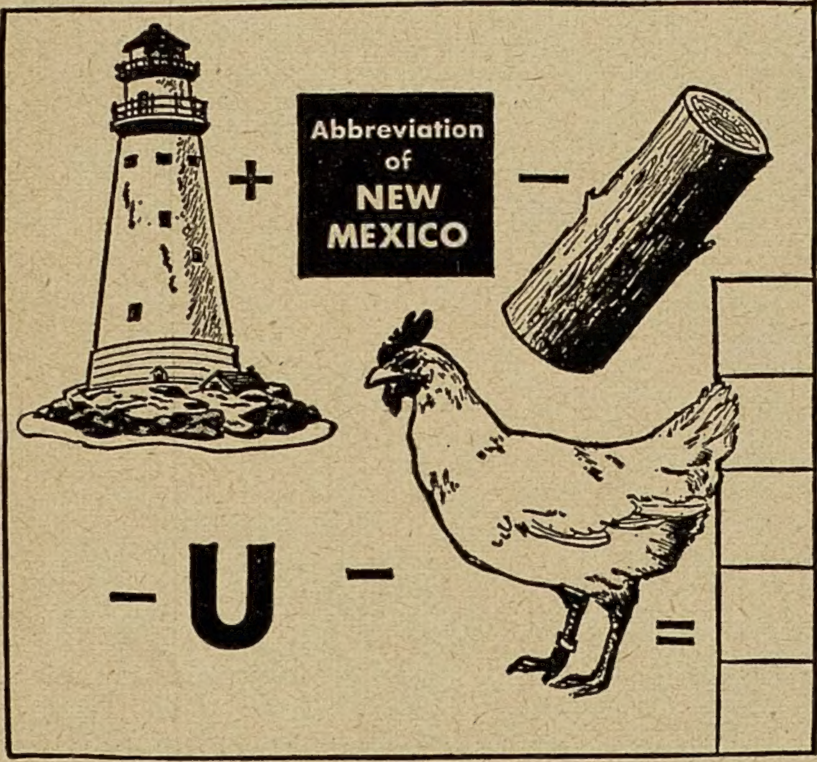

The Correct (Last) Name for This Puzzle Appears Below:

John Paul JONES
Jesse JAMES
John ADAMS
Alfred E. SMITH
Patrick HENRY
Ulysses S. GRANT

This puzzle represents a well-known name. The correct name is one of those listed under the puzzle. Let's work it out together and see how the puzzles are solved:

First let's identify the objects pictured: LIGHTHOUSE...LOG...HEN. Let us jot down *LIGHTHOUSE,* to which we add *N M* (abbreviation of New Mexico) as directed by the plus sign. We thus now have *LIGHTHOUSENM.* We are next told (by the minus sign) to subtract *LOG,* so we cross out the letters *LOG,* leaving *I H T H U S E N M.* Then we take away the letter *U* and *HEN,* and are finally left with *ITHSM.* So we fit those letters into the squares to the right of the equal sign, and they fit exactly (five letters, five squares).

But now we must unscramble and rearrange those letters to form a well-known name. What name can it be? Can it be *THIMS?* No! Can it be *MITHS?* No! Can it be *SMITH?* Why, sure enough there's Alfred E. Smith in the list under the puzzle.

Get the idea? Then mail coupon below for 33 official puzzles and full details. They're yours FREE of obligation.

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Who Is Conducting This Contest and Why

This brand new $75,000.00 Puzzle Contest is sponsored by The Fiction Book Club—the nationally known publishing organization that provides its hundreds of thousands of members with outstanding new best-selling novels at savings of up to 50% from the price of publishers' editions. You do NOT need to know anything about literature to win, and mailing the coupon for details does not obligate you in any way.

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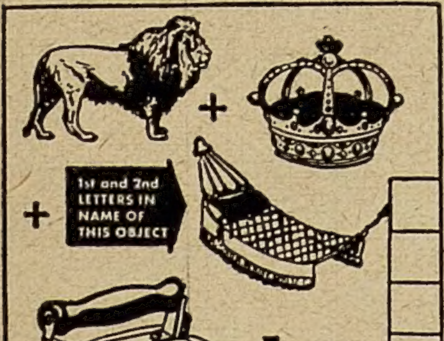
+
1st and 2nd LETTERS IN NAME OF THIS OBJECT
+
–LW=

The correct (last) name for this puzzle appears below:

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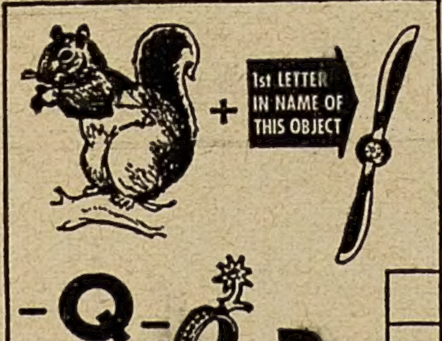
Daniel DAFOE
Samuel F. B. MORSE
Thomas PAINE
Wm. J. BRYAN


+
1st LETTER IN NAME OF THIS OBJECT
–Q–
–R=

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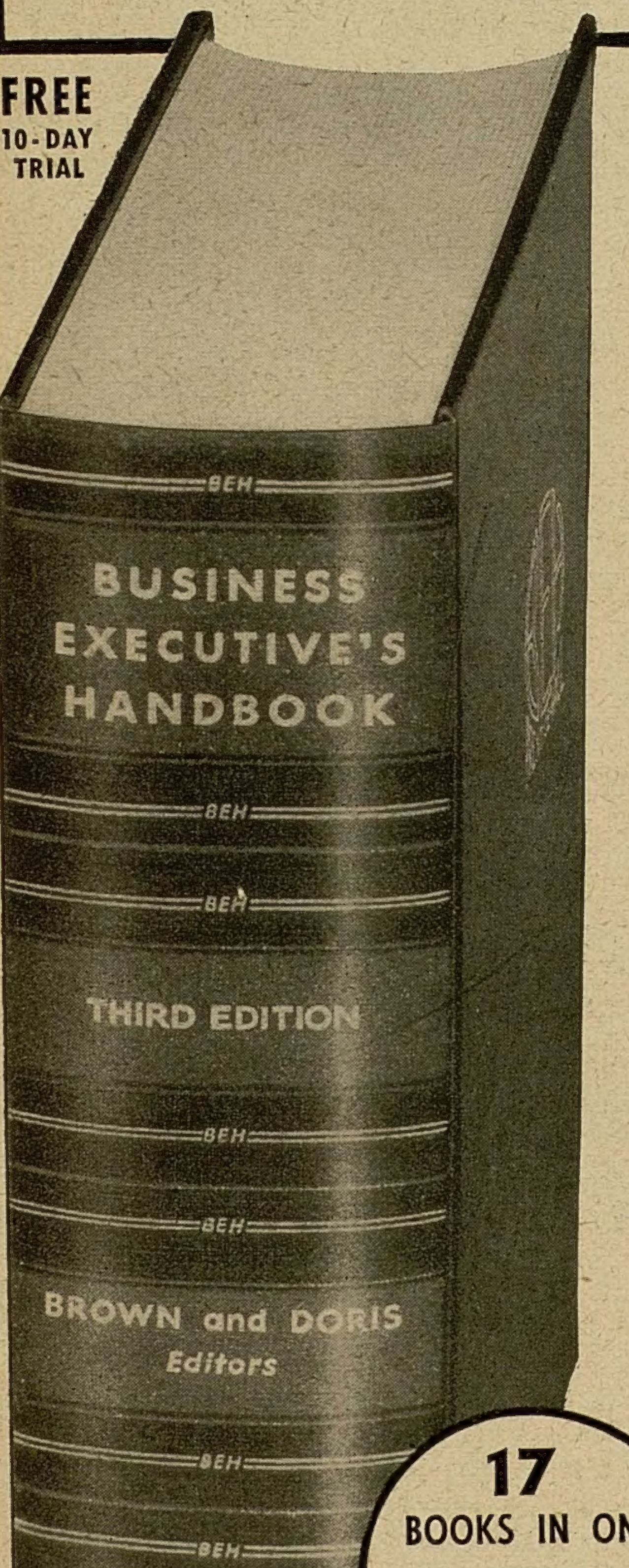

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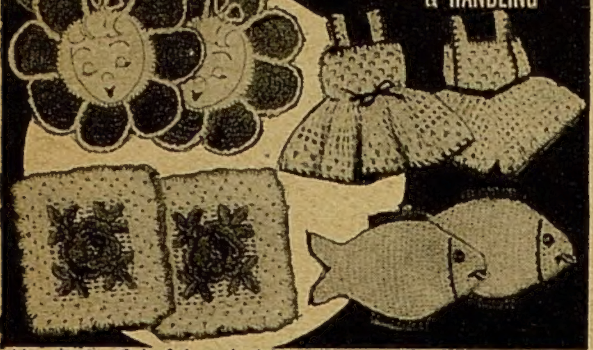

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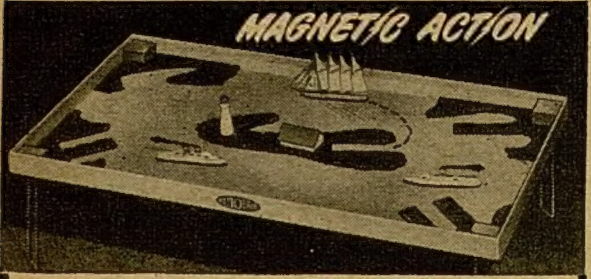

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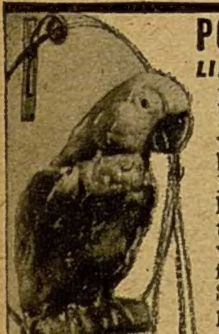

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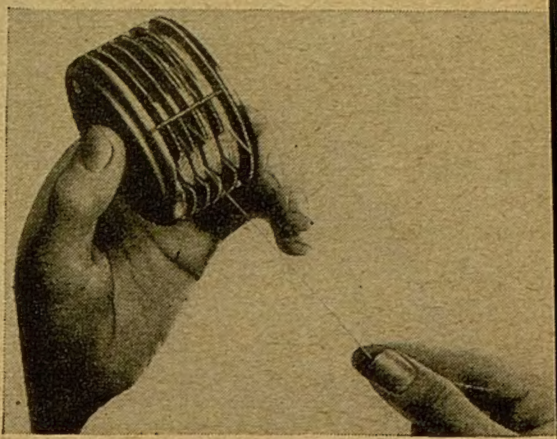

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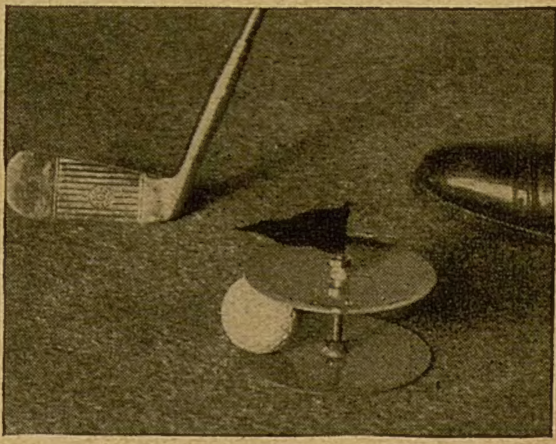
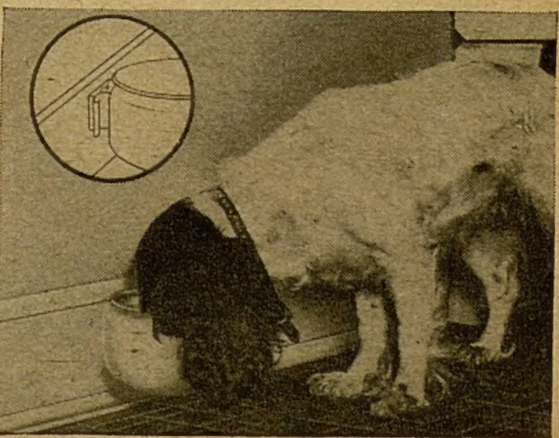
After you've once carried an over-the-shoulder bag, you don't need to be sold on its great convenience, day in and day out. But for those who haven't, here's a grand introduction—a roomy bag of imported durable cowhide, hand-tooled in Guatemala in native designs. In natural only, unlined, 8 by 10½ inches. For the young lady who likes to "match" her mother, there's a smaller version, 5½ by 7¼ inches. Bropar, Box 1997, San Antonio 6, Texas; $9.65 or $4.75 ppd., plus 20% federal tax.

Every year we've yearned for an ingenious and space-saving way to display prize Christmas cards during the holidays —and then save them throughout the year. This folding album is choice enough to stand on mantel or library table at Christmastime, and sturdy enough for bookcase storage afterward. Folded, it measures about 10 by 11 by 2 inches; open, there are 12 pockets to hold cards. In red only, with gold lettering. Northmore's, Highland Park, Ill.; $2.95 ppd.



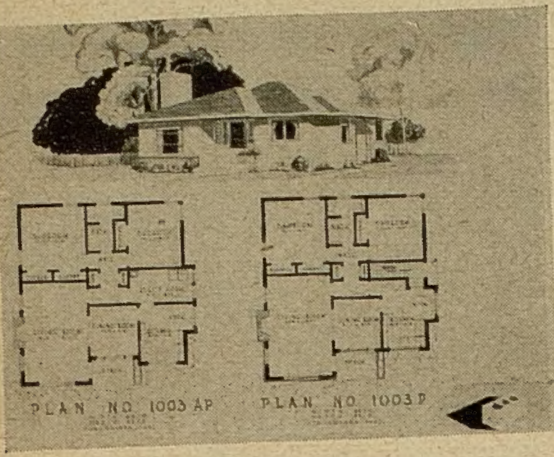
It's smart to save your best china cups for teatime and give the golfers this Hole-in-One Putting Trap for winter living-room practice. Or, if you're searching for a lively party game, several of these traps can be set up quickly to form a sporty miniature course. The adjustable trap takes only the accurate shots that would ordinarily sink into a real hole. Steel construction, in yellow, green, or red. L. Berghman Co., 54 S. 19th Ave., Maywood, Ill.; $2 each or 3 for $5 ppd.



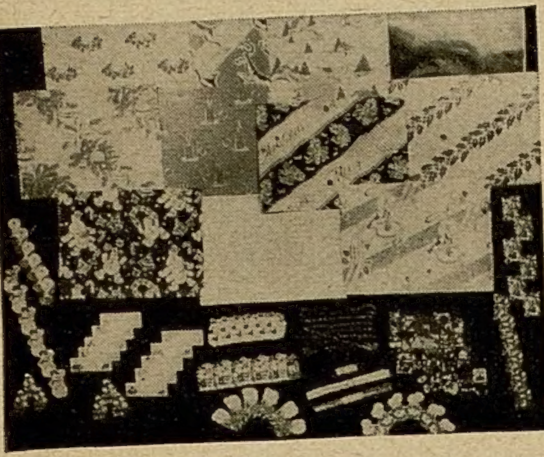
Don't forget your favorite dog. His owner will be grateful for this spun-aluminum Dog Manger which the pooch can't push noisily across the floor. It slips in and out of a bracket for washing, or for heating food. The bracket can be attached to baseboard or wall so mopping under the dish becomes a cinch. It's especially good for long-eared dogs and is suitable for outdoor porch or kennel. Holds 36 ounces. Westberg & Johnson, 1546 Railroad Ave., Bridgeport 5, Conn.; $2.75 ppd.

Christmas shopping time again! Shop now. Shop by mail, to be ure of first choice in gifts, and in materials for those cards and presents you plan to dream up

By EILEEN BURKE



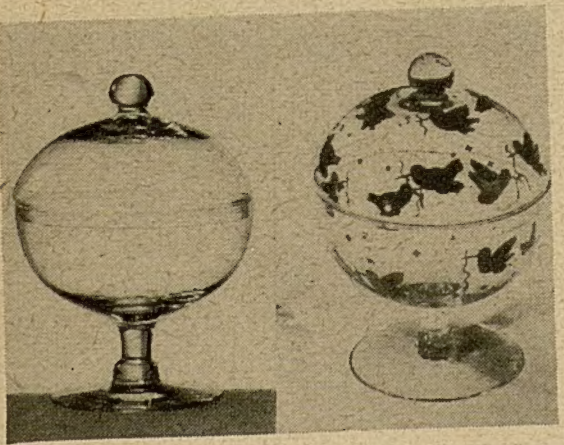
Want some help for the family's home-planning sessions this winter? Two new Home Building Plan books, for frame and for block masonry construction, offer a variety of floor plans and designs in garage and starter houses, two- and three-bedroom homes and duplexes. You'll probably find your favorite among the many styles. Complete working blueprints for houses shown are available at small cost. Home Building Plan Service, 2454 N. E. Sandy Blvd., Portland 12, Oreg.; $1 ppd.



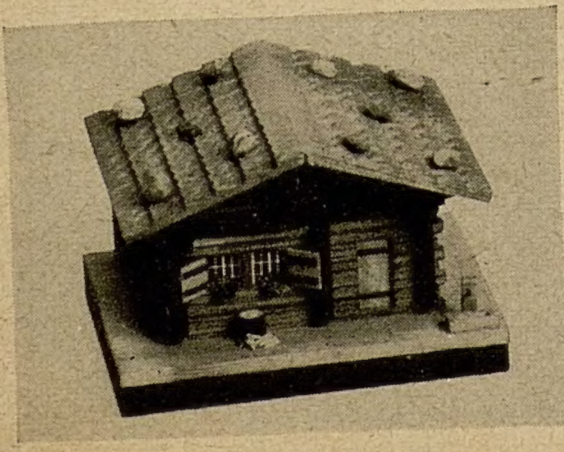
Instead of jousting with last-day crowds in the stores, order your gift wrappings early and be sure of a complete selection. This kit includes 15 sheets of handsome metal foil, white tissue, and patterned Christmas paper; more than 36 feet of ribbon and 200 assorted seals and enclosure cards. With all this choice, gift wrapping will be a big success. Also available in non-Christmas patterns, to have on hand throughout the year. Carla Jill Studios, Northport, L. I., N. Y.; $1 ppd.

FLO-PAQUE
COLORS

If you're truly ambitious, you'll want to try decorating your own Christmas cards and gifts with these Flo-Paque colors. Use them on any surface—paper, glass, fabric, ceramic, plastic, metal, or wood. They're as easy to handle as water colors, but as durable as oils—and you can mix your own shades. This kit contains ½-ounce bottles of eight colors, thinner, and glaze. Larger bottles may be bought separately. Floquil Products, Inc., 1993 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.; $2.65 ppd.



Start work now and you'll be able to surprise and delight your friends with hand-decorated Christmas gifts. Decorated or not, these 7-inch hand-blown jars are fine for candy, nuts, and other tidbits. Without their cover, they'll serve as "icers" for desserts and fruits, or centerpieces for small tables. A full-color set of suggested designs is included with each order. Idea for those with artistic talents. Gift Sources, 200 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.; $2.95 each or $4.95 a pair, plain, ppd.



To add a touch of froth to Christmas we offer this gay Swiss music box. It's a hand-fashioned reproduction of a tiny Alpine hut, complete right down to colorful flower boxes at the window and a wood pile out front. Raise the roof (after you've wound it up, of course) and two waltz tunes tinkle forth. There's a small compartment for cards, earrings, cigarettes, or trinkets. It measures about 5 by 4 by 3 inches. Swiss Imports, 3140 Magnolia Ave., St. Louis 18, Mo.; $9.95 ppd.

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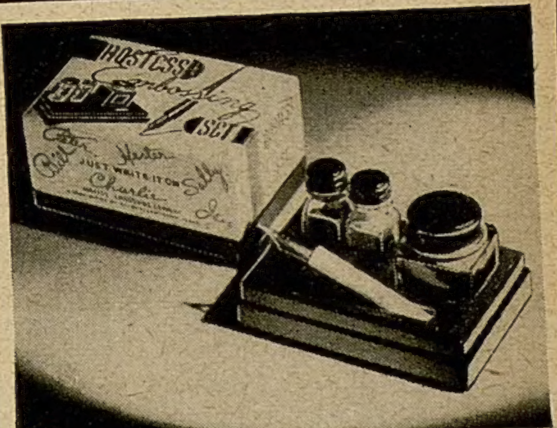

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Your handwriting in raised metallic letters. Easy as writing! Glamourize your signature, insignia, etc., on greeting or place cards, or any kind of paper that takes ink. Make your Christmas cards and stationery distinctive. Hostess Embossing Set includes ink, gold and silver powder and pen. Enough material for 750 signatures.

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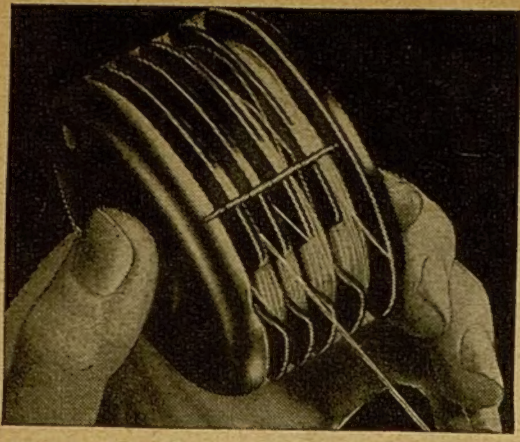

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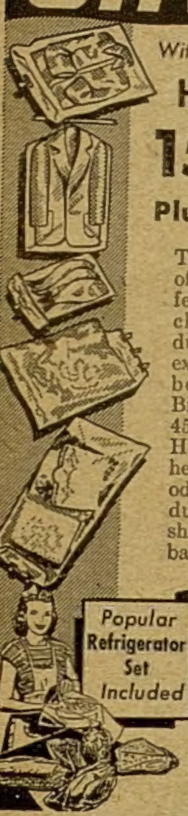
With (AMG) Handi-Bags General

HOUSEKEEPING SET

15 HEAVY DUTY PLASTIC BAGS

Plus **16** CLOSING CLIPS



These 15 genuine HANDI-BAGS of heavy new polyethylene are perfectly sealed—will outlast lighter, cheaper plastics two to one. 16 durable closing clips included for extra value. Bags won't crack—can be washed in hot soapy water. Bigger sizes, they range from 26" x 45" for suits to 6" x 10" for foods. Hundreds of safe storage uses—heavy duty, transparent—keep out odors, moths, moisture, mildew and dust. Send only $2.95 today. We ship immediately prepaid. Money back guarantee. No C.O.D. orders.

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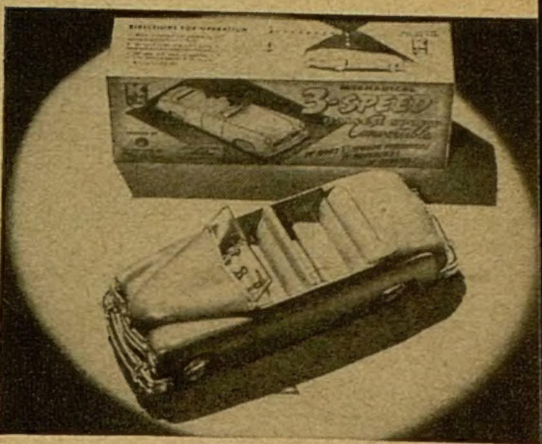
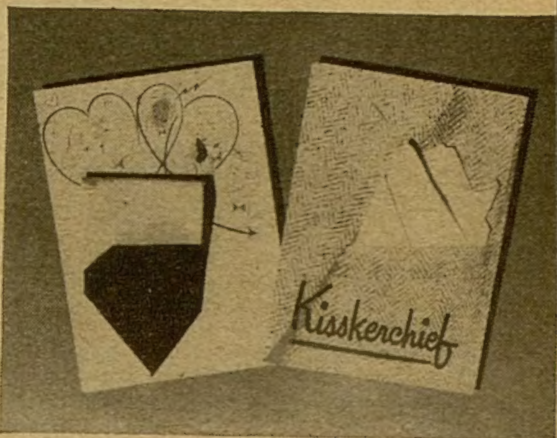
Continued

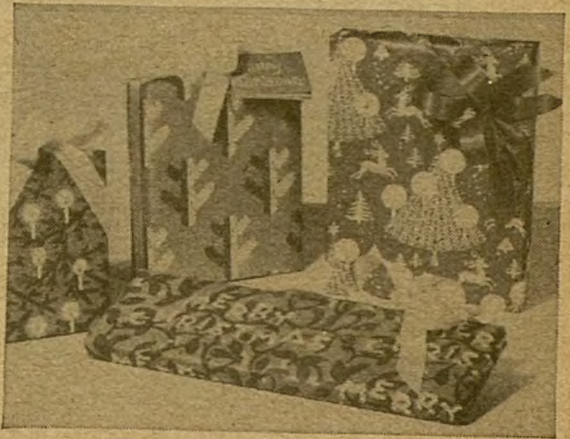
For all those boys—young, medium, and old—who are eternally fascinated by mechanical toys. This 10-inch exact scale model of the Kaiser sport convertible, actually made on the Willow Run assembly line, dashes forward at three different speeds, reverses, boasts a wheel that really steers and brakes that honestly work. The precision-built car body is plastic; grille and bumpers, bright metal; wheels, authentic rubber. Novelty Mart, 59 E. 8th St., New York 3, N. Y.; $2.95 ppd.



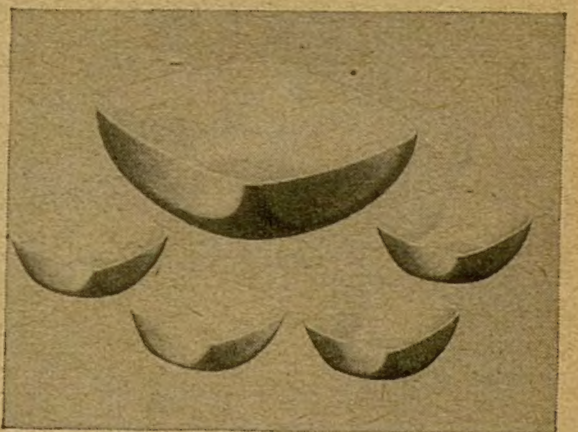
Safety first. That's why we like this Kisskerchief, designed for adventurous males. On the surface, and peering out of the pocket, it's the conventional handkerchief of fine white cotton, a full 18 by 18 inches, with hand-rolled edges. Actually, there's safety in the lipstick-red octagonal center with which telltale marks can be removed. Since the red spot is dead center, the handkerchief can be folded almost any way. M. C. Flynn, 43 E. 59th St., New York 22, N. Y.; $1 ppd.



There is something new under the Christmas tree this year—balsam-scented gift-wrapping paper to add an extra holiday touch to the presents you've chosen. The attractive designs—"Pine Twigs," "Mistletoe," "Christmas in the Woods," and others—were all created by well-known artists. They come in traditional Christmas red and green, as well as some colors not so traditional—dark yellow, gray, pink. Page & Biddle, 21 Station Rd., Haverford, Pa.; 8 assorted sheets, 20 by 30 inches, $1 ppd.



Combine good looks, long life, and utility in your gifts by choosing this Pyrex hostess set of four individual 12-ounce ramekins and a 2½-quart casserole. The casserole can serve as salad bowl, centerpiece, or soup tureen; the ramekins will glorify individual portions of baked beans, macaroni, or your most successful desserts. Time-saving, too, because foods can be baked, served, and refrigerated in the same dish. In red or yellow. Department and gift stores, 5 pieces, $2.95.



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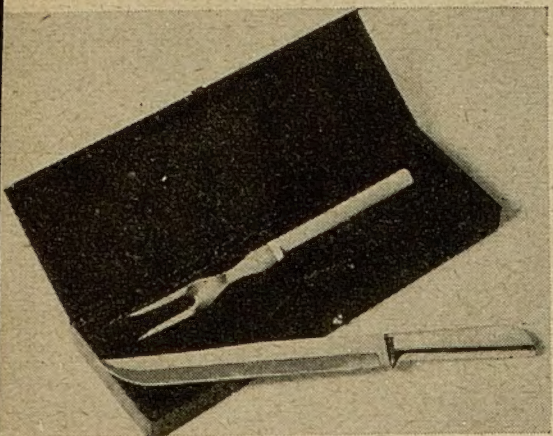
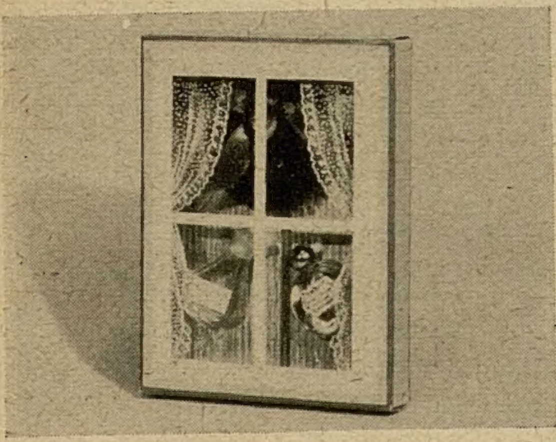
THE FAMILY

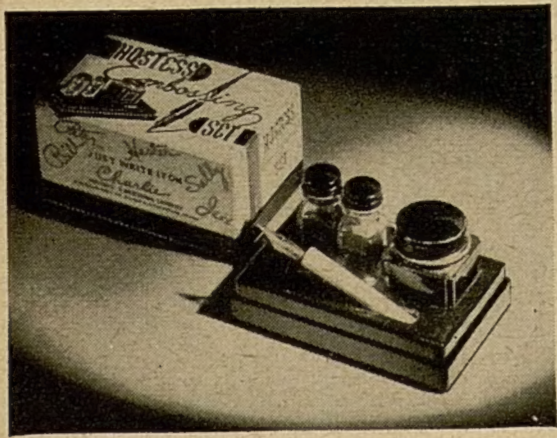


Distinctive cutlery always makes a hit, particularly with the man who's responsible for carving the roast. This set is designed for both business and good looks. Blade and tines are hollow-ground and hand-honed stainless steel. Handles are aluminum alloy, polished to a permanent super gloss, guaranteed never to loosen. The knife is 12½ inches; fork, 10⅜ inches. Packaged in a leatherette case lined in velvet. Post Mart, 260 E. 78th St., New York 21, N. Y.; $5.95 ppd.

Straight out of the beloved German fairy tale, Hansel and Gretel will come to life for your children when they see these soft cuddle toys. Made by self-supporting college students, the dolls are about 11 inches tall. Gretel dons a spanking white apron and cap with a brightly-colored cotton print dress. She's a brunette. Hansel wears striped pants with a solid-color jacket and perky hat. Both are stuffed with kapok. The Berea College Student Industries, Berea, Ky.; $1.50 each ppd.

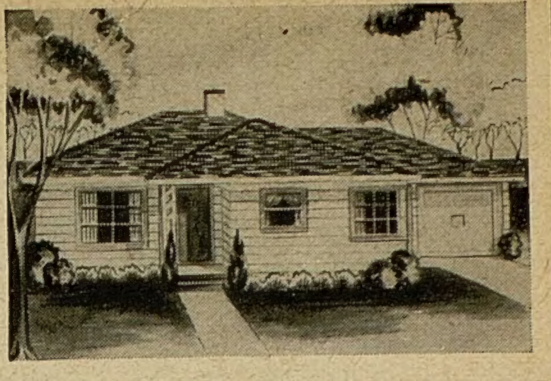


You must know many of those girls to whom Christmas is incomplete if there's no perfume in the toe of their stocking. And you must have other names, too, with big question marks on your shopping list. For both, Houbigant offers this holiday window package, gay with a miniature wreath and lace curtains. It contains dram bottles of two ever-popular perfumes—light, flowery Quelques Fleurs, and spicy, pungent Chantilly. At department and drug stores, $2.50, plus 20% federal tax.



Another thought for readers who are planning to decorate their own Christmas cards or year-round stationery. With the pen, special ink and gold or silver mineral powder included in each Hostess Embossing Set, you can apply a raised metallic letter or signature to cards or paper with unusual effects. Hostess Embossing Co., 720 Main St., Lewiston, Idaho; $1 ppd.

If you are not satisfied with any item purchased by mail through these columns, return it and your money will be refunded. Prices are subject to change.



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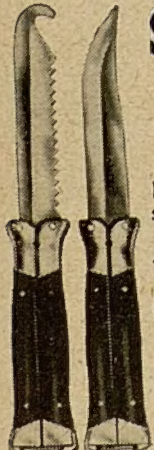

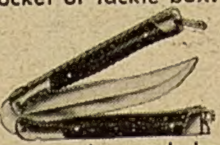

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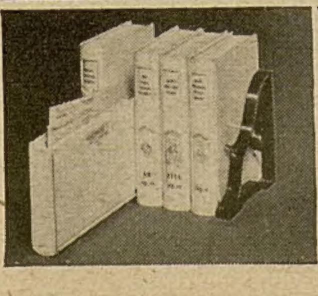

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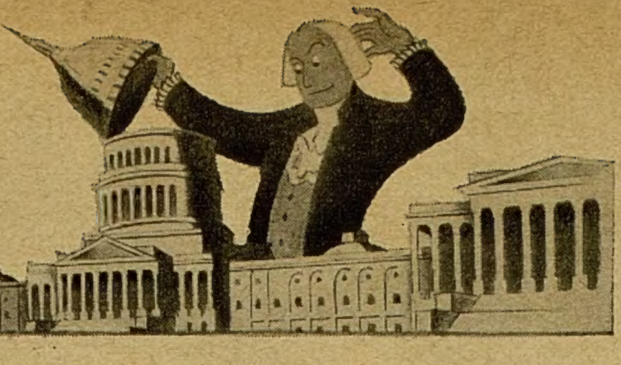
TERRY'S ORIGIN-ETTES, Dept. L-1, 3 Napoleon St., Valparaiso, Ind.

WASHINGTON

By STACY V. JONES



COUNTERFEITS Abraham Lincoln, Alexander Hamilton, and Andrew Jackson are your best protectors, respectively, against counterfeit $5, $10 and $20 bills. The thing to remember is not to accept any wooden portraits of these gentlemen. The genuine bills have distinct and lifelike pictures, but the badly printed imitations don't.

The Secret Service also advises you to look closely at the points of the colored seal on the right-hand side of a bill. In a good bill the sawtooth points are even and sharp; in the imitation they are uneven and broken. Genuine folding money not only looks but feels right, as it's engraved on a high quality of paper containing small silk threads, which crooks can't get.

Fives, tens, and twenties are the most common counterfeits, and are circulating now in considerable volume but in the usual low quality. Spurious dollar bills aren't very profitable to make, and shopkeepers take a good look at anybody presenting a fifty or higher denomination.

Bad bills are wholesaled like groceries, and until the salesmen are caught, they scatter them pretty much around the country. The Secret Service warns tradesmen to be especially on guard during the coming holidays when money turns over fast.

Four men and a woman, caught in Washington last summer, were charged with making about $150,000 in $20 bills, of which they had managed to pass only about $2,000 in a fast airplane sales tour of a number of cities before their arrest.

Counterfeit coins also can often be detected by their feel—they seem greasy. Dropped on a hard surface, a genuine coin gives a bell-like ring, but the copy sounds dull. The corrugations on the edge of a counterfeit are crooked and blurred, and most bad coins are soft enough to cut with a knife.

Detailed directions for recognizing counterfeits, as well as advice on the safeguarding of government checks and bonds, are given in an illustrated booklet, Know Your Money; 15 cents from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C.

CHEAPER HOMES Your chances of building that dream house at a price within reach seems to be improving. At this writing government economists, although not exactly jubilant about the situation, think residential construction costs, which dropped 5 or 6 per cent by midsummer from their all-time high of October, 1948, will continue a gradual decline.

Another favorable factor is that builders are increasing the proportion of lower-priced homes. The Housing and Home Finance Agency held a country-wide series of meetings with the industry last spring to stimulate construction of houses for middle-income owners, and now points with pride to the statistics. Congressional moves were also made to liberalize financing in the $7,000 to $9,000 range, as an incentive to builders.

The Housing Act of 1949, which authorizes loans and grants to communities for slum clearance, community development, and low-rent public housing, really falls in the relief category, but should in time relax the general housing pressure. It also sets up research into costs and design that should help all home building. The only section of immediate aid to individuals is Title V, empowering the Farmers Home Administration (Department of Agriculture) to make housing loans and grants—gifts, that is—to farmers unable to get credit elsewhere. Ask the nearest Farmers Home Administration office or the county agent for details.

Conditions vary so widely that building costs are virtually a neighborhood matter. Your local sources of cost information include—besides architects and contractors—banks, savings and loan associations, and Federal Housing Administration offices. A booklet called For the Home-Buying Veteran, which contains check lists on points a buyer should consider in construction, financing, and location, ought to be useful to non-veterans as well. It costs a nickel; Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C. The FHA Plan of Home Ownership, a free booklet obtainable from the FHA local and Washington offices, is a standard guide on financing.

TEEN-AGE CLUBS Juniors in your household may be interested in two national youth organizations sponsored by the U. S. Office of Education. The older, Future Farmers of America, which has just been holding its convention in Kansas City, is composed of boys studying vocational agriculture in rural and small-town high schools.

The other has the confusing initials F.H.A., meaning not Federa Housing Administration, but Futur Homemakers of America. The F.H.A members are city and country high school students of home economics including a few boys.

The F.F.A. boys, whose averag age is 17, are very serious abou their farming, and some already make money at it. Many chapters own and operate farms, and members raise crops and livestock on land they borrow from their fathers or lease. Founded 1928, F.F.A. now has 280,000 members in 7,000 schools. Among other national activities are a public-speaking contest, judging contests for farm products, and awards in farm mechanics, electrification, dairy farming, and soil and water management.

Members of the sister F.H.A. (260,000 members in nearly 7,000 chapters) sometimes join the boys for barn dances and other social events. National F.H.A. projects include celebrating F.H.A. Week (October 30 to November 5), sending Christmas gifts abroad, and adopting home economics classes in European countries. The girls go in for rituals and songs. Like the boys, they have colors, mottoes, and insignia. They can buy pep shirts, beanies, and fancy mittens decorated with the official emblem.

National dues for each organization are 10 cents a year.

Most schools teaching vocational agriculture have F.F.A. chapters. For information address State Supervisor of Vocational Agriculture at your capital. Or write F.F.A., care the U. S. Office of Education, Washington 25, D. C., for a copy of Future Farmers of America in Action, an illustrated booklet. In the case of F.H.A., address State Supervisor, Future Homemakers of America, at your state Department of Education, or write F.H.A., care the U. S. Office of Education.

LIGHT BILLS If you want to compare your electric bills with those people pay elsewhere, send 25 cents to the Federal Power Commission, Washington 25, D. C., for one of its 1949 studies. The average household uses 100 kilowatt hours a month for lighting, small appliances, and refrigerators, and the average city bill last January 1 was $3.68. The lowest was $1.70, in Tacoma, Washington; and the highest was $5.10, in southern Westchester County, New York. The 25-year down trend in typical bills was reversed last year with a slight upturn.

The FPC merely presents the figures, and disclaims any attempt to determine the reasonableness of rates, as many factors cause differences in costs. Specify R-38 if you want statistics on typical electric bills for cities of 50,000 and more, or R-39 (in preparation as this is written) if you prefer data on cities of 2,500 and up. ◆ ◆

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VOX PO

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPL

Who's Got a Pet Peeve?

New York, N. Y.—I have be living in New York for barely month and already I have a p peeve: Why do so many wom (and some men also) crane the heads to look in shop windo while walking along the stre bumping into all but the very ale as they do so?—*J. B.*

Philadelphia, Pa.—In a city lik this, why do folks stand and tal at street intersections, narrow entrances, etc.?—*The printer who se the item above in type.*

OUR pet peeve is taxi drivers who mal left turns, endangering life and limb pedestrians, and then glare and swear the walkers as if *they* were at fault.—Vo Pop Editor.

Another Benjamin

Quincy, Ill.—In your Septembe issue, Rupert Hughes—in his Ar We Asking for Another Pearl Harbor?—states that during our Revolutionary War, "our greatest American scientist next to Benjami Franklin—Dr. Benjamin Church," was a traitor, "who, after he fled t Europe, was given the title Coun Rumford."

While Dr. Church was a traito he was never an outstanding scientist. The man who was an outstanding scientist and was late given the title of Count Rumfor by the ruler of Bavaria was Benjamin Thompson—*John McDole.*

With Eau de Banana?

Jetmore, Kans.—For some time now, people have been asked t patronize animal acts in theaters. It seems to me that keeping animals in so-called "zoos" is worse than

animal acts. I refer to roadside places with one or two animals in small cages, sometimes indoors. The monkeys are the only animals who seem to enjoy life. I think they would be better for a spraying occasionally.—*E. G. Bryant.*

OL. 26, NO. 11. Liberty NOVEMBER 1949

ORSE-AND-BUGGY CORONER—ALIBI FOR MURDER

By JAMES FINAN and FREDERIC SONDERN, Jr.

Every year in the United States several thousand murderers get off unsuspected. Here are the shocking facts behind this national scandal

EADING TIME 13 MINUTES Not long ago in a large south-rn city a young woman was found dead in her bed ne morning. Since she had apparently been in good ealth and no physician was in attendance, her body as duly examined by the county coroner—who certi-ied that the collapse had resulted from a "stroke," nd released the body for burial. Relatives, however, ere suspicious and demanded an examination of the orpse by a competent pathologist. The doctor quickly stablished that the "stroke" had been the murderous troke of a very fine sharp instrument through the eart; the tiny wound had not bled. The victim's husband was arrested, confessed, and was executed.

Had the medicolegal pathologist not been called in, hat murderer would be free today. Many other killers, nfortunately, are luckier. Law-enforcement authorities agree that every year in the United States several thousand murderers get away unsuspected. The unfortunate done to death is certified by a coroner as deceased from "natural" or "unknown" causes; the police take no action.

This shocking fact is mainly due to the archaic system of county coroners which we brought from England 300 years ago. In 41 of our states these vitally important but shockingly incompetent investigators are not required to be—and very seldom are—physicians. All too often they are chosen for political reasons. Thirty-two states do not even provide their coroners with the services of a qualified medical adviser. Bar associations, police organizations, the American Medical Association—whose members have seen many examples of the average coroner's incompetence—have been campaigning for years for the general adoption of the modern, scientific medical examiner system of trained medicolegal specialists. But in the majority of our communities, ignorance and inertia have stood in the path of change. With the crime of murder close to its all-time peak in urban and rural areas alike, this is a grim situation.

On an upstate New York golf course recently, a man lay dead on the fourteenth green. State troopers and the county coroner arrived to look at the body. "A bad fall," said the coroner after a cursory glance. "I'll certify it that way." The trooper in charge was not satisfied, however. There were no rocks or anything else on which the man could (*Continued on page 64*)

Drawing by Irv S. Docktor

$75,000 CASH

By ROBERT M. COATES

The "Spanish Prisoner" dodge is an old one, but it was new to Mr. Barrett. He fell for it and— But read and find out

READING TIME 18 MINUTES Wendell Barrett at fifty-eight was a singularly innocent man. He had never heard, for instance, of the famous tapped-wire racket, a confidence game in which the victim is led to bet large sums on the races; or of the dropped-rosary game, which revolves around an unworldly-looking "priest."

Indeed, he had never even heard of the Spanish Prisoner dodge, which begins with a letter from a man in a distant jail who, if he weren't incarcerated, would have access to considerable treasure, but who now needs help to secure it.

Perhaps because of this, he had reason to believe that his life had turned out better than most. He had a small car in which he and his wife drove to Florida, winters. He had a house, a neat gray-shingled bungalow, on the outskirts of Stamford, Connecticut. He had a modest income derived partly from sound investments and partly from an annuity, good health, and in general remarkably little to worry about.

He was a short, rather full-bodied man, whose bright blue eyes, ruddy face, and white hair gave him more the look of an ex-sea captain than the dealer in woolen textiles he had actually been before his retirement.

Mrs. Barrett, a small, plump-cheeked woman, was knitting peaceably on their porch swing one late autumn afternoon, and he was in a rocker, when the letter came.

Even before he opened it, Mr. Barrett knew there was something unusual about it. The envelope was of cheap yellow paper, the handwriting was unfamiliar and oddly florid in style, while both the stamp and the postmark—though the letter was so smudged that at first Mr. Barrett couldn't make it out at all —were unquestionably foreign.

"Beth," he said.

"M-m-m-m?" she said, still knitting.

Mr. Barrett didn't answer. He had deciphered the postmark, or a part of it. It said Ciudad Jua-something, Mexico. He opened the letter. It was written in the same florid hand, on ruled paper. He read it thr
once, and then he said, "B
again.

"Now, Dell, what is it?" Mrs.
rett said, looking up at last. "
from Florence or Fred? How
they?"

Mr. Barrett silently handed
letter over to his wife and
watching her.

Cherished Sir [the letter beg
I am writing to you as a stran
because one who knows you
has spoken very highly of you
made me confide in you a
delicate matter on which depe
the entire future of my yo
daughter, whose care is now a
have life for.

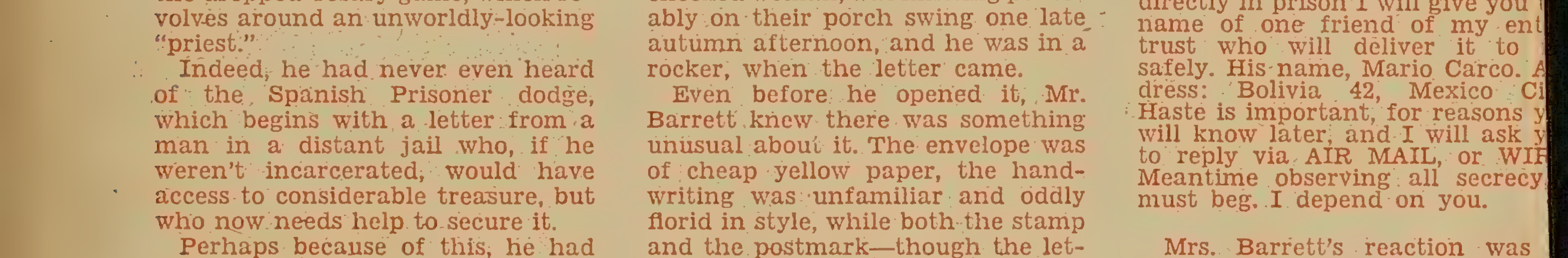
I am writing you from pri
where I lie unjustly accused a
bankrupt, and I wish to know if
are willing to help me save a s
of $75,000 in cash, which I have
side a secret place in a trunk t
is deposited in a railway bagg
station in the United States. Of
I can send you undeniable evide
and if willing, it is necessary
you to come here and pay the
penses incurred in my process
the embargo on my belongings
be lifted, in particular a suitc
now held here at jail, which su
case contains a baggage check
which only the trunk above m
tioned can be reclaimed. All
will have to do then will be to
to the above said station, claim
trunk, and the money will be ou

For your doing this I will give y
the sixth part of above said su
or $12,500.

Fearing that this letter may
come to your hands, I will not si
my name, only signing it "A," a
because I cannot receive your re
directly in prison I will give you
name of one friend of my ent
trust who will deliver it to
safely. His name, Mario Carco. A
dress: Bolivia 42, Mexico Ci
Haste is important, for reasons y
will know later, and I will ask y
to reply via AIR MAIL, or WIR
Meantime observing all secrecy
must beg. I depend on you.

Mrs. Barrett's reaction was
first one of simple astonishme
"It's like a story, isn't it?" she mu
mured. Mr. Barrett nodded his he
at her sagely. It never occurred
either of them to doubt the sende
veracity. Indeed, why *should* th
doubt the honesty of a man wh
was offering them money instead
asking for it? "And to think of hi
turning to you!" Mrs. Barrett we
on. Then she grew more reflectiv

Illustrated by Dick Dodge



e poor man," she said. "In jail, And with all that money. I won- if he came by it rightly?"

That would be one of the first ngs I'd want to find out," said Barrett.

know. And keeping it in a nk, too. Why would he want to that, I'd like to know?"

r. Barrett reached over and took letter. He pointed with one fin- first to the word "bankruptcy," n to "trunk," and then to ited States," and smiled know- ly. "That part's easy, ma, if 've got a logical mind. He was ng to get away, and they caught . But not before he'd had time send that trunkful of cash out the country."

rs. Barrett stared at him in dis- y. "Why—but then," she said, "it htn't be his money rightly at " She looked at the letter again. t it says here 'unjustly ac- ed,' Dell. Remember that." Mrs. rett firmly believed in thinking Good instead of Evil. "And how we know what the laws are down Mexico, or what sort of a mix-up got into? Maybe he felt he had ight to it."

Well, that's one of the things d want to look into," Mr. Barrett d again.

After that the two sat in silence a while, watching a neighbor down the last of his window eens. It was a sure sign that the mmer had ended.

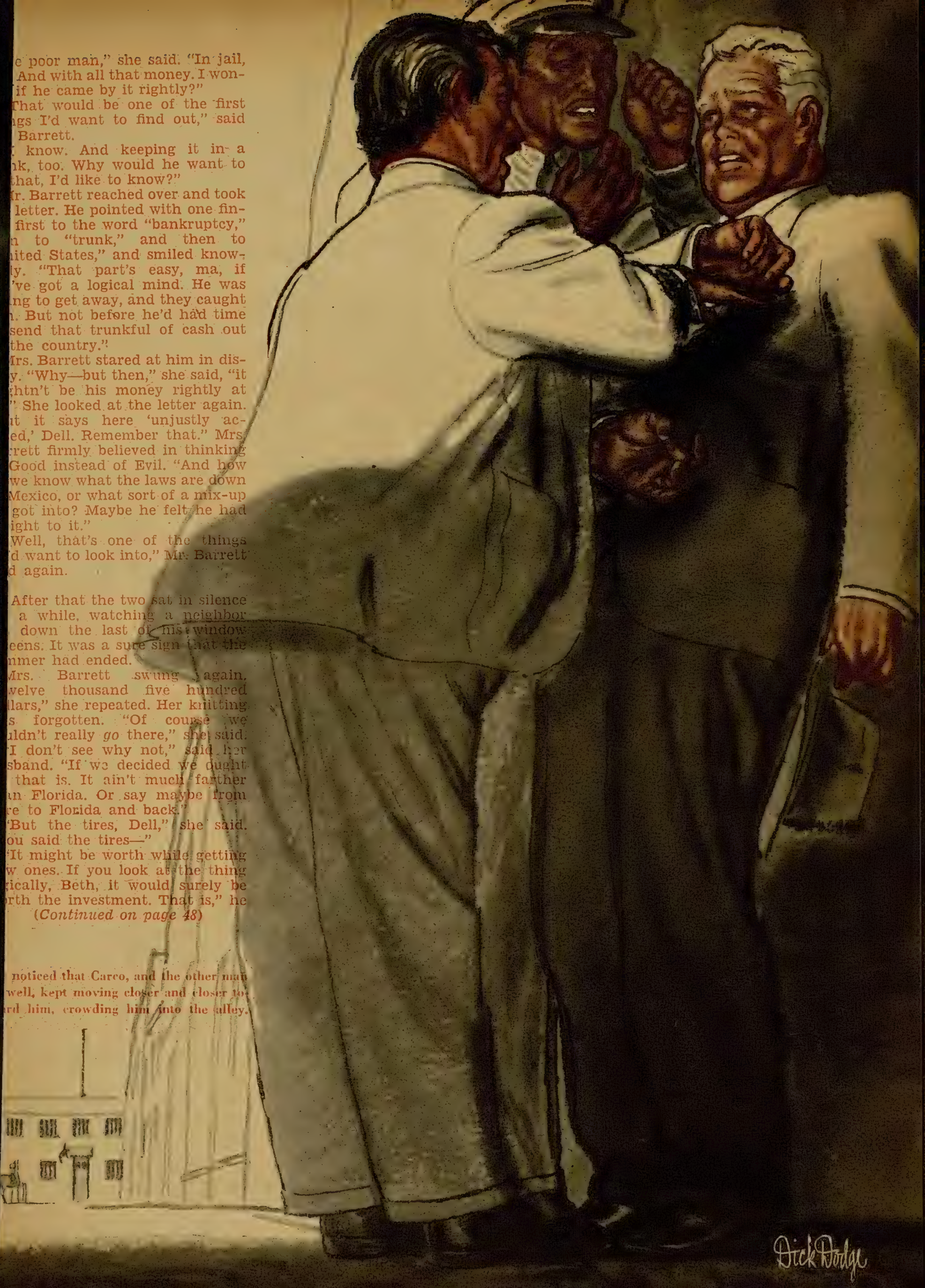
rs. Barrett swung again. welve thousand five hundred llars," she repeated. Her knitting s forgotten. "Of course we ldn't really *go* there," she said.

I don't see why not," said her sband. "If we decided we ought that is. It ain't much farther n Florida. Or say maybe from re to Florida and back."

But the tires, Dell," she said. ou said the tires—"

It might be worth while getting w ones. If you look at the thing ically, Beth, it would surely be rth the investment. That is," he

(*Continued on page 48*)



noticed that Carco, and the other man well, kept moving closer and closer to rd him, crowding him into the alley.

Portland's Lady Whirlwin

Oregon politicians have learned to their sorrow that when Dorothy L
their fighting mayor, sweetly says sex has no pla
in politics, she is talking through her bonn

READING TIME 16 MINUTES *Mrs.* Dorothy McCullough Lee loves to say that sex has no place in politics. *Mayor* Dorothy McCullough Lee of Portland, Oregon, is the visible and ever-vocal proof that Mrs. Lee—when on the subject of sex—is talking through her bonnet.

For slim, blue-eyed Mayor Dorothy—who can play straight masculine politics on a par with any of the smoke-filled-room boys—has developed to a fine point the added ability of making her sex pay off at the ballot box and in the council chamber. Mere male politicians don't stand a chance against this gal when it comes to lining up the women's vote with a pledge of clean government and the husbands' vote with an endearing smile.

Even Mrs. Lee's constant urging of the voters to forget her sex is part of the act. It's just another way of reminding the electorate that Dorothy can offer them everything a man can—and then some.

This unique political gimmick, plus an ample measure of real ability, has landed Dorothy at the top of the heap in a dozen elections. Yet, somehow, her male opponents never seem to profit by the lessons she teaches them. A few years back, when Mrs. Lee was running for reelection as city councilman, her opponent was foolish enough to run under the slogan, "Elect a man for a man's job."

The minute Dottie heard it, the election was in the bag. She never dignified the slur on her sex with a direct rebuttal. But she managed to convey the idea to the women that there was no such thing as a man's job that Dottie couldn't lick. And a good segment of the male population—prodded, no doubt, by their wives—could find no other rebuke against the unchivalrous slogan than to vote Dottie right back into office.

The latest victim of Mrs. Lee's no-sex-in-politics appeal is former Mayor Earl Riley, who greased his own skids when he appointed her

By ALBERT Q. MAIS

to a vacant City Council job
1943. At that time the boys in t
back room were under the illusi
that this would sew up the wome
vote for the entire City Hall crov
With typical male arrogance, th
imagined that Dottie would be co
tent to serve as mere windo
dressing.

As long as the war was on a
the shipyard workers had plenty
money to spend, ruddy, ciga
smoking Earl Riley remained t
apple of Portland's eye. Practical
everybody wanted a wide-op
town. And they got it. The troub
was that Mayor Riley never wo
up to the fact that the war w
over.

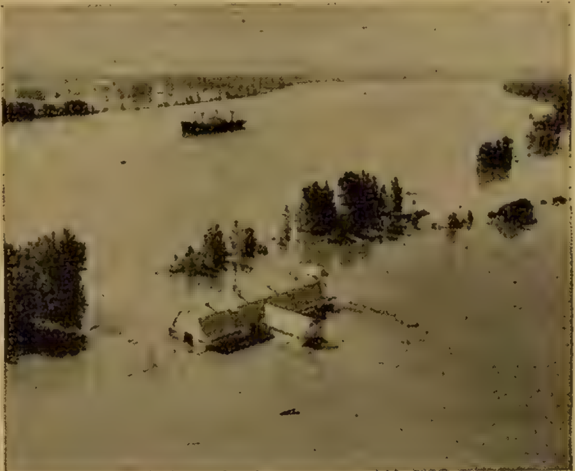
But Dorothy Lee kept her fing
on the public pulse. In the women
clubs and among the church grou
she noted a growing revulsio
against the gambling barons whos
slot machines had invaded vi
tually every lobby, bottle joint, an
smoke shop in town. Dottie neve
tipped her hand until the las
moment for filing to run in th
mayoralty primary. Then, in
whirlwind campaign, the suppose
political innocent made the profes
sionals look like babes.

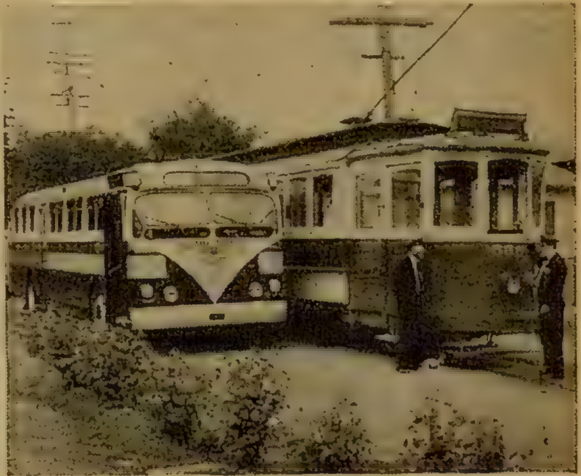
All she promised was law en
forcement. It sounds like a prett
dull dish, but it was exactly th

(*Continued on page 70*)

MRS. DOROTHY McCULLOUGH LEE, WIFE AND MOTHER. Life is not all politics for the lady mayor. She finds time to be with her children, Priscilla and David, who are shown at right with their mother, and to manage their comfortable Portland Heights home (above). She and her husband, Scott (Scotty), usually leave home together for their respective offices. Whenever municipal affairs will permit her to do so, Mrs. Lee likes to have an evening at home listening to symphonies.

MAYOR DOROTHY McCULLOUGH LEE at her office in Portland's City Hall. Her one concession to femininity in the office is the vase of flowers. Since she took office the police have been hard at work (left, below) smashing slot machines. Not even private clubs can operate them. Mrs. Lee's local reputation was made in her battle with the transit company. Old trolleys have been replaced with buses, which Portlanders call Lee's Luxurious Limousines. She also has fought for mosquito control. This paid off in a big way last year, when the Columbia River (below) overflowed.





Photos by Herb Alden, Ray Atkeson, Carl Vermilya

Is Football Losing It

The modern game is just plain pitch-and-catch, or 11-man basketball.
One coach even advocates using a boxing expert to train his team.
Here's a challenging appraisal of today's souped-up gridiron sport

By HY TURKIN

READING TIME 12 MINUTES Down South they tell the story of a sinner who passed out of this life and landed in Hades. Instead of fire and brimstone, he saw luscious-looking mounds of ice cream. "Is this stuff here all the time?" he asked Satan.

"Sure. Try some."

After the first mouthful, however, the sinner's glee turned to disgust. "Why, this ice cream isn't made with cream!" he cried. "It's made of castor oil!"

"I know," chuckled the Devil. "That's the hell of it."

Maybe this sounds like a far-fetched analogy, but football has constantly been de-emphasizing the kicking phase of the game, and soon the unconscious sinner—the sports fan—will find that football without the "foot" is just as unpalatable as ice cream made without cream. We call the fan the sinner because by his record-breaking attendances he has been encouraging the modern leg-shy version of the pigskin parade.

Football fans must be right (the rules makers reckon) if they keep packing the stadiums weekend after weekend. Box-office prosperity is just about all the endorsement the gridiron legislators needed to bolster their ever-widening emphasis on forward passing at the expense of kicking.

Apparently this trend in football is simply in keeping with the spirit of the times. It's the age of jet propulsion — atomic power — radar-to-the-moon. Surely the Air Force is more glamorous than the Infantry. Make football an aerial game, base it on forward passing, and you've got a slam-bang spectacle featuring the one weapon that is an all-the-way touchdown threat on every play.

Right there you have the key to the title of this article: Is Football Losing Its *Kick*? In the literal sense, it's obvious that the kick is fast fading out of the game. As for "kick" in the colloquial sense (Noah Webster's good book terms it a "strongly stimulating sensation"), there's no doubt that the new game, with its epidemic of pay-off pitches, caters to the thrill-seeking streak in American sportsmen, who also adore the one-punch knockout, the home run, the grand slam, the hole in one, the service ace.

Where does this synthetic "kick" bring us? Exhibit A: "We've got just about the right balance of offense and defense in college football now," proclaims Lou Little, venerated coach of Columbia University. "In considering any further rules changes, though, we have to make sure the touchdown doesn't become too cheap." May we enter a demurrer, Prof Little? In four Ivy League games last year, four touchdowns were not enough to win!

Exhibit B: "I think the professionals play the best type of football," boasts Steve Owen of the Giants. May we be so ungallant as to remind the portly pilot that last fall his charges scored 35 points one afternoon, yet lost to the Chicago Cardinals, 63-35?

Reduced to real fundamentals, then, the modern game of football is just plain pitch-and-catch. Ru ning plays are still used, but mainly as foils or chang of-pace to make the long pass more effective. Pun Why surrender the ball that way, when a pass mak you a scoring threat from any point on the field? A result of this jackpot philosophy, you have spectac like Sammy Baugh gaining 446 yards on pass Charley Conerly completing 36 passes, and Dav O'Brien throwing 60 forwards—all of these being on game performances.

Football? That's more like 11-on-a-side basketba

We brought our bleat to Norman (Red) Strad head coach of the Brooklyn-New York Yankees of t All-America Football Conference. The old redhe laughed. "You've got something there. Sure, when y move into the realm of forward passing, you have su stantially the same set-up as in basketball: one tea in possession of the ball, the numerically equal oppos tion able to set up a man-for-man or zone defens and the idea being to shake one offensive man loo to catch a forward pass.

"I hate to disillusion you, but the football-basketba parallel has occurred to coaches before. When D Spears piloted the University of Oregon grid squad, h called in the school's basketball coach, Bill Reinhar Bill drilled the offensive ends in eluding their watche and trained the defensive backs in deployment tactic Why, even here in the East, I understand Columbi has used its basketball coaches to give the gridder special instruction.

"Maybe the greatest single asset in football today i the end who can consistently fake his man out of posi tion. Fellows like Don Hutson and Jim Benton in thei prime were priceless. They didn't ditch their men b virtue of any superior speed. They were both suprem fakers. Say, there's another idea. With football such specialized game, maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea t have a boxing expert as well as a basketball coach assist the head football coach."

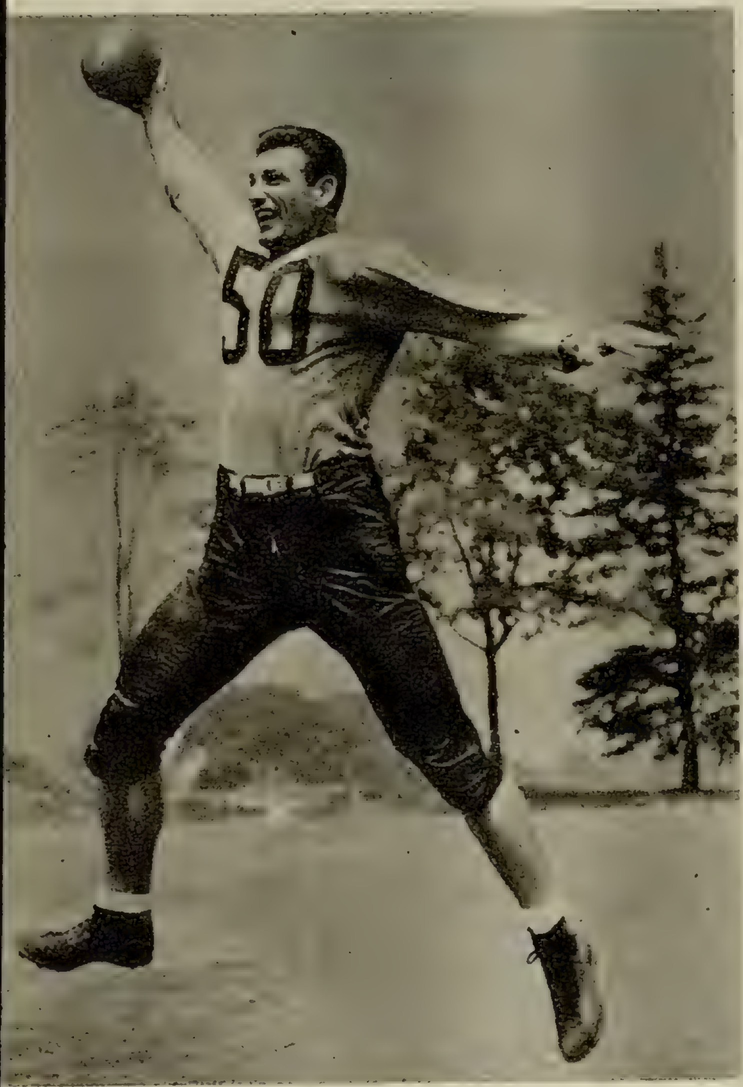
◆ Oh, oh, this seemed just a little too much. Bloody noses, jabbing in the clinches—we envisioned all degrees of mayhem until Strader explained:

"Just stop to think how important faking is in prize fighting. More than half the battle in the ring is to make your opponent mistime his punch. The clever boxer forces his opponent to commit himself simply by dropping his shoulder as if to start a blow, or by taking a false step, or feinting his head, or even by merely shifting his eyes.

"Yes, I believe the same technique can win football games. An end running down the field can definitely lose his defender by catching his eye, nodding as if to move in one direction and then breaking the other way to catch the defense man cross-legged. After all, the main secret of a star offensive end is not in his so-called magnetic hands, but rather in his polished repertoire of faking tricks that enable him to break into the proper receiving angle. Once a player gets advantage of that angle, hitting

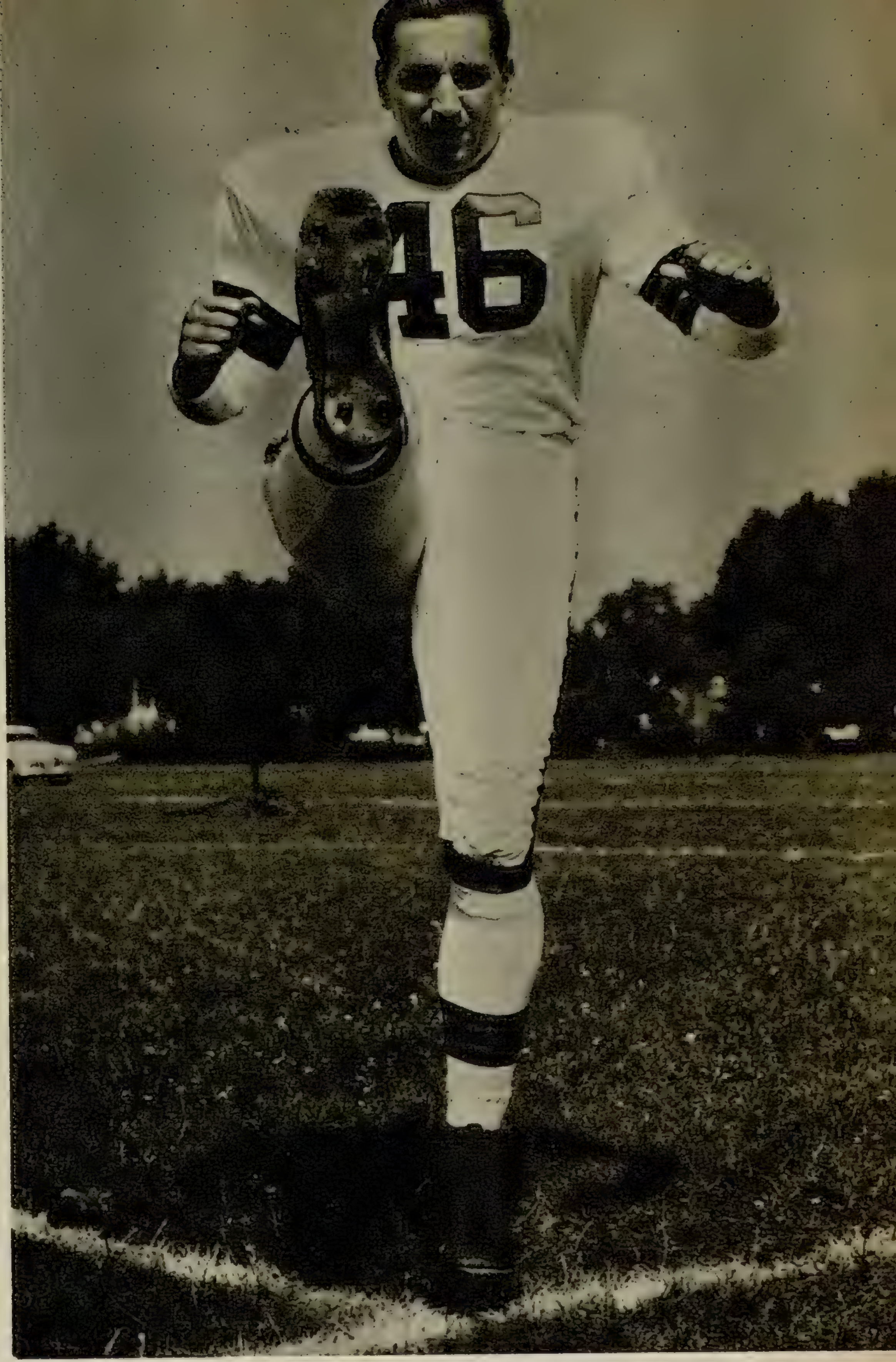
(*Continued on page 66*)

kick?



Otto Schnellbacher's basketball skill enabled him to tie the pro football record for interceptions.

It was Yankee coach Strader who sized up Schnellbacher's court training and made him a safety man.



Some guys can still kick. Lou Groza led the All-America Conference in '46 in scoring and never touched the ball.

John (Ox) DaGrosa, former Holy Cross coach, says a great punter or quick-kicker can give any offense an advantage.

As Old as the World . . .

. . . and always new. The story of a girl who sought fame and fortune in Hollywood

By RUPERT HUGHES

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

READING TIME 27 MINUTES Even in the faint moonlight, though she seemed more a shadow than a woman, there was a cloud of loveliness about her where she moved. But also a very lonely loneliness, a very spirit of sorrow. She might have been a ghost who had lost her way home.

And she wanted to be a ghost.

She planned to be a ghost as soon as she could.

The world was too much for her. It was crowding her out. She had not been so wise and clever as she had thought she was. She had been a pitiable fool. Well, one more folly wouldn't do her any harm. It would "end the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to"—even her pretty flesh, so soon to be—she shuddered away the thought, yet steeled herself against the dread. What had her pretty flesh brought her but defeat?

She thought she was alone, but another girl, and a prettier one, was watching her. Were there two with the same sorrow and the same eagerness to end it? Pretty things who had already had more from life than they wanted, more than they could go on taking?

Nearly every day a girl, a woman, or a man quit the game by diving into oblivion from some high window, or a roof, or a bridge. Nearly a hundred had plunged from the Arroyo Seco bridge between Pasadena and Altadena before the police put up wire nettings so high that nobody could climb them.

This girl had studied that "Suicide Bridge" and found it an impassable barrier. But the long, long Sixth Street viaduct over the dry so-called "river," and the railroad tracks and a street or two—this Sixth Street Bridge had no wire nettings and no police guard. At this after-midnight hour almost no pedestrians crossed it, and only now and then a passing car flashed its headlights. But there were high pilasters she could hide behind till they were gone.

The only trouble was the height. Was it great enough to make sure that a leap would be fatal? To live on with broken bones as well as a broken heart would not be much fun.

Now and then, on the railroad tracks below, a passenger express zoomed past, or a melancholy switch engine chugged back and forth, making up a freight train. If she could time her leap so that she would fall in front of those grinding wheels, she would be doubly sure.

The aftermath would be hideous, but she had planned one last touch of grace. She would go out beautifully, and beautiful.

She had seen young women take the swan dive, and she had learned the art of it. Her picture had been published in one of the Los Angeles Sunday supplements. There was a clipping of it in the purse she would leave on the bridge, giving her name and the names of her people back home. It somehow brought a smile to her wretched face to remember that picture and imagine herself like that in her next-to-the-last seconds of life.

The picture showed the whole profile of her entire body, and in a bathing suit so

As Old as the World...

continued

brief that it was hardly more than two stripes of varnish. In luminous silhouette against the sky she was poised with her arms outspread like wings beyond her trim little head in its tight white cap. In that picture she was an instant of Grecian statuary streamlined in the fixed sculpture of an immortally exquisite moment.

The memory brought tears that burned yet sweetened her eyes. She smiled pitifully to think that she would look like that when she launched forth on her last journey. Only, no one would see that picture. Unless God were watching. Would He care? Would He blame her?

In an ecstasy of defiance, she set one knee on the rail next to a great mass of stone that towered over her and shadowed her. She waited only for the shadowy engine with its queue of heavy cars and its red light and headlight gliding toward her with a panting breath. She must wait till it was so near that the engineer could never set his brakes in time to foil her.

Nearer and nearer it glided. Then she lifted her other knee to the rail. She was just gathering herself for a thrust across the ledge when something clutched her right heel. Fingers gripped her instep.

She flung a startled glance over her shoulder and looked into the dimly moonlit face—not of a policeman, or any man, but a girl, a pretty young girl.

"Let go! Let me go!" she demanded.

The answer was a command: "Come down!"

She struggled in vain. When she was on her feet, facing the stranger who had wrecked her drama, she would have run farther along the bridge and vaulted over the rail. But she could not shake off her captor.

◆

Remembering how her brother, the football-playing brother, had straight-armed tacklers, she drove the heel of her hand at the hateful face. But the other girl dodged the blow, seized the outflung hand, set her own other hand on the other's elbow, and held her arm out straight.

Then, as if repeating an exercise, she chuckled: "One! Two! Three! Duck!"

She bent her knees and her head and swung under the arm and around her victim's back, pushing her bent head up between her shoulder blades and pressing her elbow hard. Quick helplessness wrung a cry of pain and of rage. But from the other girl came only soft words: "What right have you to kill yourself?"

"Let me go! My life's my own, isn't it?"

"No woman's life's her own. And it's my guess that you wouldn't be going over the rail all by yourself." Silence. "Isn't that so?"

At last a strangled "Yes. But I haven't a friend on earth. My baby wouldn't have one either."

"Both of you have one friend now. And maybe more."

"Do you know what it is to be—like me?"

"Well—not yet. But I can imagine, can't I?"

"How did you happen to be here just at this moment?"

"I was driving home across the bridge and I caught sight of you. I kind of guessed. So I parked my car a little way off and hurried back—in the nick of time, thanks be to God!"

"And no thanks to you. Who are you anyway?"

"There's a car coming this way. We'll look kind of funny when it lights us up. Let's walk back to my car and talk things over."

She took a new grip that would have brought along a prizefighter. The man in the next car that came along doubtless thought them just two girls out late. He could not have seen how helplessly one of them kept step with the other. He could *(Continued on page 44)*

He Just

By M. RAY APPLEGATE and

HARRY LEWIS BIRD

READING TIME 16 MINUTES Out at Lafayette, Indiana, on the banks of the Wabash, Jim Price had a house-warming recently—his sixteen thousandth. Or rather, Jim didn't exactly "warm" the house. His men loaded it into a truck and sent it to join the 15,999 previous units produced by his National Homes Corporation since July 24, 1940.

Quite an achievement for a small-town boy still under 40, who 15 years ago was a green clerk in a defunct bank with a pay check of $75 a month! But to Jim it all came naturally.

"A lot of people seem to have got the idea that we are magicians, or something," he grinned, watching house No. 16,000 roll off the line. "Hell, we didn't set out to perform any miracles. We just wanted to build houses."

And that is exactly what Jim and his younger brother, George, and some hundreds of members of the National Homes team have been doing—at the rate of one every 34 minutes. This volume output has made the company one of the largest producers of prefabricated homes in America.

After the war, National Homes, which had built some 7,500 wartime emergency units, introduced a series of attractive prefabs ranging from $7,100 to $10,000, and sold all they could make. But none of this satisfied the great mass need for economy houses.

Then Raymond Foley, the Federal Housing Administrator, made a remark that summed up the low-cost housing picture: "What the country needs is a good six-thousand-dollar house." That was a challenge to Jim Price. He had got started in the prefabricated-house field as a manu-

FROM THE START OF THE FOUNDATION

Start of a "thrift home." No basement is used. Foundation is a 24-by-28-foot slab of concrete.

Wanted To Build Houses—And Did!

A few years ago, Jim Price was a $75-a-month bank clerk. Now he's looking back at 16,000 houses already produced, and looking forward to building even more

facturer because he hadn't been able to get houses at the right price when he was in the real-estate business back in 1939. Now he and brother George set out to see what could be done.

They came up with the "Thrift Home." This cozy two-bedroom house sells for less than $6,000 (average lot cost of $650 included) and can be bought for as little as $300 down and $35 a month. It has a 12-by-16-foot living room, a kitchen with sink and cabinets, a full bathroom, a utility room with automatic water heater, two bedrooms and a hall, each with closet, as well as a linen closet in the bathroom, a forced-air wall furnace, and many other attractive features.

For a slight additional cost the buyer can have a three-bedroom model. And if he wants to add a garage, breezeway, porch, or trimmings, National Homes will supply them, too.

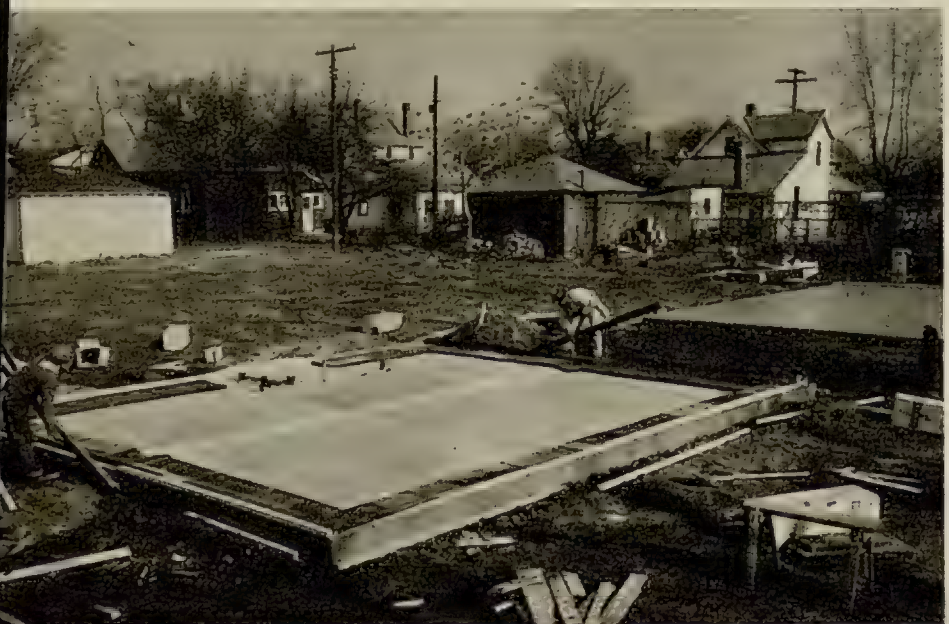
To achieve the $6,000 figure—of which National Homes receives only $2,124 for the unassembled home, f.o.b. Lafayette—it was necessary to eliminate all extra trim on the outside and certain refinements inside. For example, instead of a basement the house rests on an insulated concrete slab. The only doors are at the front and back and on the bedrooms and bath, none being supplied for closets or kitchen. The walls are framed with No. 1 kiln-dried lumber and covered with plastic-faced marine plywood and crackproof, moistureproof laminated wood fiber board. All exterior walls are insulated with fireproof insulation, making the house unusually easy to heat.

When the Thrift Home was introduced

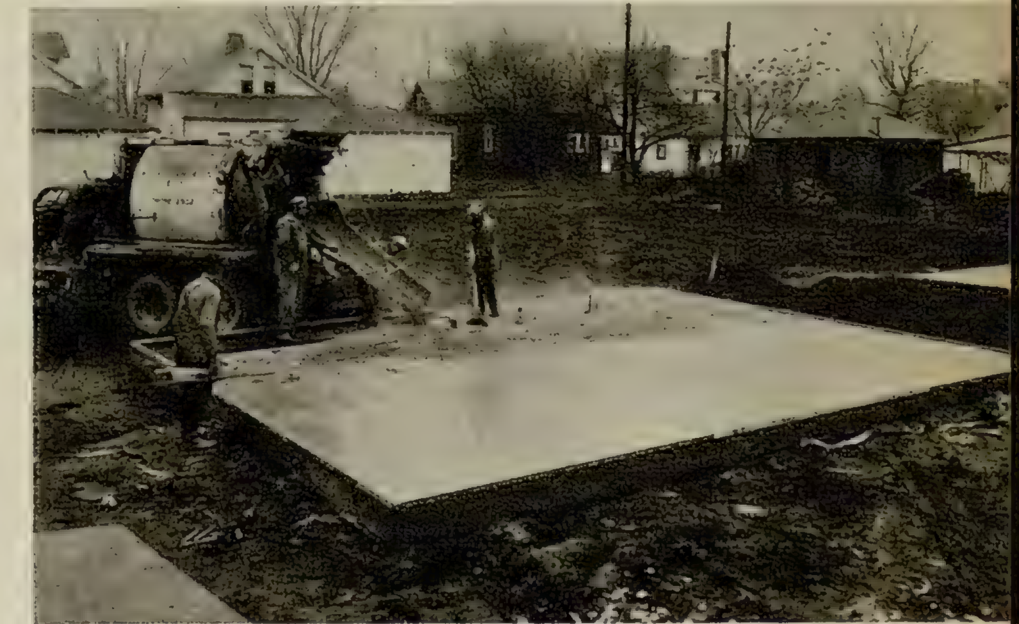
James R. Price (center), president of National Homes Corporation, and his brother George (right) are inspecting a new tenoning machine saw at their Indiana plant.

TO OCCUPANCY AVERAGES ABOUT TEN DAYS.

Continued→



Insulation for the floor is provided by a vapor seal laid over a layer of crushed stone, with fiberglass blocks around the edges.



Pouring cement for the concrete foundation slab. This will be smoothly finished. It can be covered with asphalt tile, wood, or just painted.

He Just Wanted To Build Houses—And Did!

Continued

The kitchens have a cabinet sink with a built-in laundry tray at the right. Tile flooring is laid by the owner.

Bathroom includes medicine cabinet, shelves for linen. Closet space is provided in the hall and the bedrooms.

in November, 1948, it was expected to account for perhaps 25 per cent of the plant's output. So rapidly has it increased in popularity that now 90 per cent of the houses being produced by National Homes are of this model. This enlarged demand, plus declining costs of materials, has enabled the company to include a number of extras such as window screens, shutters, and a picture window in the living room. The new "1950 Model" Thrift Home offers a choice of 16 designs for the front elevation—eight for the two-bedroom style and eight for the three-bedroom.

Jim Price knows the importance of outward appearance in selling houses, so from the first all National Homes' prices have included grading and seeding the yard, as well as concrete walks and steppingstones.

The Price saga began in the county-seat town of Fowler, Indiana, 35 miles from Lafayette. There Jim's father, Dr. George R. Price, was a physician. The doctor raised his sons to take care of themselves, physically and financially.

From the time he was 12 until he was grown, Jim spent every summer on a farm. After graduating from high school in 1929 he had a couple of years at Indiana University. Then times got tough for the small-town physician and still tougher for young fellows trying to work their way through college. Jim dropped out.

During the depression young Price ran a 150-acre farm near Fowler practically single-handed. But that wasn't enough for his abounding energy. Dr. Price had picked up several farms as investments. They weren't paying much in the way of dividends, so his son took over their management in his spare time. He also kept up the study of banking and business law which he'd started in college, feeling that it would help him become a better manager of property; for by now Jim had decided that property management rathe than farming was his forte.

More to test his knowledge than wit any job-getting aspirations, he took th examination for bank examiner in 1934 To his surprise he was presently notifie by the state examining board of an opening in a Lafayette bank. Jim responde and found the job was in a defunct bank at a very nominal salary. He took it.

Jim's bank, like all others in the farm belt, had gone in heavily for farm mortgages. One farmer was giving difficulty, so Jim, being fresh from the fields, was sent out as a trouble shooter. He handled matters so smoothly that other assignments were given to him. Then he was asked to take charge of all farm loans, with a pay increase that brought his salary to $75 a month. Besides farms, town homes also came under his wing.

◆

With this experience under his belt, he resolved to strike out as a farm-loan specialist, and made the rounds of the insurance companies in Indianapolis looking for a niche. The companies were fresh out of niches, so Jim finally went to work for the real-estate department of an insurance agency in Lafayette. In one month he sold 47 houses and became the agency's real-estate expert. Before long, Jim had run out of houses to sell and was thinking about building some. His first venture was a smart rural subdivision with homes ranging from $8,000 to $11,000—in those prewar days a rather ritzy price bracket for a city the size of Lafayette.

But Jim felt that the big mass market held the greatest opportunities for a builder. And as an experiment, Tedford & Price (his new firm) put up a couple of conventional four-room houses, at $4,500 each. Jim figured he had cleared $500 apiece on them. But some months later,

WHEN THE TRAILER TRUCK DELIVERS THE HOUSE AT THE BUILDING SITE, EVERYTHING NEEDED IS

The side walls are going up. This house has a basement, but the same procedure is followed when the concrete slab method is used.

The house rapidly takes shape. Sections go together in systematic order. The windows and doors were pre-installed at the factory.

vhen the last bill was paid, there was a et loss of $1,600.

That unsold Jim on tailor-made low-cost ouses. He looked around and found a firm hat was producing prefabs. He put a couble of photos of these early prefabs in the vindow of his office. The very same day Lafayette man came in, pointed to one f the photos and said, "I want a house ust like that." Two or three more people lid the same thing by the end of the week nd Jim got enthusiastic. He bought the franchise for his county for $640.

The dealer paid a fixed amount for each unassembled house and added the cost of the lot, erection, landscaping, and his profit, in arriving at the price for the completed home. Jim bought his first prefab and priced it on guesswork. He netted $400 on the transaction, which seemed a fair return. That year, 1938, he sold 16 houses. The next year, Tedford & Price won every selling prize offered by the factory except the one for oldest dealer!

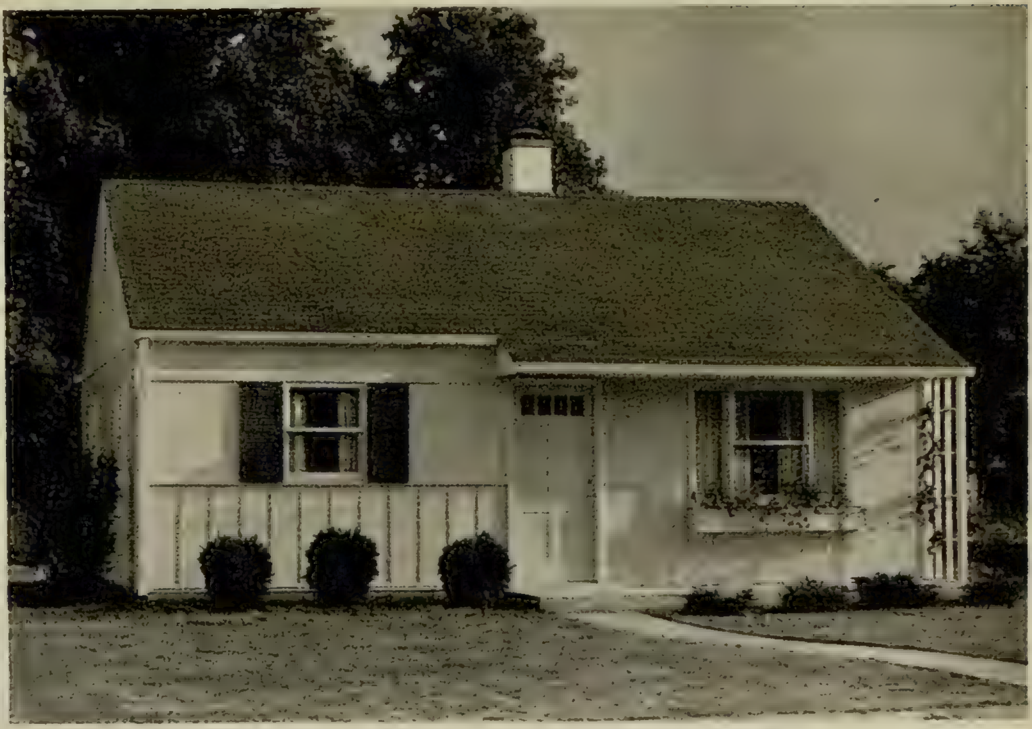
Then in 1940 Jim decided to make the prefabs himself. He and his associates raised $12,500 capital. The Belt Railway sold them a factory site for one dollar, and by July, 1940, the first National Home was up and had won FHA approval.

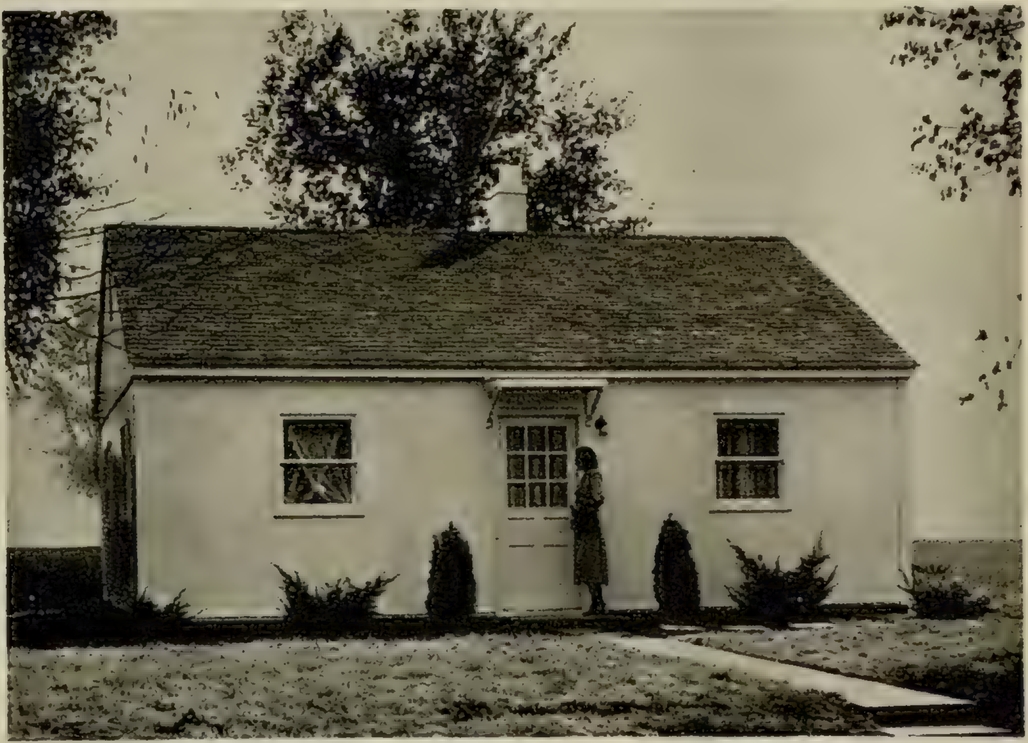
Before the end of the year the company had more than 20 dealers. Output was quickly stabilized at two houses a week. From the start the business operated in the black.

Then the war intervened. The National Homes plant was converted to defense housing, then to war housing. The company kept right on working on one government project after another, until some 7,500 units had been produced for emergency housing. But in the meantime a significant change had taken place in the business.

Like many a war-boomed business, National Homes had overexpanded. Despite its huge volume, the company was actually losing money at the rate of $100,000 a month.

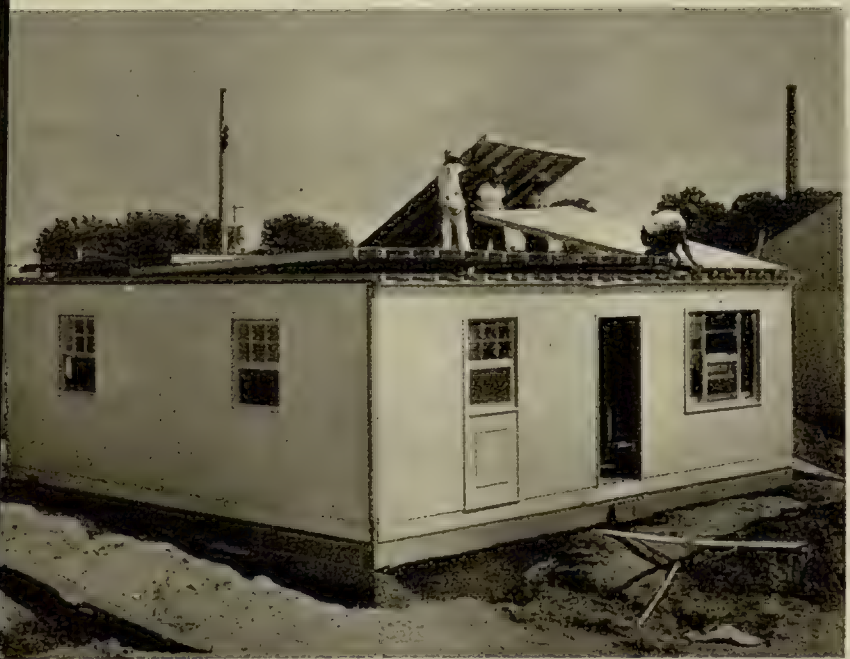
(Continued on page 62)



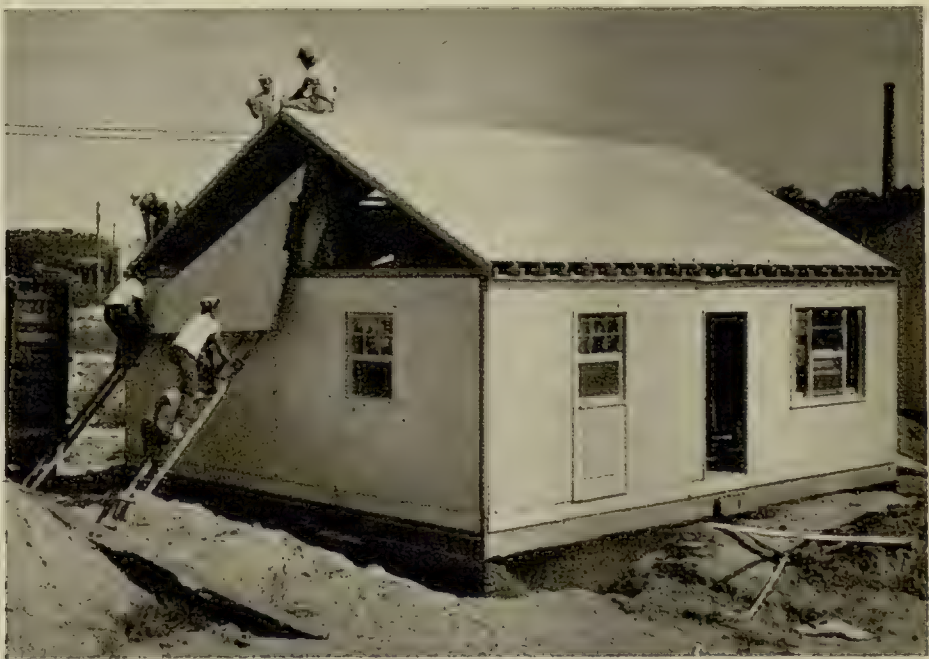


A comparison of the 1950 model (top) with the first 1949 edition. Such trimmings as shutters, picture window, window box, and overhanging eave have been added. Two-bedroom style comes in eight designs.

THERE—EVEN THE KITCHEN SINK!



Raising the roof. Note how the lower edges of the roof beams fit into pre-cut notches. Such planning saves time.



Crews get the entire shell up in a single working day. From the start of foundation to occupancy usually averages about ten days.

Judge Pfaff, once humiliated by a snarling traffic-court judge, wasn't hard to convince he was the man for the Los Angeles court post.

SIX-CYLINDER JUSTICE

By CHARLES PALMER

In two years Los Angeles has cut its traffic-death rate almost in half, mainly through the efforts of one man—Judge Roger Pfaff

READING TIME 13 MINUTES Perspiration dampens your forehead as the black-robed judge scribbles his sentence on the back of your file. "Because of the two prior violations, I'll have to fine you thirty dollars," he says, "and I don't know anywhere in town you get so little value for your hard-earned money. Unless"—he looks up and smiles at you—"it makes you realize that the seconds you save by heedless driving aren't worth the risk of killing yourself or another human being."

You start toward the cashier's wicket, but his voice stops you. "Are you sure you realize what will happen if you're brought in here again in the next six months?" (You realize all right, for you have seen it happen to other drivers during the past two hours.) His broad brow furrows; he seems honestly worried about you. "I want you to *promise* me you won't be in here again." You promise. And according to the records of the Los Angeles downtown traffic court for the 18 months of Judge Roger Alton Pfaff's unorthdox regime, the chances are 50 to one you will keep that promise.

The oldest approach to a human

problem — one-person-to-another instruction and inspiration—is the newest approach to the traffic-safety problem, and it's working.

In 1946 Los Angeles motorists slaughtered enough people to earn her usual cellar position in the traffic-deaths standings of 14 Class A American cities. In 1948—despite more people, more cars, more tourists, and more miles driven—Los Angeles slashed her "normal" death toll of 500 to an amazing 289, and climbed from fourteenth place to a proud fourth. The casualty underwriters rewarded the improvement in cash terms—a substantial reduction in automobile insurance rates. And the favorable trend keeps on: traffic deaths for the five months through Decoration Day dropped from 138 in 1948 to this year's 115.

In acknowledging the Special Award of the National Safety Council for this "outstanding achievement in reduction of traffic fatalities," the Los Angeles Times editorialized: "Such a change does not occur without a reason. A considerable degree of credit is due to the system installed in Traffic Court by Municipal Judge Roger Pfaff." Mayor Bowron confirmed: "I particularly want to thank the courts and Judge Roger Pfaff, who has become one of the outstanding traffic judges in the United States."

To Judge Pfaff (pronounced F-off) the only outstanding aspect of his court practices is that they are not in common use in every traffic court throughout the country. "It ought to be obvious by this time," he says, "that we are not going to solve the traffic-accident problem by just collecting fines." All his innovations stem from his common-sense conviction that the primary purpose of his court is not to wreak vengeance on individuals, nor to extract revenue for the city, but to correct a social situation by changing the attitudes of individuals. Accordingly he has changed his court from a collection agency to a propaganda bureau for awakening drivers to the dangers of bad driving.

◆

The seed of Pfaff's novel approach was planted one day in 1935 when he, then a law student, stood in this same courtroom as a defendant. He was herded into a line, shoved up toward the bench as the cases were knocked off like sitting ducks, and high-pressured into a plea of guilty. As it happened, Pfaff considered himself not guilty, and had witnesses to prove it. But when he tried to cite the extenuating circumstances, he was shouted down for insolently impeding the court's business. "You heard me—ten dollars," snarled the jurist. "Get over to the window, you're holding up the line." Pfaff knuckled under and paid the fine, but he remembers to this day being "so damned crazy mad I wanted to plant a bomb under that old so-and-so and go out and break every law in the book."

He stayed around the courtroom the rest of the afternoon, and his anger began to deepen into an honest concern. Here were respectable citizens getting less consideration from the law than gangsters. As he watched what was happening to some members of the groups—the ill-educated, the poor, baffled and frightened inarticulate by the roar of the juggernaut under whose wheels they were being crushed—he was sickened by the callous miscarriages of "justice." And worse, he began to see this court, and thousands like it across the country, as dangerous breeding grounds for the deep-seated resentments which provide fertile fields for purveyors of non-Americanisms.

But the chance to do something about the situation was still far over the horizon. Pfaff graduated in law in 1935, became a partner in a successful Los Angeles law firm, won election to the state legislature, exchanged his briefcase for the bars of an army lieutenant two months after Pearl Harbor and served in three overseas theaters from Africa to Korea. He was discharged in 1945 as a lieutenant colonel in charge of the counter-espionage branch of the cloak-and-dagger OSS, and returned to his law practice. In 1947 Governor Earl Warren appointed him a judge of the Los Angeles Municipal Court where he dealt with a variety of civil cases. Then, in March of 1948, he made a phone call which unwittingly catapulted him into prominence.

The call was to Deputy Police Chief Bernard Caldwell, director of Traffic Operations. Pfaff complained that speeders on his street were endangering his own and the neighbors' children, and asked for

(Continued on page 73)

All too often traffic courts lack dignity. Judge Pfaff wears judicial robes and insists on a spic-and-span courtroom.

Photos by Bob Wallace

Drivers, who seem to think that speed saves time, mow down many a hapless victim. Drawings in the L.A. traffic court graphically point out how misguided they are.

SAME TIME SAME PLACE

By W. C. BIXBY

The story of a "fix" in football—with the real game played off the field

READING TIME 19 MINUTES "You wanted to see me, coach?" Dambrowsky asked, slamming the door behind him.

I looked up and stopped fiddling with the roll of adhesive tape on my desk. Through the window I could hear the shouts and thuds of the squad in practice session. There was a clear fall sky outside; the air was nippy. I eyed Dambrowsky, who looked bigger than usual with his shoulder pads and helmet on. He was big enough without the equipment. Six two, two fifteen pounds, and no fat. His face hadn't been pushed around much either, and he had dark deep-set eyes, a thin mouth, and a good forehead. There was nothing dumb about Dambrowsky, and that made it hard, having to call him in like this.

"Yes, son," I said. "Sit down over there a minute. I want to have a talk with you."

Dambrowsky glanced impatiently out the open window and went over and sat down on the rubbing table.

There was a small silence. He'd jerked off his helmet and was swinging it against the wall.

"Son, you're a pretty good ballplayer." I stopped. That was a stupid beginning. He was the best ballplayer we'd ever had. State would have taken him back after the war if it hadn't been for his trick knee. He could have played ball anywhere but for that.

I cleared my throat and started again. "You can help us have the best season this school has ever seen, or you can wreck everything. From where I'm standing it looks like you want to wreck it."

He stared at me with hard level eyes.

"I play football the best way I know how. If that isn't good enough for you, then I'll quit," he said flatly.

"I'm not talking about that."

"Then what are you talking about?" There was no "yes, sir, no, sir" stuff in his voice. It was strictly man to man.

"You run around a lot. I hear you go out to Nick's place a good deal. It won't help things to get out of shape."

"I'll stay in shape. I know how to take care of myself."

It was true. He was much too smart to get out of condition.

"I ought to throw you off the squad," I said. "You know I can't. I need you too much. You don't want to put me in a spot, do you?"

He looked at me, flat-faced as usual, and just shrugged.

I sighed. "O.K., son. I just thought I'd try talking to you."

He stood up and went to the door. Then he turned around. "Let's drop the 'son' routine. The name's Dambrowsky." He went out.

I sat there alone—tired. What could you do with a guy like Dambrowsky? If you pushed him around you'd lose him. And I couldn't afford that. He was tough and unsentimental as pig iron. He'd played at State for a year. Then he took a tour with the rougher elements of the marines. He'd hit the beach at a couple of places like Iwo and Okinawa. At twenty-three he'd been around a lot more than I had at forty.

We'd had a good season up to now. We'd lost one game, the opener, with Southwest Poly, last year's Sugar Bowl champs. For them it was usually a practice session; but this year we'd held them to one touchdown, mainly because of Dambrowsky. And his trick knee had been O.K. all through the season. Our last game was to be with State, this Saturday. They always beat us. We were a breather for them between Tulsa and Kansas U.

But we'd done so well, the alumni were hysterical and thought we could beat State this year. I knew better.

I went out and took a look at the scrimmage. Dambrowsky was in at fullback, enjoying himself. I stopped to watch him. He spun and hit off tackle. He went through the line like a knife through cheese. He cut back, running high and hard, and he caught the secondary flat-footed. He headed straight up the field. The safety man moved in and made his pass. Dambrowsky didn't bother to feint. He put on a burst of speed, the safety man bounced off, and Dambrowsky trotted across the goal. Then he turned and kicked the ball back almost contemptuously. It was high and spiraling. It hung up there in the blue sky and, looking at it, I got the lift I always do when I see good football.

There must be something to a game that makes a man follow an oblate spheroid all his life. Except for one bad break I might have been at any number of the big schools: Columbia, Duke, U. S. C., Texas—any of them. I knew now for sure I'd never make it. I shrugged. What the hell? They used the same size football we had right here, didn't they? There weren't any more players on the field at one time than we used. The only difference was the size of the grandstand. And who ever heard of playing football in a grandstand?

◆

Wednesday night I took Cathy out to Nick's. Cathy's my daughter. She's eighteen and just as pretty as her mother was. Cathy gets around with the students a lot. She's the kind of girl who gets a pocketful of whistles in her young life. She's a nice girl in anybody's book and she keeps house for me since my wife died.

She'd never been to Nick's before, but she'd heard about it and, being eighteen, she wanted to go.

Nick's is a new place, three miles out of town, across the line in a wet county. Lots of things happen at Nick's that are not nice. In *(Continued on page 41)*

Illustrated by H. Winfield Scott

The Berta family doesn't skimp on food. Mrs. Berta bakes bread, cake, and pies. The garden supplies vegetables, and a deep freezer is always loaded with meat. (That extra plate is for the photographer.)

A BUDGET THAT REALLY WORKS

If you have trouble staying within your income, you can't afford to pass up this article that will tell you how a family of seven lives well on $70 a week and saves money besides

By BERTON BRALEY

READING TIME 11 MINUTES So you and the wife and your two children can't get by on $70 a week?

You might tell it to the Marines, but don't tell it to the U. S. Labor Department, and it would be well to refrain especially from telling it to the Berta family, of 57 Grove Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey.

The U. S. Labor Department says you ought to be able to live and even save a little on $65. The Bertas not only *get by* on $70, but save approximately six dollars a week.

And the Berta family numbers not four but seven: Alex and Eugenia, the parents; Alex II, aged 12; Frederick, 10; Mary Lou, 5; Kathleen, 4; and the newly arrived Eugene Thomas.

Let's look at how the Bertas make $70 a week cover food, clothing, shelter, doctor bills, insurance, taxes, a car, personal expenses and recreation, and still set aside six dollars a week in savings.

To begin with, they *don't* do it by living in a slum, or packing into a three-room shack without conveniences. They have a well-built eight-room house in a pleasant semirural section of Metuchen. The house has two baths, a modern heating plant (coal), and there's a two-car garage.

They don't do it by going without mechanical conveniences. They have two big electric refrigerators, an electric range, electric washer, and electric sewing machine. They so have a telephone and a radio.

Nor do the Bertas go submarginal n food. They eat meat or chicken fish once a day; soups, vegeta- es, salads, cereals, and at least a uart of milk a day for everybody. urthermore, all the Bertas are well ressed.

The fact is that this family, in s standard of living, conforms to ll the assumptions made by the ureau of Labor Statistics in its urvey of about a year ago. Those ssumptions were that a family of our should live in a five-room ouse or apartment with modern onveniences; that it should be dequately fed, according to stand- rds of dietary experts, and dressed s well as average.

On that basis the Bureau's ex- erts estimated that such a fam- y, on $65 a week, would be in the lack and save from one to two ollars a week.

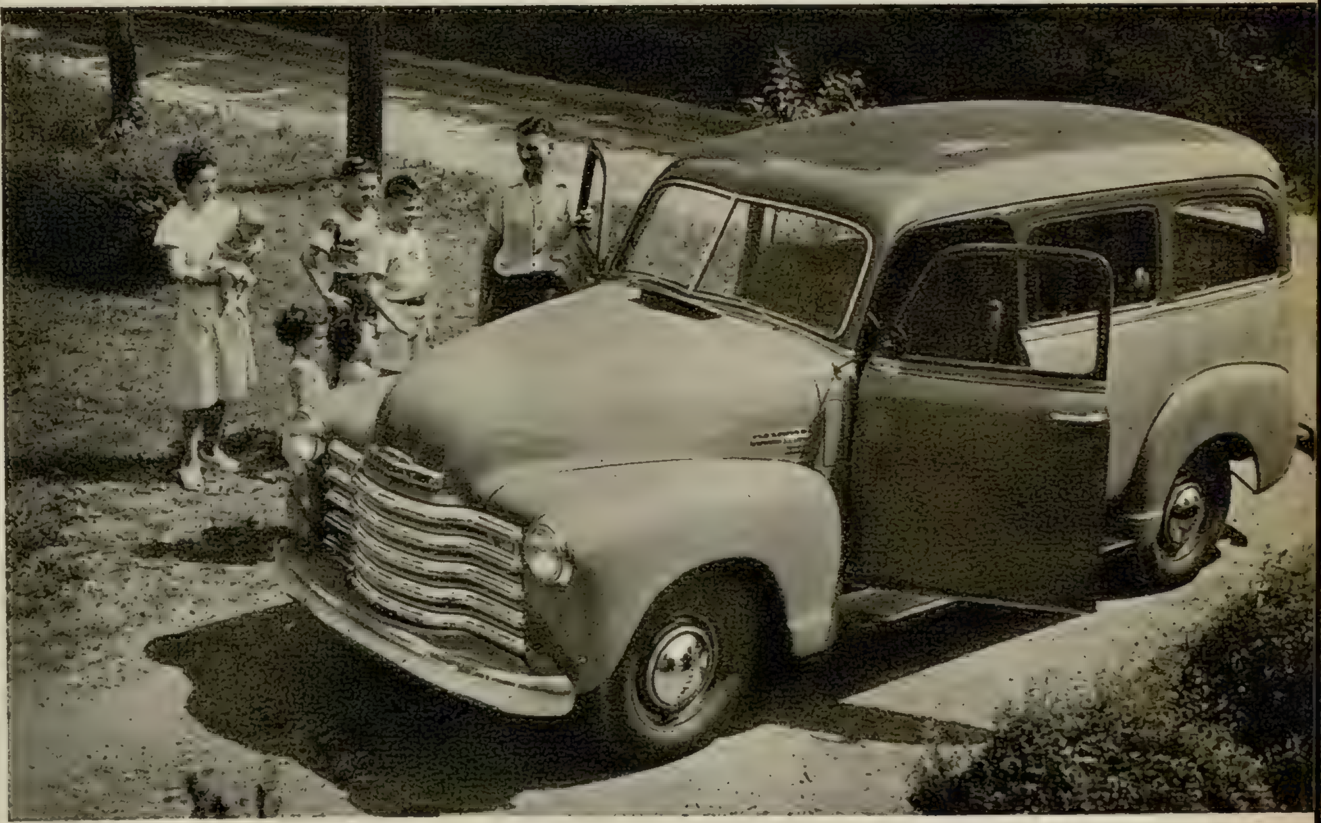
Here is where some tables will be seful in illustration.

Take a look at the following ta- le: The first column shows the abor Bureau's budget for a family f four. The second column is an stimate for a family of seven, as- uming the same careful planning s for the smaller family. The third s the actual budget of the Bertas.

	Labor Department's Estimated Budgets: Family of Four	Labor Department's Estimated Budgets: Family of Seven	Actual Berta Budget
Annual income:	$3,380		$3,649
Annual fixed expenses:			
Rent or mortgage charges	440	440	00
Taxes	180	75	140
Insurance—all kinds	220	385	305
Installments	84	125	00
Union or association dues	24	24	30
Retirement fund	00	00	205
Total	$948	$1,049	$680
Annual basic living costs:			
Food, beverages, tobacco	$1,060	$1,810	$1,360
Clothes and shoes (new and repairs)	400	700	300
Home upkeep (fuel, gas, water, electricity, telephone, repairs, and replacements)	275	300	375
Transportation—including car	200	250	250
Personal allowances	65	110	50
Contributions (church, charity, etc.)	80	80	126
Medical care	150	265	280
Education (textbooks, supplies, tuition)	10	15	00
Recreation	93	150	60
Miscellaneous	40	60	60
Total Living Costs	$2,373	$3,740	$2,861
Total Fixed Expenses	948	1,049	680
Grand Total	$3,321	$4,789	$3,541
Surplus	59	None	108

The Bertas live in a comfortable eight-room house. Over the years they have put in baths and an up-to-date heating plant.

Photos by John Nichols



The heads of the Berta family are keeping up with their paper work, a chore that is never neglected. It is the well-managed budget that is the vital center of the family's economic planning. It permits them to provide for such things as their car and home labor-saving devices.

As you read from left to right, remember that the Labor Bureau's estimated budget for a family of four represents a careful, prudent, though adequate, standard of living, and that the estimated costs for a family of seven are also figured on the same economical scale.

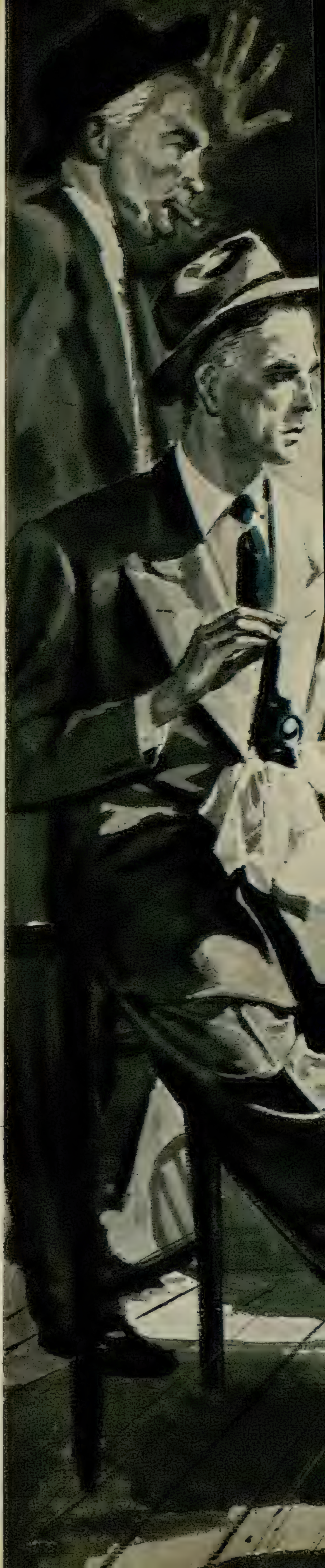
Reckoning by that scale, a family of seven needs $4,789 a year to keep even, or $92 a week. So the Bertas, with their income of $3,649, on the Labor Bureau's estimates, ought to be running into the red at the rate of $1,160 a year, or $22 a week. Or they should be "ill-housed, ill-clothed, and ill-fed." But instead of being ill-anything and in the red, they have a surplus of $108 a year and live well.

I hear a scream from mathematically-minded readers to the effect that $108 a year is only $2.07 instead of the six dollars weekly I said the Bertas are saving. True. But note that item, "Retirement fund, $205" in the Berta budget. That's the $3.94 a week that the U. S. Arsenal deducts from Mr. Berta's salary toward his pension. And that's savings, absolutely. Add

(Continued on page 68)

CAN YOU NAME THE KILLER?

DETECTIVE MARTY WALSH (with hand on wall) sizing up suspects and others in the murders of Helen Dunbar, Rocky Moran, Valerie Palmer, and Oliver Sherman, while a cop stands guard with folded arms. Holding the gun, DETECTIVE BERT LANE, working with Walsh on the killings. Seated with a cigarette, BONNIE CLAYTON, winner of the $100,000 radio contest, and, on her left, ROBERT ABERNATHY, Bonnie's current boy friend. With his back to you is L JOSHUA QUINCY, sponsor of the radio contest which seems interwoven in the murders, and, at his right, KEITH WILLIAMS, advertising representative in charge of the radio show, narrator of the story, and in love with radio star JUDY OVERTON, who is leaning forward over the table. Behind Judy is STANLEY BISHOP, manager of the slain Rocky Moran's used-car outfit. On Bishop's left is NORTON VAN HOVEN, cocksure radio announcer who really goes after what he wants—and gets in Keith Williams' hair doing it.



A Bullet For My Love

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

CONCLUSION READING TIME 33 MINUTES Oliver Sherman was lying on his back, staring at the ceiling. He was dressed precisely as he had been at final rehearsal that afternoon. His left arm was outflung, his legs were stiff and straight.

His right elbow was bent. The hand was just over his heart, as though he had made a last futile effort to pluck out the thing which had killed him. He had been stabbed. Stabbed through the heart with an instrument I had seen several times in the past few weeks.

I looked straight into Judy's eyes. Never in my life have I seen such horror, such incredulity. Lew Burris was cursing—softly.

I felt Oliver's pulse, listened for his breathing. I might have saved myself the trouble. I got up and took Judy by the arm and turned her over to Lew. I said, "Take her to her dressing room. Get some woman to help you. Then call a doctor."

They moved off. Over his shoulder, Lew said, "What about the show?"

Six twenty, or thereabouts. Something clicked inside of me. Things had to be done. Fast. I got hold of the captain of the pages. I told him to keep the doors of Studio B shut. Nobody was to be admitted.

I leaped into a telephone booth and dialed the direct line into the Hollywood Detective Bureau. There was a buzz, and then the sweetest voice in the world. It said, "Hollywood Detectives. Lane." I gave it to him in capsule form. I asked him to come over fast and to bring plenty of men. An idea was beginning to take shape in my mind. I didn't have time to figure whether it was a good idea.

The page captain came back to report that the studio doors were locked and would stay that way. I told him to notify the people that no spectators would be admitted to this show. I told him to hop to the office of the studio manager and send him to me.

Bert Lane came in. His bony face was set sternly, his eyes were like infinitesimal pieces of ice. Sergeants Gram and Peters and Ehrlich were with him plus a couple of other detectives and a few uniformed men. I grabbed Lane's arm and said, "For God's sake play this my way for the next few minutes, Bert. I'll take full responsibility."

He said, "O.K., but you better be right."

I told him about sending the people away. I begged him to instruct his men to patrol the outside of the building and the dressing-room corridor, and to watch the doors. To let nobody in or out. He didn't argue. He just gave the orders.

I led the way into the dressing room where Oliver Sherman lay dead. Lane gave him a going-over, the same pulse-and-breathing routine. Meanwhile he talked over his shoulder.

"On a hunch, I haven't notified anybody. Not even the newspapers. I called Homicide. They're getting in touch with Marty Walsh. He'll be out right away. We can hold the coroner and the crime-lab boys off just about thirty minutes."

Illustrated by Ric Grasso

Ric Grasso

A Bullet For My Love

Continued

"That'll be enough," I said. "I think."

Lane was examining the weapon with which Oliver Sherman had been killed. He said, "What is it?"

I showed him a loose leather scabbard lying near the make-up table. "It's a short sword, with a long, sharp point. Like a cut-down fencing foil. The handle"—he could see it sticking out of the body—"is leather. When it's in the scabbard it looks exactly like a riding crop. The handle is loaded, like a blackjack."

Lane said, "You seem pretty damned familiar with it, Williams."

"I am. I've seen it around here a dozen times. We've all seen it."

"Who did it belong to?"

"Oliver Sherman."

"Where did he get it?"

I drew a deep breath.

"It was given to him last week," I said, "by Norton Van Hoven."

◆

Lew Burris came around. I told him to get in touch with whoever was the right guy and to get permission to put a recorded show on the air without announcing that it was a transcription. "If he yelps, tell him this is a murder deal, but see that he doesn't tell anybody else. At least not until after seven thirty."

Marty Walsh appeared. With him was big Vic Tremont, also from Homicide, and two other cops. Marty and Bert did some swift talking. Then they opened the door of Jan Richardson's dressing room—the one that had Oliver Sherman's name-card on the door—and motioned me in. Lane said crisply, "Let's have it, Keith."

I didn't waste words: there wasn't time. I said we were due to be on the air in a few minutes. I told the two detectives about the swell record we'd cut at the dress rehearsal. I explained that it was a complete show, with commercials and everything. I said I wanted to put it on the air. Twenty million people would listen in, and they'd never know it wasn't a live show.

I said, "Suppose you had killed Oliver Sherman. Wherever you were, you'd listen in when we were due on the air, wouldn't you?"

"Why?"

"You've stabbed a man. You're sure you killed him—but you'd like to be doubly sure. You'd want to hear the announcement. You'd be wondering whether the police were after you, whether they were closing in. No matter what you were thinking, you'd listen."

"Granted."

"Just suppose you heard the whole show. Suppose it went on the air nice and smooth. Suppose Oliver Sherman was in it. Suppose you didn't know it was a transcription. You'd begin to wonder, wouldn't you? You'd wonder whether you'd actually killed Oliver."

"So-o-o?"

"You'd remember that you had tried to kill Oliver because he knew too much. If he was alive—and well enough to be working the show—you'd get scared. He'd still know too much. He'd know everything he knew before, plus your identity. You might believe Oliver was in a hospital, and that the mikes had been hooked up there. We could have the cast in his room doing the broadcast while he was in bed, with doctors and nurses hanging over him. We could cut back to the studio for the music and the commercials. I'm figuring this: The murderer wouldn't want Oliver to be alive. He'd either run like a jackrabbit or he'd make another desperate attempt to finish the job. He wouldn't have anything to lose."

◆

Lane said, "So you want us to keep your outfit tied up until seven thirty, and to stay mum until then about what's happened?"

"Yes."

"What do you think, Marty?"

"I think it's worth a riffle."

Lane went to the door and called Sergeant Gram and Vic Tremont. He told them briefly what was cooking. He said, "Gram, you know where Bonnie Clayton lives. Get there fast. Let a second car trail you. Don't tip your hand, but find out whether Robert Ellsworth Abernathy is there with her. If he is, stake the place. Watch it front and back. If they're mixed up in this deal, and if they hear Sherman on the air, they'll be certain to make a move. The minute they do, grab 'em."

"If they don't?"

"Wait until seven thirty and then move in. Take 'em to the station. Stick with them. Just you two; no one else. Tell 'em nothing. Don't mention murder. Don't talk to 'em at all. If Bonnie is alone at her home, follow the same routine. Except that one of you will go with one of the dicks in the second car, and repeat the performance at Abernathy's joint. If they're out, check everything, especially their cars. If one car is gone, they're probably on their way. Report in as soon as you have any information, and we'll commence rattling the teletype."

I ran down the hall, with Mar Walsh breathing on my neck. I g hold of the engineer and told hi what I wanted. Lew Burris showe up and said it was O.K. with th top man. The big clock was closin in on us. I left the record with th engineer and Walsh and I ran bac to the dressing room.

In a few minutes the sho started. The introduction, the fan fare of music, the brief openin commercial, and then the shov We were listening in through a ta ble radio. It was fantastic.

Oliver was superb. He'd neve given a better performance. Lis tening to him, I couldn't convinc myself that he was lying on th floor of the adjoining dressing roon with the blade of a swordsticl through his heart. It was frightening. It was unbelievable. Walsh swore softly every once in a while He said, "I'd hate to be the kille and be listening to that."

L. Joshua Quincy appeared from nowhere. He knew that Oliver was dead, and seemed to resent it personally. He asked a lot of questions He got in the cops' hair. I told him to go drink ten bottles of Deliciosa He was so surprised by my impertinence that he forgot he was mad at the police.

Lane and Walsh went back into the dressing room and started a more thorough examination of the body. I snapped off the radio.

◆

The weapon with which Oliver had been killed fascinated the detectives. The handle was loaded. Walsh pointed to a bruise on Oliver's forehead. He said, "Somebody knocked him over, then drew the blade out of the leather sheath and finished him off."

Lane turned to me. He said, "Where did Norton Van Hoven get the thing and why did he give it to Sherman?"

I said I understood a serviceman had brought it back from Italy as a souvenir, and Van Hoven had bought it. "He carried it around a lot," I said, "and he used it as a riding crop. Then somebody told him it was against the law—something about carrying a concealed deadly weapon. That scared him. He quit using it, and Oliver—who has ridden with him a lot—asked him for it. That was last week. Oliver said he wasn't afraid of getting into trouble. That's all I know."

"Where did Oliver keep the thing?"

"I saw it here yesterday."

"Is this room his—always?"

"No. It's turned over to him twenty-four hours before showtime. He's supposed to clear it out the morning after the show and

(*Continued on page 74*)

Liberty pastime

EVERYBODY'S THEATER

By ALBERT A. OSTROW

No matter whether your town is large or small, there are always people enough to have fun putting on plays. Take a look at how one amateur group does it—and in New York City of all places!

the play is the thing, it must be the right play to get an "okay" r production from the Gallery-Goers board of governors.

At casting calls, applicants for the new production's various roles stream in. The girl at the left is reading for a part.

The whole company assembles in a warehouse for the first reading of the script. From now on the director has full charge.

READING TIME 8 MINUTES Now and then somebody glooms about the state of the American theater. If the pessimists took the trouble to turn their tear-stained eyes from the darkening Broadway playhouses, they would find the patient's general condition much better than generally pictured. For the last few years, audiences averaging 15,000,000 annually have attended performances by amateur acting companies. And the people on both sides of the footlights enjoy every minute of the experience.

An outstandingly successful "ham" group is the Gallery-Goers in Manhattan. This group has given 115 admission-free performances in the year and a half of its existence. Though the Gallery-Goers operates in New York and vicinity, its work is not arty Little Theater or imitation Broadway. It is strictly a community venture and operates in a way that is a model for playmaking-for-fun groups anywhere—small town or large.

The Gallery-Goers was organized in 1948 when some enthusiasts broached the idea of an amateur dramatic group to Joseph Carleton Beal, a public-relations man. Beal was surprised to discover that there are about 1,200 nonprofessional outfits in New York City alone. Most of these had been founded on sheer enthusiasm, but were destined to founder through lack of real organization or aim.

In getting the Gallery-Goers started, Beal first drew up a constitution and set up a board of governors con-

At preliminary rehearsals the director coaches and coaxes, suggests and scolds. Here, the play's love interest is at work.

Without scenery, there is no production, but these set builders work from the bottom up, with lumber, paint, and canvas.

A low budget doesn't allow elaborate costuming, but a clever costume department works magic with old gowns and bolt ends.

Photos by Dr. I. W. Schmidt and David Lang

EVERYBODY'S THEATE

Continued

sisting of a company manager, secretary, busine manager, production manager, publicity director, ar chairman of the house and entertainment committe Key officer was the company manager, who was empowered to preside at all meetings of the members the board of governors, appoint all standing or speci committees, call special meetings of the general membership or board of governors, and exercise any executive functions not otherwise delegated.

To help build an operating treasury, charter memberships were given to those of the original group contributing ten dollars or more. Regular members pai dues of 50 cents weekly, and associate members 2 cents.

Beal recognized the fact that though most group manage to get one show on the boards, few of ther follow through. The main reasons for this, he felt, wer lack of real purpose and failure to adapt to the need and life of the community.

Accordingly the Gallery-Goers announced the would bring shows to people who had never seen liv theater before. They would seek out the sick, th handicapped, shutaways, and underprivileged, an brighten a few hours with make-believe.

Members had been meeting and going over plays i hotel rooms, individuals' homes, Beal's office, etc. Th problem was to find regular rent-free rehearsal quarters and a place to assemble and store equipment. Th Grand Street Settlement, an old community center o Manhattan's lower East Side, offered the use of its tin but well-equipped stage for rehearsals. Additional rehearsal room was obtained at the Educational Alliance another community house. The Manhattan Socia Service Center for Men of the Salvation Army mad a warehouse floor available for the scenic department

◆ Since broad comedy with its exaggerated acting and movement is easiest for beginners to handle and nonsophisticated audiences to enjoy, the group chose a farce for its initial offering. Preparing the production on a dues-limited budget was a challenge. Discarded clothing and any odds and ends of junk that ingenuity and resourcefulness could make usable were collected by the group. A lumber association donated wood for the sets. Costly props, articles of furniture, and electrical equipment were loaned by local merchants. The Gallery-Goers acknowledged all outside help in the show's programs. The programs were contributed by a printer who admired the organization's aims.

The group made its debut before a Grand Street Settlement audience, more than half of which was seeing a stage play for the first time. Their theater innocence was typified by one elderly man who kept up a running commentary about the onstage proceedings in a voice that carried all over the house. Shushed by a couple of neighbors, he turned on them indignantly and pointed to the actors.

"I've got to talk louder than them to make myself heard, don't I?"

Spurred on by the enthusiastic reaction of their first audience, the Gallery-Goers undertook a "social service" circuit tour of other community houses, juvenile correction camps, hospitals, homes for the aged, orphan asylums, and charitable institutions. They also performed before members of Alcoholics Anonymous.

The players learned to adjust their performances to the tastes of their varying audiences and to expect anything of them. During one show, a woman, carried away by some particularly realistic make-believe, yelled out, "Hey, you can't do that! She's married." At another place, when a character practicing golf shots hit an imaginary ball over the heads of the audience and exclaimed, "Gee, that was a beauty!" people out front stood up and craned their necks to see where the ball had landed. And all this in metropolitan New York, play center of the world!

As news of the group's good work got around, there was a rush of applicants. Star-role and glory seekers were discouraged. In the Gallery-Goers' set-up, one night's leading performer might be helping round up props the next, or painting flats, or even typing up the sides for a featured part to be played in the next show by an erstwhile scene shifter.

The personnel of the group represents a wide variety of occupations. There are stenographers, sales clerks, advertising and newspaper men, students, housewives, business executives, city employees, artists, teen-agers, telephone operators, radio technicians, truck drivers, a librarian, a counterman, a recorder, a sight-seeing-tour guide, and a sprinkling of hopefuls with Broadway ambitions. Membership is on an associate or apprentice basis for six months, after which you are eligible for regular membership and voting privileges.

Directors are drawn from the group or come as guest volunteers. Among the latter are a professional actress and a business executive who has a background in the commercial theater. However, when the show goes on the boards, a regular member acting as stage manager takes over backstage and the director sits out front with the audience.

The stage manager—as likely to be a she as a he—sees to it that the performance goes off as planned. Sometimes, though, things don't always go according to plan. On one occasion when a player failed to make an entrance on cue, a quick-thinking performer onstage covered the lapse with a hilarious account of a picnic besieged by ants.

◆ The Gallery-Goers gets most of its plays—or skits for variety nights—from publishing houses or bureaus that specialize in them. Because of the nature of the group's work and the fact that no admissions are charged, it receives substantial reductions in high-royalty plays. It also uses an occasional original that is high in laugh content.

Beal believes that what the Gallery-Goers have done, any group can do, with the right support from the community. In almost every community there is someone with some theatrical know-how. If not, excellent technical books are available.

As for the playmakers, their reward comes in the form of healthful release from self, improved social bearing, and a better understanding of how to get along and work with others. Best of all is to hear the heartfelt laughter of an audience having fun.

Where to Get Plays

Write for catalogues to:

Walter H. Baker, 178 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Banner Play Co., 305 Southern Ohio Bank Bldg., 519 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Penn Play Company, 1617 Latimer Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Eldridge Entertainment House, Franklin, Ohio.

Helpful Books on Amateur Theatricals

Amateur Theater Handbook by Eugene C. Davis, published by Greenberg Publisher, New York City.

How to Produce Amateur Plays by Barett H. Clark, published by Little Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

Play Production for Little Theater by Milton Myer, published by Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., New York City.

Looking the part is as important as learning the part, and make-up is an art in itself. Eyebrows are penciled over.

The pistol to shoot the villain and the engagement ring for the heroine are only a small part of the prop men's jobs.

Something Always Happens finally "hits the boards." The opening night is as exciting here as anything on Broadway.

LIBERTY'S PICK OF THE PICTURES

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

This is a spectacular film of American frontier days in which director John Ford is at his very best

By ELIZABETH WILSON

LIBERTY SEAL OF FAMILY APPROVAL

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON, an Argosy picture, produced by John Ford and Merian Cooper for RKO release, tells dramatically and colorfully the heroic story of a small band of U. S. cavalrymen stationed at lonely Fort Starke, a frontier post, in that exciting period of western history following the massacre of Custer and his troops. Stimulated to a frenzy by the death of the mighty Custer, the Indian tribes unite in a "holy war" against the white man. The history books tell about it, but not so excitingly as does John Ford.

Ever since he made Stagecoach, and the more recent Fort Apache, in the Valley of Monuments on the Utah-Arizona boundary, Ford has wanted to make a picture in Technicolor in this American wilderness. She Wore a Yellow Ribbon is his wish-fulfillment. Starring popular John Wayne in his first gray-haired role, the picture is highly entertaining, and one of Ford's best productions.

The title was inspired by the old cavalry song which tells of the romantic custom of girls wearing a yellow ribbon in their hair to signify their betrothal to a trooper. In this case it's pretty Joanne Dru (of Red River fame) who wears the yellow ribbon. It's quite upsetting to the morale of two young lovelorn lieutenants, played by John Agar and Harry Carey, Jr.

John Wayne plays Captain Brittles, whose years on the frontier have won him deference and affection from officers and men, among them Victor McLaglen and Ben Johnson. As a tippling sergeant, McLaglen garners the laughs. Ben Johnson, an Oklahoma cowboy, was seen by Ford while working as a stunt rider in Fort Apache and signed on an actor's contract.

Captain Brittles has reached the age of retirement, but before the government can take away his uniform he has one last mission. And what an exciting mission it turns out to be! The warring Indians are everywhere, but Captain Brittles outwits them by stampeding their horses. The Indians, humiliated and horseless, sue for peace.

Indian Scout John Wayne, wise to the ways of his former army aide, Victor McLaglen, gives him the breath test.

POST
EADQUA

Post Commander George O'Brien greets John Wayne as a civilian scout after Wayne has defeated the hostile Indians.

John Wayne comforts Easterner Joanne Dru.

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Fred Ludekens
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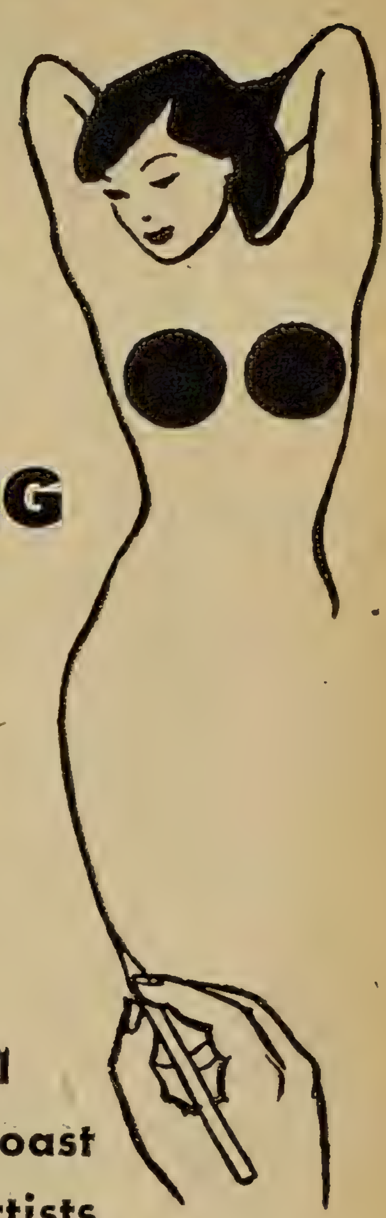

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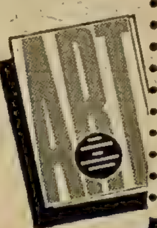

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Liberty's MOVIE REVIEWS

By Beverly Hills

THE HEIRESS (Paramount) is Hollywood picture-making at its dramatic best. It is based on the long-running New York play, and produced and directed by William Wyler, who has more hits to his credit than any other director. The small cast is big-time, with the four stars, Olivia De Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson, and Miriam Hopkins pitching for coveted Oscars. Placed in New York's fashionable Washington Square of a century ago, the story tells of a plain-looking, socially inept girl who learns that her distinguished physician father despises her, and that the gay young man she loves is interested only in her large inheritance. This, of course, leads to bitter disillusionment, family hatred, and a magnificent performance by Miss De Havilland. All the ladies will go mad over Montgomery Clift as the unscrupulous, greedy suitor.

Morris Townsend (Montgomery Clift) is the scheming suitor who court the heiress (Olivia De Havilland) in the hope of sharing her wealth

THE FALLEN IDOL (Alexander Korda production, released by Selznick Releasing Organization) is one of England's best suspense films. Directed by top man Carol Reed, it is a stand-out film which you will want to see. It tells the engrossing story of an eight-year-old boy who adores as his idol the butler in a foreign embassy in London. Left alone in the embassy by his parents for a weekend, he becomes an unwilling eyewitness to a love triangle and a tragic killing. The story then centers on the child's great problem of loyalty to the butler, who is accused of murdering his wife. In his efforts to lie for his friend, he almost puts the noose around his neck. Ralph Richardson and Michele Morgan play the butler and his girl friend. Sonia Dresdel is the surly wife. Bobby Henrey, playing in his first film, has become the child actor sensation of 1949.

Little Felipe (Bobby Henrey) follows his hero (Ralph Richardson) to a teashop and finds him with his girl friend Julie (Michele Morgan).

THE GIRL IN THE PAINTING (J. Arthur Rank production, Universal-International release) is a well-acted English mystery, starring lovely Mai Zetterling. The action, slow-paced as in most British films, begins in a London art gallery where a young captain on leave (Guy Rolfe) is strangely fascinated by the painting of a beautiful young girl, a displaced person named Hildegard. He is even more excited when an old man, an Austrian refugee, recognizes the girl as his daughter whom he thought killed by the Nazis. In love with the girl in the painting, the captain tracks down the artist dying of alcoholism (Robert Beatty) and follows clues that lead to a D.P. camp in Germany. Carefully, and with excellent suspense, he unravels the mystery of the girl who isn't Hildegard, and her father who isn't her father at all, but a Nazi criminal.

Hildegard (Mai Zetterling) stands waiting in an underground shelter in which she has been hidden by the man who claims to be her father.

fact, Nick himself is not nice. He smiles too much.

For Cathy it was glamorous. She sat there breathless, watching all the people who come and go at Nick's.

Nick walked over, smiling as usual. "Everything all right?" he asked.

"Sure, Nick," I said. "Quite a place you have here."

"I hope you like it," he said. "Come often." He snapped his fingers and a waiter appeared. "Bring these people whatever they want," he said. Then he disappeared.

I had that puzzled feeling I always got when I saw Nick. I had the unpleasant impression I'd seen him somewhere before, a long time ago.

Suddenly I spotted Dambrowsky across the room. He was looking at me, flat-faced as ever. He got up slowly and walked over to the table.

"Hi, coach," he said, looking at Cathy all the time. "Mind if I join you?"

"No," I said. "Sit down. This is Cathy, my daughter."

He looked at me sharply when he got the edge I put on the introduction. I knew he got the idea. I didn't want him messing around Cathy. He was too sharp for her.

"Dambrowsky," I said after a minute. "I've got news for you. You keep hanging around this joint and you'll be in trouble you never dreamed of."

"I can take care of myself."

"Maybe you can. But you can get in a lot of trouble doing it."

"Dance?" he asked, turning to Cathy. She looked at me and I gave her the nod.

We went home as soon as Dambrowsky brought her back to the table.

◆

Dambrowsky was around a lot after that.

I didn't worry too much. I knew Dambrowsky was basically all right, though pretty tough.

Thursday, after practice, I stood out on the field alone. I could hear the squad in the locker room.

I picked up a practice ball Josh, the trainer, had forgotten.

Then, for no reason, I held the ball out in front of me and kicked it. It sailed up, a little wobbly, and floated far down the field.

"Pretty good," I heard a voice say. It was Dambrowsky, with a ball under his arm.

I felt like a fool standing there. "What do you want?" I asked.

"Can I see you a minute, coach?"

"Sure," I said.

He didn't say anything for a minute or two.

"You were right," he said finally. He didn't have to tell me what he was talking about. He was in trouble. Trouble he couldn't handle.

"Nick and his boys got to me," he said in a toneless voice that only partially disguised his fear. "They got to me and they want me to throw the game Saturday."

Here it is, I thought; real trouble—king size.

"How much do you owe them?"

"Fifteen hundred bucks."

"One of those back-room games?"

He nodded.

I didn't know what to say for a minute. Then: "But we're likely to lose the game anyway, no matter what you do."

He shrugged. "I know that," he said. "But Nick has a lot of money spread around among the alumni. You know how hot they are right now. They figure we could even beat Notre Dame and they're making it easy for Nick to clean up at least fifty grand. With that kind of money Nick wants to be sure how the game goes. I can't go to the cops. Nick's got me over a barrel."

"It's poison," I said, half to myself. "Let one of those guys touch you and it's poison. It doesn't matter whether you're straight or not. It gets in the papers and on the wire and you're through, whether you take any money or not."

"Then let's keep it out of the papers," he said desperately.

I gave a short laugh. "How?"

We got back to the locker room without saying any more about it.

"You go on in and get a shower. I'll do some thinking and let you know tomorrow what I can do. We'll get out of it somehow."

Even saying it, the words had a hollow sound. I didn't believe them and neither did Dambrowsky.

Cathy had supper waiting and I sat down without any appetite.

I told Cathy all about it. It didn't help much. It just made one more person worry about the whole mess.

At nine o'clock Dambrowsky showed up. He was worried sick.

"Have you thought of anything?" he asked.

"No, I haven't," I admitted. "I thought I'd have a talk with Nick."

"You can't do that," said Dambrowsky quickly. "He said not to tell anybody."

"He meant the cops and I'm no cop," I said. "It can't do us any harm. You stay here with Cathy. I'll be back in about an hour."

◆

My old car got me there and I got a table near the door. Nick came over, still smiling.

"Hi, coach," he said. "How does it look for the big game?"

"You're a very funny guy," I said as he sat down. The smile left his face. "Look," I went on. "How about laying off Dambrowsky?"

Nick pursed his lips and sucked in his cheeks thoughtfully. "So he told you. I like to protect my investments."

But I wasn't listening to him. Suddenly I knew where I'd seen Nick before, but only his name wasn't Nick then, and he hadn't been fat. That business of sucking in his cheeks made his face thinner for just a second. It was enough.

Then I heard him snapping his fingers and before I knew it two of his monkeys were at the table. "Show the coach out, boys. He wants to go home."

It was more than the old heave-ho. I got outside between the rows of cars when the bigger one of the two hit me. The gravel stung my face and I felt the blood welling out of it. There was a kick on my shoulder blade that went down to my toes.

The next thing I heard was Cathy crying. I could see her face over me and Dambrowsky in the background. They helped me up and got me to my car.

It wasn't until we were inside the house and Dambrowsky was ladling on the iodine that I remembered Nick.

"Telephone," I said through my swollen lips. "Telephone, right away." I put the call through to New York and got the guy I wanted. When I was through I turned to Dambrowsky. "It's O.K.," I said. "You can relax now." Then Dambrowsky went home.

◆

By one o'clock Saturday afternoon the stands were loaded.

Both teams were warming up. Dambrowsky was kicking and linemen were charging downfield to cover the ball.

Every minute or so Dambrowsky looked over at me and then up in the stands right behind the bench. Nick was sitting right smack on the fifty with his two muscle boys.

I kept shooting glances toward the corner of the stands leading to the dressing room. If my New York call didn't pay off in the next two or three hours, the ball game would really be over for Dambrowsky.

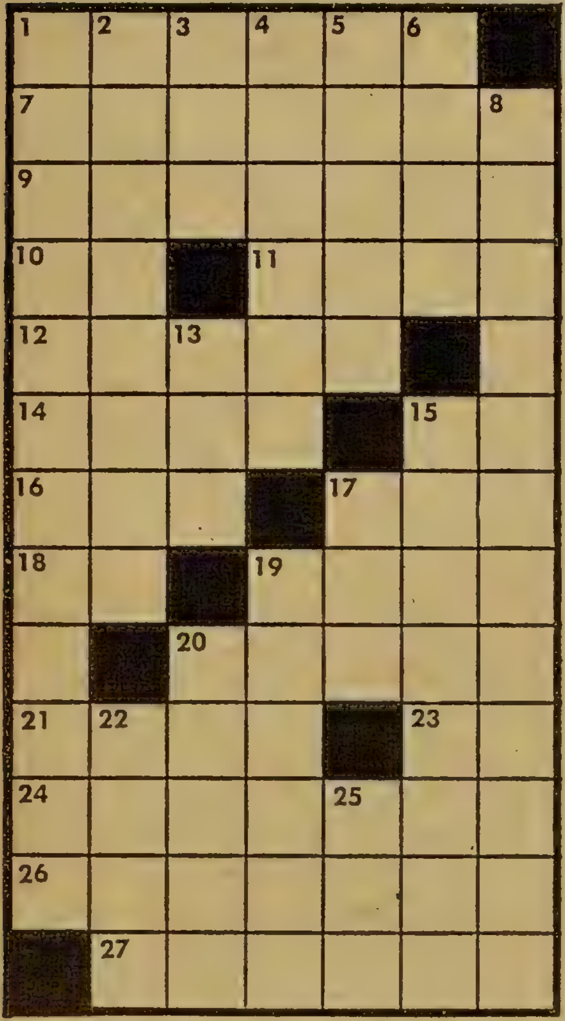
When the game started I followed it automatically, which is bad for any coach to do. Going into

Liberty

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

By TED SHANE



ACROSS

1 Spin Al with a cord
7 I, too, rah-rah an ancient bridge expert
9 In Crete or out, people put up with him
10 Jr. capt.
11 Darn good pal of Mr. Remington
12 Filer within a steel box
14 A sour cad am I
15 Puzzler's Nemesis (abbr.)
16 Gob is swamped in marsh mush
17 Tahw od drawkcab sworbwol liaf ot etaicerppa ylurt?
18 Comparatively small word
19 Rove the dictionary for Thor's nickname
20 Famed payground fits into "—— being robbed!" (You'll find a Mimi there)
21 Sago is found in Tibetan gazelles
23 Where everybody simply must go
24 Duce ate young to stuff their noodles
26 The servile slings mud at the boss
27 Jewish Passover festivals

DOWN

1 Did A. Garbs Heller write Prince of Foxes and Captain from Castile? Heck, no! He did!
2 Do not scoot or rip through air-conditioned piazzas
3 Maddening, isn't it!
4 Craned to see Mother of Pearl
5 Tatar smells rosy
6 Kind of hospital pregnant cats go to
8 O dress in rain with undistinguishableness
13 What Eve didn't care a for her clothes
15 Pocketpicker is poor term for super-confidence man
17 Only thing not abolished under British Socialism (but it's weaker)
19 Sticky, isn't it!
20 What lilac sounds decade?
22 Shelley does his daily dozen
25 Drunk on the lea

G	A	M	B	L	E	R
A	V	E	R	A	G	E
B	E	R	I	N	G	■
A	S	I	D	E	■	■
R	■	T	E	S	T	S
D	O	E	■	■	I	E
I	N	D	I	A	N	A
N	E	■	■	D	E	S
E	R	A	S	E	■	H
■	■	B	I	L	B	O
■	C	O	Z	I	E	R
I	M	M	E	N	S	E
C	L	A	R	E	T	S

Oct. Answer

the second quarter we were behind by a large thirteen points.

Then, just before the half, we got a break. We were on our own twenty where we'd been playing the ball game up to that point. By some stroke of luck Dambrowsky got through State's line and cut back through the secondary. The State defensive half and safety man moved in on Dambrowsky smooth as machinery. But at the last second Dambrowsky put his head down, brought his knees up, and slammed through both of them. The kick was good and the half ended with us six points behind.

On the way off the field I looked up at Nick. He was standing up with a cigar in his fat face and he wasn't smiling.

In the dressing room, Dambrowsky shot me a glance. I shook my head to indicate nothing had happened.

I went outside and stood by the door, hoping and waiting. I finally sent the team back to the field and stayed until the last minute.

I was lucky. A plain black car pulled up and Detective Lieutenant Ramsey stepped out.

"Hi, Johnny," he said like we had seen each other only yesterday.

"Around here," I said, "I am known as J. Howard Smith."

He gave me the nod and a smile. "O.K., J. Howard. Where's Smiley? We've been trying to locate him for a good long time."

We went on the field. We sat hunched on the bench. "I'm supposed to be running this football team, so you'll take the story in installments. It's short anyway."

He nodded, and State kicked off. All we could do was try to hold them and then play for a break. I turned to Ramsey.

"Right behind you in the stands is Smiley, now called Nick. He runs a dive in the next county. He's got the finger on Dambrowsky—the one playing football on our side. I didn't recognize Smiley until the other day. He's gotten fat since I last saw him. Don't turn around or he'll spot you and beat it."

◆

We moved slowly, but we moved and got all the way to midfield before we had to kick. Dambrowsky got off a good one and then State began driving back up the field.

State got over the midfield stripe and were heading rapidly for pay dirt when Dambrowsky snared one of their short passes. It was a circus catch and he went down right where he'd caught it.

He tried their right end on the next play and the third quarter ended. I could see Dambrowsky was dog-tired and I was pretty certain we were not going to bring home the bacon that afternoon.

Ramsey didn't say anything. He was patient as ever and he sat waiting. He'd waited fifteen years to catch up with Smiley. He could afford to wait fifteen minutes more.

"We'll get him when he com around to the dressing room aft the game," he said.

It was a comfort to have Ramse around and I even let myself thin seriously about the ball game. had been watching State's left hal On defense he was playing too clos He was maybe too eager.

I looked at the clock. We had fou minutes. I called Dambrowsky ou of the game for a minute's res and told him about that halfbac who was trying to win the game fo mother and a new car. Then I thre him back into the fray.

The first one he called was a straight line play, taking the bal from the quarterback and hitting just outside the guard. He made three yards and the guy that got him was the halfback. I saw Dambrowsky straighten up and smile.

◆

The next one was the pay-off. It started the same way, only the quarter held the ball and worked a toss out to our right half in motion. Dambrowsky straightened up right after the fake and came to a stop. The State back changed course and headed for our right half. Then Dambrowsky drifted in the hole where the State back had been. Our right half moved back and lobbed the ball to Dambrowsky, who went all the way.

The stands were screaming until the teams lined up for the point. Then it was so quiet I heard the sweat popping out on my forehead.

The ball came back and Dambrowsky's foot moved perfectly. It was good. And that was that.

The fans came down on the field in droves. Ramsey and I ducked the alumni and ran for the dressing room. We beat the team there and stood by the door. I spotted Nick and his two boys standing quietly about fifty feet away. All three of them had their hands in their pockets.

Then Dambrowsky came around the corner followed by screaming alumni, and Smiley with his two boys moved in. Ramsey moved faster than I thought he could and flashed a badge on them. Smiley scowled a minute and then started to draw his hand out of his pocket. I shouted for Dambrowsky and, like a fool, ran toward Ramsey.

People thought it was a sore loser's fistfight, and before I could do anything the alumni were plowing into Smiley. The two muscle boys took one look at the raving alumni and beat it.

But Ramsey kept hold of Smiley through it all. They were on the bottom of the pile and when the smoke cleared he made his pinch.

Then trouble broke. Two reporters were standing around taking down the little postgame fight when Smiley started screaming about being double-crossed by Dambrowsky. Ramsey hit Smiley and we dragged him into the dressing room, but the reporters smelled their story d wedged their way in too. They re like a couple of vultures and y got the whole thing. Dam-wsky was clear all right, but ichever way the papers played he was through in any big-time tball circuit.

The dressing room was quiet after e reporters left. Dambrowsky sat p as a rag on the bench. "That kes care of that," he said. "How d you know about Nick, coach?"

"I met him once about fifteen ars ago in New York City. He was st a punk then."

Dambrowsky finished dressing d we went out. It was nearly rk. We started across the field.

"I use my name, J. Howard Smith w," I continued, "instead of hnny Smith."

"The Johnny Smith of Eastern ck in 1933?" Dambrowsky asked.

"That's right. And Maxie got to e fifteen years ago just the way ick got to you."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Dam-rowsky. "Same time, same place."

"What do you think I'm doing at college like this? If it hadn't een for that mix-up a long time ack, I might have been where eahy is today."

Dambrowsky frowned. "So what o I do now, coach? I'm washed up ust like you were."

I smiled at him in the darkness, ut he didn't see it. It was so much ike history repeating itself it was lmost funny. Almost, but not uite.

"I could use an assistant around ere next year," I said hopefully.

Dambrowsky snorted. "This place! This is no place to coach football."

I didn't say anything for a minute. "I felt the same way when I first came here. It's natural you would, too. But what else is there for you to do?"

◆ He didn't say anything. We'd reached the middle of the field. I stopped and looked around.

It was a jerkwater stadium and it showed it.

"There's one thing, Dambrowsky. The goal lines are a hundred yards apart, the field is as wide, the ball weighs as much, and there are the same number of men playing the game here as at Notre Dame or Minnesota or U. S. C. It's the same game. And that's good enough for me. I've learned to live with it."

Dambrowsky looked around for a moment at the empty stadium and looked at me. Then he smiled. "There isn't anything else I can do."

He turned away toward his dormitory. "So long, coach," he said over his shoulder.

I turned to walk away and suddenly realized I was tired from heels to head. I went out of the stadium and walked along the darkened street to my house. It would be good working with Dambrowsky next year. I laughed to myself. It would be good, and Cathy would like it too. ◆ ◆

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not have heard the low voice of the captive demanding:

"Who are you anyway? What's your name?"

"If you must know, I'm Ethabelle Roscoe. What's yours?"

"My name's Peg Branigan."

"How'd you come to be so strong? Where'd you learn those tricks?"

"Want me to teach 'em to you? They're part of what every young girl ought to know."

"They'd be no use where I'm going. You can't always be around. You can't stop me next time."

"If that's the way you feel, maybe I'd better be taking you right off to the hospital as a psycho. There's no law out here in California against taking your own life or trying to, but—"

"But there's no law against a man's taking a girl's life and making a fool of her and taking her money, and giving her a baby and denying he's the father and—and—there's no law against that out here."

"Well, now, maybe there might be just such a law. This is my car. Get in and let's find out where we stand."

Peg drove away to a dark quiet street and stopped in front of a vacant lot in the hush and shade of a great pepper tree. There she offered Ethabelle a welcome cigarette and took one for herself. Then she murmured in a tone less of intrusion than of hospitality:

"Tell me all about it, Ethabelle."

"It's funny to hear that name again. What few friends I have—or had—called me Ethel—Ethel Blaine. I took that as my screen name, but never got it on the screen. Ethabelle—that was what my poor mother called me—"

The grim tragedienne broke suddenly back to childhood and turned into the arms of the young girl and wept and wept. And talked and talked.

The story was as old as the world but peculiarly familiar in Hollywood; for this girl was one of the thousands of youth who keep making the pilgrimage to defeat in spite of the thousands and thousands of failures, because of the lure of the tiny few who chance on fame and wealth.

"I come from Iowa. I'm Ethabelle from Oskaloosa. Isn't that a scream? My people weren't exactly poor but they didn't have much, even for Oskaloosa. I went through high school. Made a big hit in school plays. I was Miss Oskaloosa of 1947. Everybody said I was prettier and cleverer than Linda or Lana or—or any of the movie stars.

"I saved a little money. Some friends paid my fare and made up a purse for me. I insisted on calling it a loan. So I joined the army of fools on their way to Hollywood.

"Once I got there I went to every casting office. They were all crowded with prettier girls than I ever was—and pretty boys too, and cowboys, old men and women, dwarfs, monkeys, babies, trained dogs. The monkeys and dogs got jobs quickest.

"Everybody said, 'You gotta getta agent.' But the good agents won't take you till you're already made.

"And everybody said, 'Pretty girls are a dime a dozen in Hollywood.' That was what he said, too."

"He? Who?"

"Leon."

"Leon who?"

"The agent who said he'd put me in the pictures. I saw his ad in a trade paper and I called at his office. When he saw me, his eyes kind of bugged out and he asked me into his inner office. Then his eyes went over me like—like tape measures. He said, 'You're a little bit of all right, girlie. Had any experience?' When I said no, he said, 'The only way to get a job is to have one, and somebody comes along and offers you another one.'

"That was what he said, so I got up to go. But he put his hand on me and said, 'I'd love to place you, girlie, and start you on your way to the big money; and I believe I could, but—well, pretty girls are a dime a dozen in Hollywood, and my overhead is very heavy and—er—um—could you raise a little to help along?'

"'How much is a little?' I said. And he said 'How's about five hundred?' And I said, 'Oh, two hundred or so would be my limit.' His eyes skimmed over me again and he laughed kind of, and said, 'I could take the rest out in trade maybe.'

"I didn't know what he meant—then. That was one of the things I had to learn the hard way. He came over and sat on the arm of my chair and took my chin in his hand and—I hated his hand, but he said, 'How are you at kissing? You know actresses have to do a lot of it in the pictures. Are you good? Let's have a sample. Call it a test kis felt like a fool, but I kissed him. A he said, 'Hell, it's like kissing ice-cream cone! You must h heard how these directors and p ducers are,' he said. 'They cha an initiation fee. If you fight out their clinches, you fight yours right out of a job. Girlie, take from me: there's a lot more being an actress than just acting see I've got to give you some lesso in the preliminaries. You go ho and get me two hundred and fi dollars and I'll give you a contra and start you on your way to yo first million.'

"I said, 'Do you think you c really get me started?' And he sa 'Why, look at what I did for Darn and Crawford and Hutton and— started them from back of whe you'd begin, baby.'

"Well, I was desperate and th next day I took him two hundr and fifty dollars in bills. To mal up the last of it I had to pawn little watch I had.

"He gave me a contract and a receipt all right. But then he bega his acting lessons, as he calle them. He never once sent me to single producer or a director. H was always going to tomorrow. Bu tomorrow the producer would be i Palm Springs, or the director woul have decided not to do the pictur he had penciled me in for. Tha was Leon's word for it. I was alway being penciled in."

◆

For the first time Peg Branigan' voice broke in: "It wasn't Leo Gershon by any chance?"

"That's the man. Do you know him? Have you met him?"

"Not yet. But I'd like to."

"Oh, don't ever go near him. Fo heaven's sake, take warning from me! Well, he used to ask me out to dinner. Take me to a preview now and then. Sometimes he'd park his car in a dark place. Or he'd have me in his office of nights and give me what he called lessons. And did he give me lessons! He had a way with him. He was handsome. He could be very gentle. But he had a temper, and he frightened me.

"At first I could fend him off; but once he grew very fierce, and he cursed me, and was so very rough that I fainted and—and—well, after that he apologized and was sweet and talked about marrying me, and—and I quit fighting, and—and—I wonder how many other girls have been fools enough to fall for that line as I did."

Peg Branigan sighed. "Only a few thousand out here. You say he promised to marry you?"

"Yes! Yes! As soon, he said, as his divorce was final—you've got to wait a year in California. But I—I couldn't wait. The baby wouldn't wait.

"Well, finally, Leon either got tired of me or found another pupil th more money—or—anyway, it t so he wouldn't even see me. His cretary, Lolita, would always say was out.

"One day when she said he was it I could hear him telephoning his office. I rushed in, and said, eon, Leon, I'm going to have a aby!' He gave me the laugh and id, 'You must have been helling ound quite a bit.' I told him he as the only man had ever come ear me. But he only called in his cretary and said, 'Lolita, this pink it is trying to pin something on e. If you ever let the little blackailer in here again, out you go ourself.'

"My arm was black and blue from he rough way he hustled me to the oor. I was afraid to go back. And I idn't have any money left. I had o work in a drive-in nights to keep live. Then gradually I got so I ouldn't—well, I couldn't wear the lacks the drive-in girls wear, and I ust couldn't go home to Oskaloosa ith nothing to show for my great areer in Hollywood but a—a little —a poor little baby with no father nd no name. Could I? Now could ?"

From the dark came the voice of he listener: "I suppose you could. ut I don't suppose you would. There's a job waiting for you, though."

"A job for me? What could I do?"

"You could help save other girls from falling into the same old girl-trap. You say Gershon gave you a contract?"

"Yes. But what use is it?"

"Where is it?"

"In my trunk at my boarding place. I left it there with a good-by letter to papa and mama, and some clothes my little sister might grow up to. I told the landlady I was going out as an extra on location, and if anything happened to me, she was to send the trunk home to Oskaloosa collect."

Peg Branigan set the gears in mesh and the car went forward with her words: "Let's go get that contract."

When the contract was found, Peg stuck it in her pocket for careful study. She forced Ethabelle to accept the loan of enough money to keep her going, but she filled the dismal girl with such curiosity as to the outcome, that she could be trusted not to end her life till she had learned what happened in the last installment of the mystery story of which she was suddenly the heroine.

◆

A few days later a brisk and Irishy young redhead might have been seen entering that office on the Strip which bore the modest sign: "Leon Gershon. Artists' Representative."

She looked exactly like Peg Branigan of Los Angeles. But she informed Lolita that she was Edna Stanley of Skaneateles. She said she wanted to get in the movies and

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that she had read Mr. Gershon's ad.

What followed was so like what Ethabelle had described, that they might have been two girls reading the same script and going through a test with the same actor.

"You're a little bit of all right, Miss Stanley," said Leon Gershon.

"Why, thank you, Mr. Gershon!"

"Had any experience, Miss Stanley?"

"Only in high-school plays. Also, I was Miss Skaneateles of '47."

"I can well see why. But girls are a dime a dozen out here in Hollywood. However, you're different. You've got something, and I'd just love to take you on as a client, but my overhead is so heavy. I don't suppose you would care to contribute a little?"

"How much is a little?"

"Would five hundred inconvenience you?"

"I'm afraid that's a little steep for me just now. I could manage half that, though."

He looked her over and smiled. "Maybe I could take the rest out in trade."

"How do you mean, trade?" Peg faltered.

He went to her with a reassuring smile, seated himself delicately on the arm of her chair, took her chin daintily in his hand and said:

"With a face like that you can get past the front offices. But once you're with a producer or a director —well, they charge what you might call an initiation fee. And once you're inside the lodge, they've got all kinds of passwords—and passes —what you might call secret rites. If you know your way about, you can go places fast. I can teach you the ways and put you in touch with the high boys. There's more arts to the art of acting than just acting, my dear. And I'd dearly love to be the teacher of such a lovely pupil.

"You bring me that two hundred and fifty and I'll put you down as a client and give you lessons free."

Peg said, "I happen to have just two hundred and fifty with me. Do I get a receipt and a contract?"

"Of course you do, my dear. I hate to take it, but it is also a proof of your sincerity." He called his secretary. "Lolita, meet Miss Edna Stanley, our new client. Give her a contract—and a receipt for two hundred and a half."

◆ Lolita looked Peg over with a mingling of contempt, pity, and—and jealousy? It did not take her long to fill in the blanks in the contract. While she was gone, Gershon was caressing Peg with his eyes as if she were a new-bought filly.

And she was asking questions about the guaranty of a position if she obeyed orders. He guaranteed everything—verbally. When she asked him what stars he had found jobs for and what managers he knew, he tossed in the same names he had given Ethabelle of stars he had made from nothing, and of tycoons he called by their first names.

When the contract returned with Lolita, Peg recognized it as a duplicate of Ethabelle's. She asked, as stupidly as she could:

"Oh, my! What does all this fine print say?"

"You can read it at your leisure; but you've got to trust me—just like I've got to trust you."

"There's a line here that says 'Witness,'" Peg broke in.

"Oh, yes. My secretary will sign there. Lolita, put your name here."

Peg signed the papers in triplicate, as Gershon did. Lolita retired and closed the door, and Peg folded her copy and put it in her square black-leather purse. Then she asked with popeyed innocence:

"When can I expect my first job?"

"I'll try to get you into the office of all the big boys like—" first-name stuff. "I can't promise immediate engagements, because they are busy. But they also have their little —you might say hobbies. They don't waste any time. They say, 'Come here to me, so's I can tell how much you weigh. I'm a little nearsighted.' And that's one of their little jokers. You've got to sit on their knees or it's no dice. Let me show you how to make an entrance and cinch a job.

COMING NEXT MONTH

A gripping story of love and crime — and the peril that stalked a diver at sea and ashore.

DEEP SALVAGE

By Vernor Dixon

"Imagine that I'm a big producer. I say, 'Come sit on my knee so I can see how much you weigh.' Come on. Try it once."

Obediently, but with an ominous lack of enthusiasm, Peg sat on his knee. A close observer might have seen that her Irish was getting up. But she played the eager idiot as best she could. Gershon went on:

"Next, the producer is apt to say, 'Girlie, just how big are you around the waist?' And he measures like this. Umm! You're really delicious.

"Then he says, 'If you're working for me, you'll have to play love scenes. I'm famous for my love scenes. They must be torrid. How torrid can you get, girlie? The torrider, the quicker you get a contract. Give me a sample of how you can kiss. Call it a sort of test kiss.'"

Peg hit his cheek with her nose. He groaned:

"For Pete's sake! That's like a little girl pecking her mother's second husband. Give me a long kiss, a deep kiss."

Peg balked at that. Gershon insisted.

"Come on, girlie. You're so sw I'll give you all the lessons at o It's your business—and your You must give in. gradually— enticingly."

She was no weak, meek Ethabe but the very strength of her e sion infuriated him. The pre fools he was used to used resista as part of the ancient game, m or less consciously asking to conquered. His eyes were blazi and his hands relentless. For all h strength, he was stronger. And was ruthless. She was flushed a panting hard and not a little afra when he got his arm around h throat chokingly and dragged h backward.

◆ Suddenly came cataclysm. T world was turned upside down. A so was Leon. With both her han Peg gripped his elbow where it he her throat. She swung her right h under his left hip, and bent f over, pulling him forward with a her might. His own impetus carri his feet through the air. He stru the floor on his back with a cras

Peg Branigan—Miss Edna Sta ley of Skaneateles to him—seize his helpless hands and dragged hi across the crumpled rug to th desk, where her purse was lying.

His eyes bugged out, but not no with amorous approval; for sh caught up her black-leather purs whipped it open, and took from a inner pocket a short and ugly re volver—a Colt .38 with a two-inc barrel—a "detective special."

Leon's yelp of terror brought Lo lita to the door at last. She wa now a witness, not to his signatur but to his dismay. Peg merely wave the gun in Lolita's general direction to keep her at a distance, the thrust the weapon into her pocket

At that, Gershon started to rise but she set one foot on his chest and thrust him back. He yammered:

"What new game is this? Is it a stick-up? A daylight robbery? I swear, honey, if you'll only let me up, I'll make a star of you. But you've got to co-operate, cutie."

"I'm no cutie. I'm a cop!" said Peg.

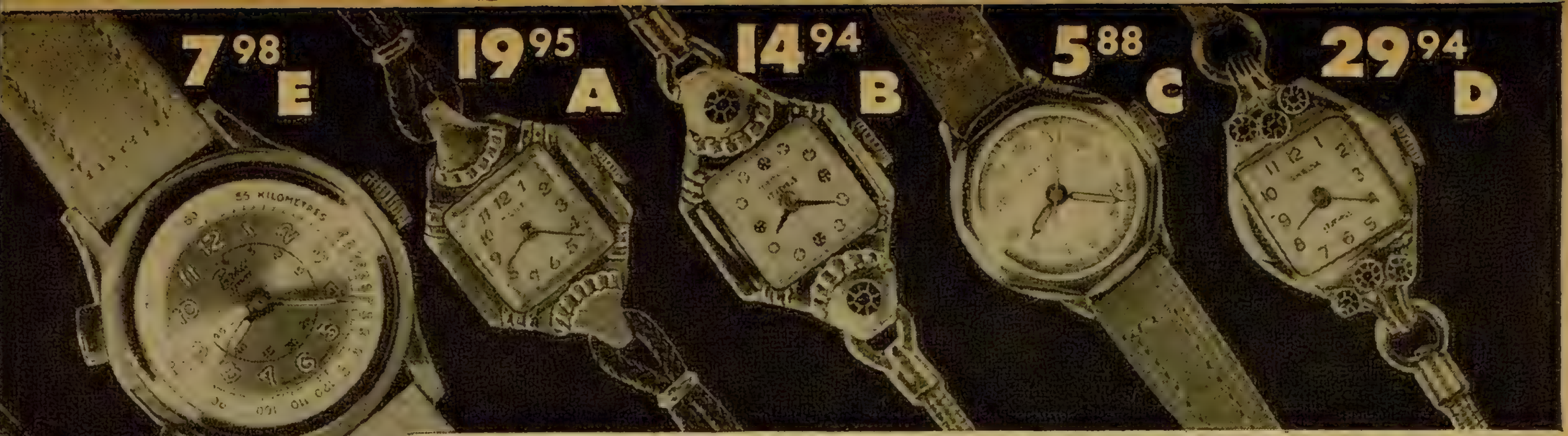
All went black with Gershon. Even Lolita, who had assisted at the downfall of so many trusting dupes, sank into the nearest chair. She watched agape while Peg, with a singularly professional deftness, turned Gershon over on his face. She took from her purse a pair of handcuffs, drew his hands up beneath his shoulder blades and snapped the wristlets on. Next, she turned him over again and smiled down on him. She just had to say:

"How torrid can you get, Gershie?"

He did not answer. He just lay there, propped against his desk, and exchanged with Lolita guilty stares.

Peg went to the window and gave a signal. Soon the door opened to admit the uniformed policeman

(*Continued on page 48*)



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(Continued from page 46)

who "operated" that job with her. He chuckled at the sight of the limp and shattered Gershon.

"Is that a corpse *delicti*, Miss Branigan? Or did you just give him the old judo spin?"

"I just took him for a spin," said Peg. "But he fought me so hard I can charge him with 'attempt rape' as well as grand theft. Mr. Gershon, Ethabelle—or Ethel Blaine, as you know her—will charge you with breach of contract, obtaining money under false pretenses, grand theft, assault, actual rape, fathering a child and refusing support.

"I've spent several days going over your record. We've got quite a file on you downtown. I've talked to the stars you said you made, and they say they never heard of you. I've talked to the producers and directors you said you called by their first names, and they say they didn't know your last name. When I told them the lessons you were giving the girls you robbed, in order to prepare them to meet those producers and directors—well, you'll be glad you're in a nice safe cell under police protection."

She turned to the officer.

"Martin, you'll have to help me go over these files and collect what we may find interesting."

The two of them went through Gershon's desk and his filing cabinets, and piled up a stack. Among the papers were letters of appeal from desperate girls, appeals that would have melted a heart of stone—if Gershon had had a heart at all. There were copies of some of his replies—as indecent as they were merciless. Peg found the duplicate of Ethabelle's contract and her letters of frantic prayer.

Gershon watched her in a stupor. She was so inconceivably unlike a member of the police force.

◆ Miss Branigan was of the new school that Los Angeles has found as necessary as it is novel The old-fashioned policewoman, burly and of uncertain age, had been of no avail in the endless battle against the swindlers and despoilers of the young women who flood the town with ambitions as high as their ignorance is deep.

The new policewoman had to be a police girl, else she could never rescue the Ethabelles from standing on bridges at midnight and making ready to throw into the garbage can of death the ability and the beauty that the world needs much and is so eager to rewa with wealth, fame, love, childr They, too, have a constitutio right not only to pursue happin but to give it.

For their sakes, pretty you women like Peg Branigan are bei recruited to save their own siste They must not only be fisherwom but be themselves the gleami bait that conceals the hook.

Gershon is but one of the coun less conscienceless pirates. The are women pirates, too, robbi women and men of all ages and a degrees by innumerable devic Duping the dupers is the art ar science of the police girls. Th have to have charm and grace ar imagination as well as audacity ar bravery. They have to be able save themselves before they ca save others.

It was particularly bitter for knave like Leon Gershon to be victimized by the one he had though the easiest of all his victims. Mut and aghast, he watched her standing before his own mirror, scrubbing her pretty face redder than i was, then powdering it pink an remaking her resentful mouth wit lipstick. ◆

$75,000 CASH Continued from page 15

added hastily, "if we decided it was worth going into in the first place."

Mrs. Barrett swung for a while again. "Of course, if the poor man needs us. . . . But it's the strangest thing, isn't it, though? I mean his turning to you."

It was the second time she had mentioned that, and this time her husband responded a little snappishly: "If I do say it myself, I was always known as a trustworthy man."

"I know that, Dell," Mrs. Barrett said soothingly. "Just the same, though, when a man writes you all the way from Mexico, well—unless someone—" She stopped the porch swing with a jerk. "Dell," she said, "I've just thought. You remember the Atkinsons—you know, the one that took sick at that tourist camp in Delaware, and you went for the doctor and I sat up with her, and we had cards from them Christmas before last, and it was from some place in Mexico? They were talking about driving west along the Gulf Road, and then down that new highway that leads into Mexico. Dell, I bet you anything it was them. They said they never had anyone treat them as nice as we did that night. Remember?"

"Maybe so," said Mr. Barrett.

"They say the scenery is lovely along that route," mused Mrs. Barrett a moment later.

They sent the telegram that night. As Mr. Barrett himself pointed out, they weren't committing themselves. They were merely asking for information.

Mr. Barrett worked out the wording, and even after his seven years' retirement he rather prided himself that it was neat, businesslike, and to the point! "Interested proposition your friend A stop please send details immediately," it said.

The details, when they arrived, were quite impressive.

They got a letter from Mr. Carco, typewritten this time, which among other things divulged the name of the mysterious Mr. A and the amount of money the Barretts would have to provide for the freeing of the treasure trunk. The name was Enrique Francisco Delgarda ("It's almost like poetry, isn't it?" said Mrs. Barrett when she read it), and the amount was three thousand dollars.

◆ The court costs, or what seemed to be the court costs—"the disbursements of the process," was the way Mr. Carco phrased it—had amounted to two thousand dollars, and it was apparently in default of this that Delgarda's baggage was being held. But as Mr. Carco put it, "a certain complaisance on the part of the custodian" had been necessary, to avoid too much prying into its contents, and the price for this service had been one thousand dollars. The total, then, was three thousand dollars, and the Barretts were to bring the sum in "United States notes of not too large a denomination"—if, that is, they intended to go on with the affair.

Mr. Carco, though he didn't say it in so many words, gave the impression that he didn't care whether they did or not. "My friend, Enrique Francisco Delgarda, has mad known to me that he wishes you t be entrusted with the rescuing o his moneys, and under the circumstances I can only accede to hi wishes," the letter said, and th same faintly disapproving tenor ra through the rest of it.

"He's got his friend's best interests at heart, I guess," Dell said. "It was kind of rash of Delgarda, writing off to someone he'd never even met. This man Carco sounds more cautious. He wants to check up."

For the rest, Carco's instructions were clear and precise. They were to wire him immediately if they accepted his terms. The meeting place was a city called Ciudad Juarez, just across the border from El Paso; it was there that Delgarda was now confined, and there that he, Carco, would await them. They were to take rooms at a Hotel Rosario, which address he gave, and if they drove down, as Mr. Carco somehow assumed they would, they were to wire again, two days short of their arrival, so he'd be sure to be there on time. Haste, of course, was important, and, above all, secrecy.

He enclosed two clippings, both apparently from Mexican newspapers, with typed translations attached. From these it appeared that the *affaire* Delgarda had been a sensation in Mexico. He had been the head of an old established firm of coffee exporters, it seemed, and the failure had been completely unexpected. There had been repercussions everywhere—in society, where Delgarda's daughter (he was a widower) had been a shining light; in he business world; and even in the overnment — but the newspaper ories were very discreet about this. here were hints, though, of mys- eries still surrounding the case—of rge sums of money still unrecov- red, and of trails, still unexplored, hat might involve important per- onages. . . .

It was the moment of decision, nd Mr. and Mrs. Barrett knew it.

"What do you think, Beth?" he sked at last.

"What do *you* think, Dell?" said is wife. "You're the one that knows he most about such things."

"Well, it all hangs together," he aid. "And once we got there and alked to this Carco, of course, we ould use our own judgment."

◆

The trip out was a pleasant one, hough it might have been more o if they hadn't stopped at St. Louis to see their son Fred. Fred and Ferna, his wife, were naturally urious to know why the Barretts had embarked on a trip to Mexico, and when they proved noncommittal about it, Fred, particularly, became more inquisitive. Mr. Barrett, who was full of the excitement of his mission anyway, finally gave in and told Fred the whole story.

Fred was thoroughly incredulous, and he remained so even after Mr. Barrett had got out the letters and the clippings to show him. "I still don't like it," he said stubbornly, over and over. "How do you know there *is* all this money?" he went on. "How do you know this isn't all a big skin game just to get you down there and rob you?"

But his father just stared at him in amazement. "Fred," he said at last, "I don't understand you. Would a man like Delgarda, would any man, go through all that rigamarole —go to jail, get his name in the papers and so on—just to get a few thousand dollars out of me? If you think about it logically, Fred, it don't stand to reason."

Fred's voice choked a little. "If you think about it logically!" he repeated. "If you think about it logically, how do you know there is such a man as this Delgarda at all?"

Mr. Barrett pointed silently to the clippings. It was hard to get around these (one of them even had a photograph of Delgarda, snapped as he came out of some office building), and in the end Fred didn't try. "Crooks can fake those things too, if they want to," he said, but his heart wasn't in it, and he wound up by simply urging caution.

But when the Barretts got to the Hotel Rosario—a pleasant enough place, but a good deal smaller and sleazier than they had somehow expected—things suddenly began happening fast. In fact, as Mr. Barrett later put it, he hardly had time to turn around twice before the thing was all over.

He did ask the room clerk, who, it turned out later, was also the hotel proprietor. As soon as Delgarda's

KNOWLEDGE THAT HAS ENDURED WITH THE PYRAMIDS

A SECRET METHOD FOR THE MASTERY OF LIFE

WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

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AMENHOTEP IV
FOUNDER OF EGYPT'S
MYSTERY SCHOOLS

name was mentioned, he became almost too excited, too voluble. Of a certainty, he had heard of the Señor Delgarda, he cried, but then hadn't all Mexico? And to think that he was harbored right there, in the *calabozo* of Ciudad Juarez, and he one of the oldest, most honored families. And then all the mysteries—but of that perhaps the señor might know more than he. Had the señor, perhaps, come on business with the affair? His talk kept up all the while he was showing them to their rooms, and then, practically on his heels, came Carco.

If the hotelkeeper had been voluble, Carco was conspiratorial. He was also dramatic. He brought with him an air of haste that swept the Barretts irresistibly along with it. It seemed that the authorities were on the point of moving Delgarda to Mexico City, and that would mean that their chances of getting back the luggage intact would vanish.

As for the trunk, they would start out for it tomorrow, as soon as the baggage check had been collected. He would go with them, to bring back Delgarda's share of the money. "And I wish you should meet the jailer," he said. "That I have arranged. You shall meet him today. You have the money with you?" he asked suddenly, and Mr. Barrett was so taken by surprise that he did something he hadn't intended to do—he pointed to the region of his inside vest pocket, where he kept it hidden. Carco, though, didn't seem to notice.

Beth was overwhelmed by him, and so, in spite of himself, was Dell. "Is this thing honest?" he managed to get out once, rather awkwardly, and Carco stopped talking to peer at him. "I mean, this business Mr. Delgarda is mixed up in," Dell explained; and at that Carco struck an attitude. "I can pledge you most solemnly anything my friend Enrique Francisco Delgarda is engaged in is honorable, for he himself is the soul of honor, and of pride. It is his pride, first of all, that made him seek you out. There are others who would have taken delight to assist him. But no, no one must know—save I, his oldest friend, and you, sir, a stranger. But of you he demands trust and confidence." And he glared at the other so fiercely that Mr. Barrett didn't dare ask him anything further.

◆ So that was that, and almost the next thing Mr. Barrett knew, he was standing alone and a little frightened in a dark alleyway across the street from the local prison. Mr. Carco had disappeared, to fetch the jailer. When he returned, it was with a sinister-looking man, who shook hands with him and then began talking rapidly to Carco.

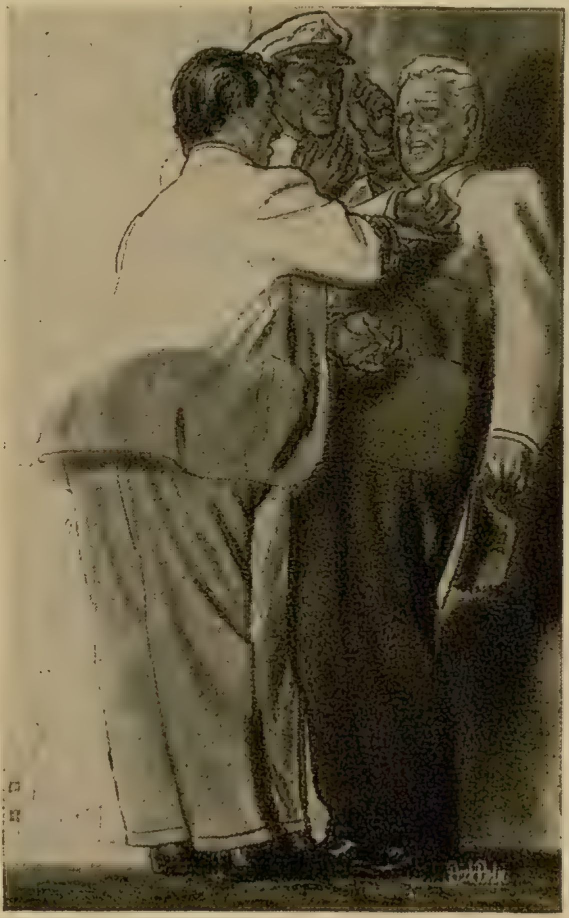
The talk between the two men became louder and more excited, the situation grew oddly menacing.

First of all, it was the jailer who demanded payment, as Mr. Barrett learned when, after a good deal of unintelligible talk in Spanish, Carco turned to him abruptly. "We must pay him now," he said.

When Dell hesitated, he went on peremptorily, "There is no question," and he held out his hand impatiently. "But I wonder—" he added, and then there was more talk again, in the course of which Carco seemed to grow steadily angrier and the man more confused.

In the end Carco turned to Mr. Barrett, his face a mixture of anger and triumph. "And I wasn't told!" he exclaimed. What he hadn't been told, it appeared, was that Delgarda was to be moved to Mexico City tomorrow. That was why the jailer had been so anxious to be paid off. That, in turn, was why he, Carco, had to have his share of the money immediately too—so he could get hold of the judge that night, if possible, get in touch with the baggage custodian, get the luggage release papers ready. Mr. Barrett lost himself, after that, in the maze of legal technicalities Carco reeled off at him.

What he noticed, however, and keenly, was that either through accident or design, Carco, and the other man as well, kept moving closer and closer toward him, crowding him deeper into the alleyway.



He paid the money, against Carco's promise to be at the hotel by eleven o'clock the next morning.

For a time, after Mr. Barrett had got back to the hotel, both he and Beth tried to put the best face on the matter. But toward midnight they decided the only sensible course would be to notify the police immediately.

But they waited. At 5 A.M., Mrs. Barrett, hearing her husband turn restlessly in his side of the bed, remarked comfortingly in the darkness that they'd manage somehow they still had the annuity and som income besides. They'd manage.

She got no answer, and at seve they got up and had breakfast. A nine o'clock they decided the would certainly turn the matte over to the police by noon.

At ten thirty, Carco arrived. H was breathless and almost incoherent with excitement, but he had th suitcase and the baggage check i contained, and he was ready t start off immediately.

The trunk, it turned out, had been sent only to Albuquerque, New Mexico, hardly more than three hundred miles from Juarez. They arrived there quite early in the afternoon of the following day, and had the trunk redeemed and the money divided, and had seen Mr. Carco off on a southbound train before nightfall.

Afterward—well, afterward, the Barretts had a curious let-down. There they were with twelve thousand five hundred dollars in their pocket, farther west than either of them had ever been before in their lives, and there were Hollywood and the rest of California beckoning, and the Garden of the Gods to the north, and Yellowstone National Park, and all that.

But there was something about the very strangeness of what had happened that now affected them. As Beth herself said, they didn't quite believe it, and perhaps because they needed the reassurance of familiar things, what they did was to start right back again toward St. Louis.

It would not be too much to say that Fred and Ferna were surprised to see them and hear their story. They were delighted too, of course.

The Barretts stayed four days in St. Louis, taking Fred and Ferna out to dinner at a different downtown hotel every night. When they left, the four thousand dollars that Dell gave Fred toward starting a drugstore of his own was a help too, and was appreciated. This time the Barretts headed south, down along the east side of the Mississippi through Vicksburg and Natchez to New Orleans, and then east along the Shell Road to Florida, where they'd decided to spend the winter.

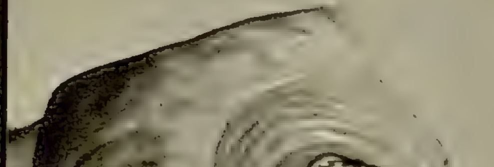
They did, however, have one misadventure. Coming out of a picture show in New Orleans—at least it must have been then, because Dell remembered a man jostling him suddenly—Mr. Barrett had his watch stolen—"lifted," chain and all, right out of his vest pocket. It wasn't a valuable watch, but it had come down to him from his father, and he had always intended to pass it on to Fred. Its loss saddened him. It made them both realize that, in spite of all the efforts toward uplift and education we've made in recent years, there are still many dishonest people in the world, and right here in our own country, too. ◆ ◆

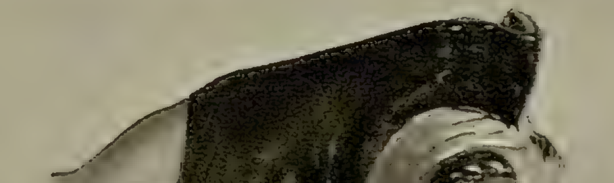
Liberty home

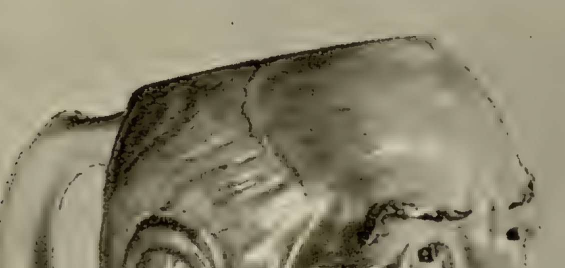
CHARACTER MUGS

By JAMES WARREN

Can you guess who these actors are? Make your collection of character mugs of added interest to your friends by choosing your favorite stars







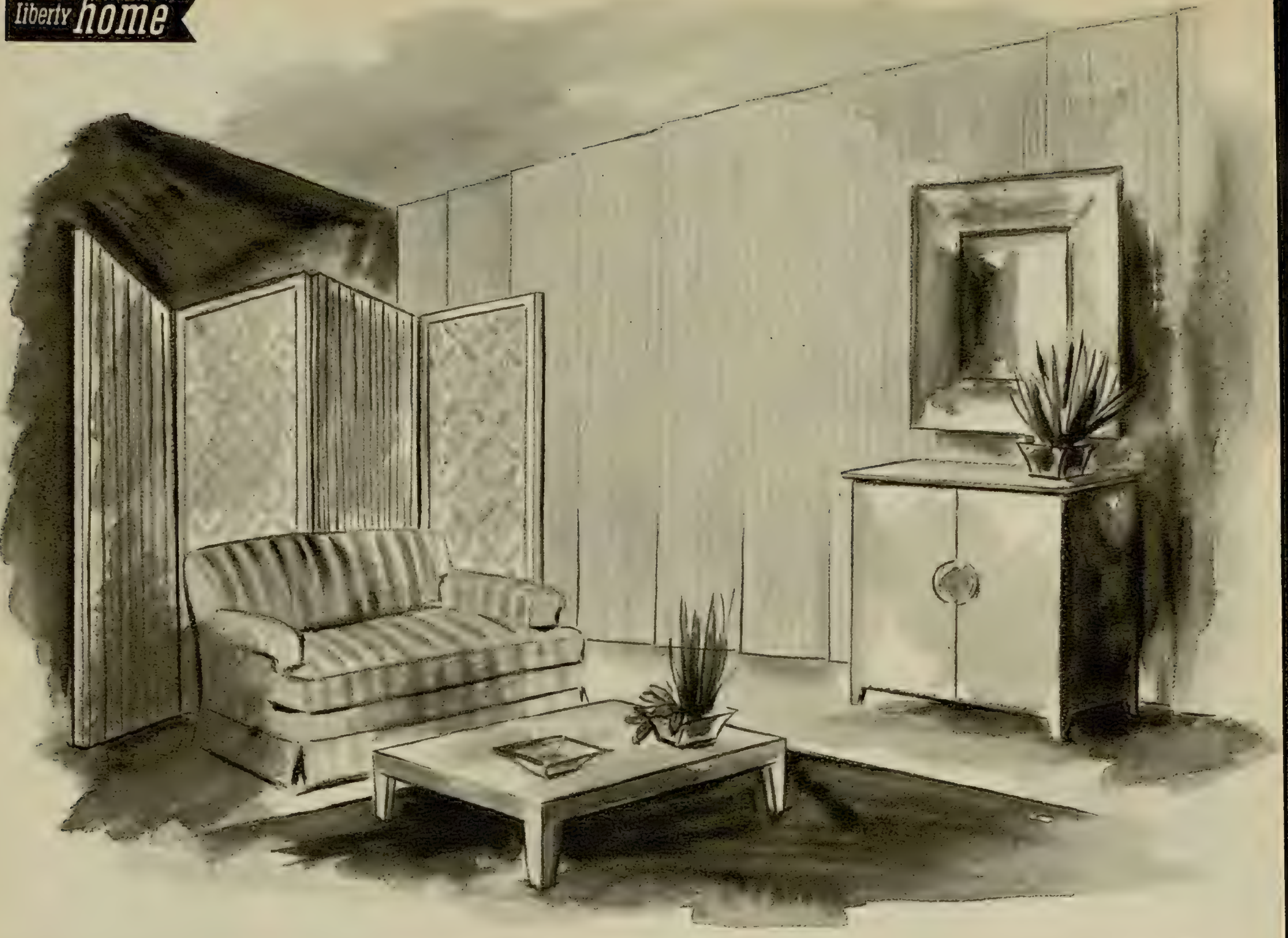
When Sir Toby Philpot created a niche for himself among the immortals, it was all unwitting on his part. But his feat of drinking copious drafts of ale from his silver tankard has amused succeeding generations of humans and has inspired designers, potters, and sculptors to manufacture deft creations of miniature "Tobys." No one seems to know the exact origin of the first Toby mug, but it appears to have been the year 1740. One theory which has many adherents is based on the Reverend Fawkes classic poem, The Little Brown Jug. This was illustrated by a woodcut, and, according to one of the authorities "prompted Ralph Wood to model a jug." But there is a time discrepancy there, according to others. In any event this 4½-inch-jug version has been followed by many, many others in the past two hundred years.

From the famous potteries of England—Wedgwood, Doulton, Spode, Copeland, Rockingham, and Wood—came fine examples of Toby jugs. The really fine old ones are now extremely rare and cost well over $75.

The first figures were topped with a cap which lifted off to form a cover, but in later styles the cap or hat became permanent.

During the nineteenth century interest in the Toby jugs leaped across the Atlantic: George Washington, early statesmen, generals, standard figures such as Falstaff and John Bull were seen everywhere. Collectors showed fervent enthusiasm for the brightly-colored, highly-glazed little objects. Soon "teapot Toby jugs" appeared to attract the teetotaler, but this idea was so paradoxical it didn't get very *(Continued on page 62)*

For identification of mugs see page 62



Drawing by Celeste Whitney

WITH A HAMMER, A SAW — AND PLYWOOD

When the make-it-myself urge quickens, think of plywood. It's today's material—versatile and durable—for today's homes

◆ Plywood is a *type* of construction (not a kind of lumber). It's really a sandwich of actual wood veneers glued together by heat and pressure. The grain of each layer lies at right angles to the grain of the next layer. This construction results in a panel much stronger than ordinary wood. Plywood is made from Douglas fir—for structural purposes—and a utility grade of gum. For paneling and furniture, birch, maple, walnut, mahogany, oak, and elm are preferred.

Prices vary (mostly between 20¢ and $1 a square foot) with the wood and with the number of plies, or layers—three, five, and so on. A panel faced with "two good sides" costs more than a panel finished on one side only. Standard panels are usually less expensive than panels cut to order.

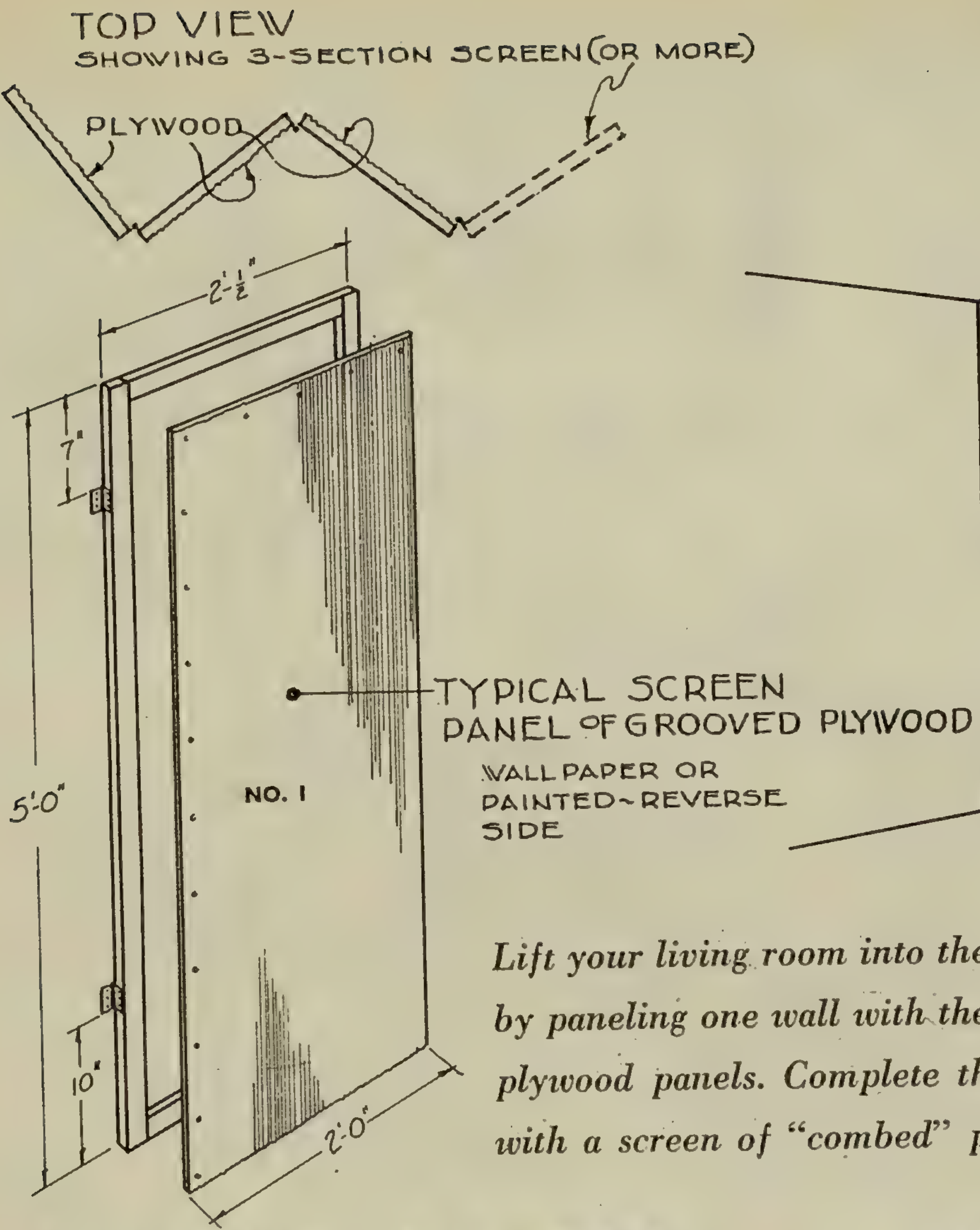
There is a different type of plywood for every use. Panels for interior and exterior duty; in narrow widths, edge-grooved, for quick wall installation (see Paneled Wall). Another type (see Folding Screen) has a "combed" or "striated" surface; it solves joint problems since face nails are hidden by the indentations.

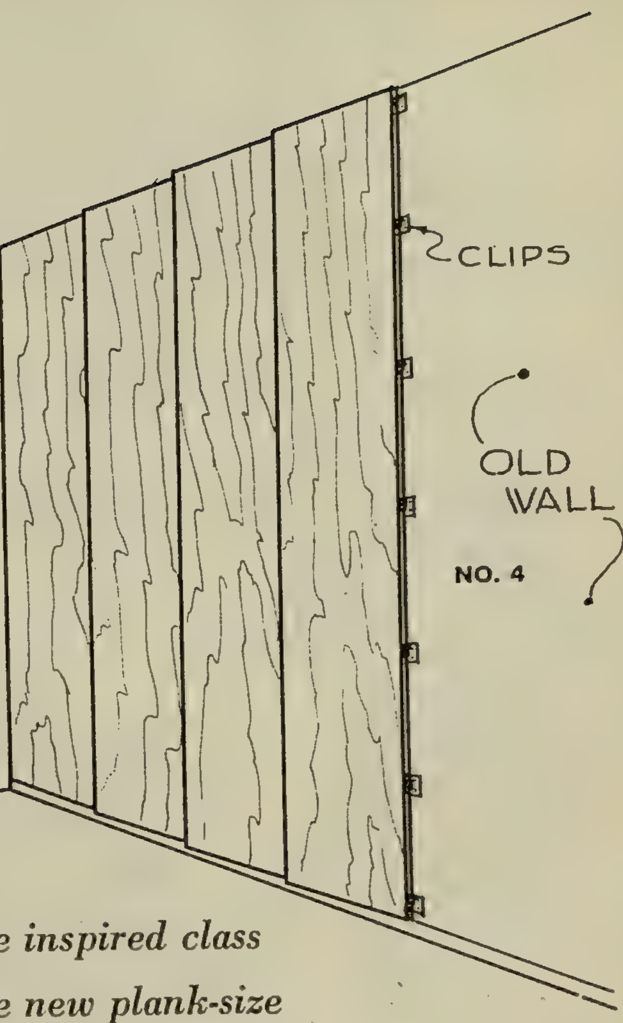
Plywood can be finished in several ways, depending on the wood and the use you have made of it. Soft fir or gum takes a mahogany or walnut stain effectively, requires a resin sealer as the first coat to close the wood pores and subdue the grain. The sealer also prevents hair-line cracks in final finish. Complete the finish according to choice: stain or lacquer, paint or enamel, or a "pickled" finish.

For hard wood—mahogany, etc., use two coats of clear lacquer. Rub lightly with steel wool after each coat has dried. Finish with waxing, for protection and luster.

Plywood is a perfect wall surface, lasts as long as the home, requires little upkeep, and is quickly installed.

To illustrate the versatility of plywood we have worked out these four projects for you.

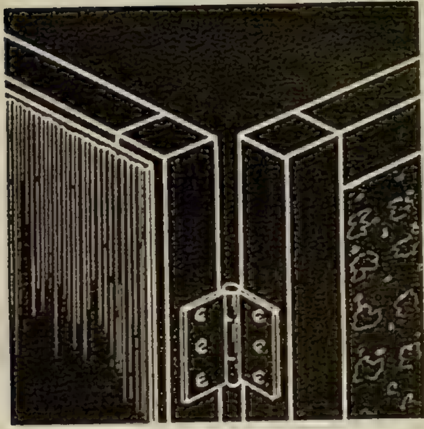

TOP VIEW
SHOWING 3-SECTION SCREEN (OR MORE)
PLYWOOD
2'-1/2"
7"
5'-0"
10"
2'-0"
NO. 1
TYPICAL SCREEN PANEL OF GROOVED PLYWOOD
WALLPAPER OR PAINTED-REVERSE SIDE


CLIPS
OLD WALL
NO. 4

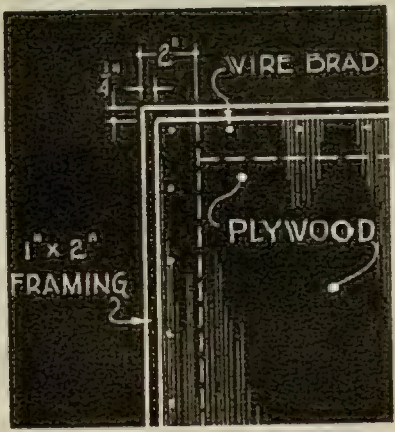
Lift your living room into the inspired class by paneling one wall with the new plank-size plywood panels. Complete the transformation with a screen of "combed" plywood

FOLDING SCREEN

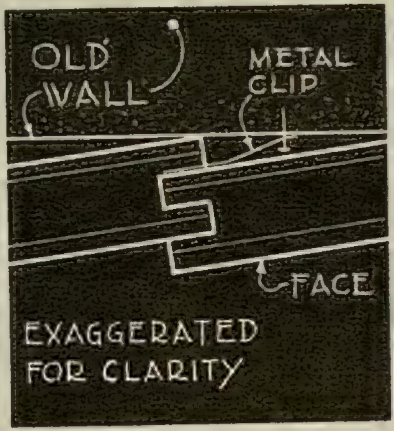
WALL PANELING



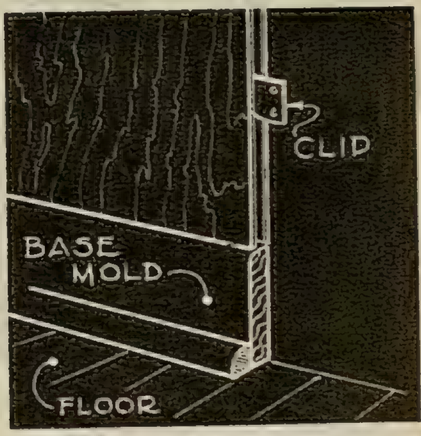
NO. 2 Hinge arrangement.


2"
1/4"
WIRE BRAD
1"x 2" FRAMING
PLYWOOD

NO. 3 Corner design.


OLD WALL
METAL CLIP
FACE
EXAGGERATED FOR CLARITY

NO. 5 Cross section at joint.


CLIP
BASE MOLD
FLOOR

NO. 6 Base treatment.

FOLDING SCREEN Materials: 1"-by-2" framing lumber; 1 sheet 4'-by-8' Weldtex (gum suggested) for every two 24"-by-60" section; 2" brass butt hinges, wire brads, 6d nails, wood glue.

Directions: Decide on number of 24"-by-60" sections. Cut Weldtex sheets down center and to right height. Cut 1"-by-2" lumber for frames ½" larger than panels. On flat surface nail frames together. See Detail No. 3. Smooth edges with sandpaper or plane.

Placing frames and panels on flat surface, glue frames and edges of panels.

Position panels on the frames carefully; secure around frames with brads 6" apart. Allow glue to set overnight.

Mount hinges direct, or mortise into frame, with pin protruding from edge of frame far enough to line up with face of plywood, to prevent binding when screen is folded. See Detail No. 2. Allow 3 hinges per fold.

For added interest, alternate finished face of panels when assembling. Stain or paint "combed" side; finish rough side with paint, stain, or wallpaper, co-ordinated with room color scheme.

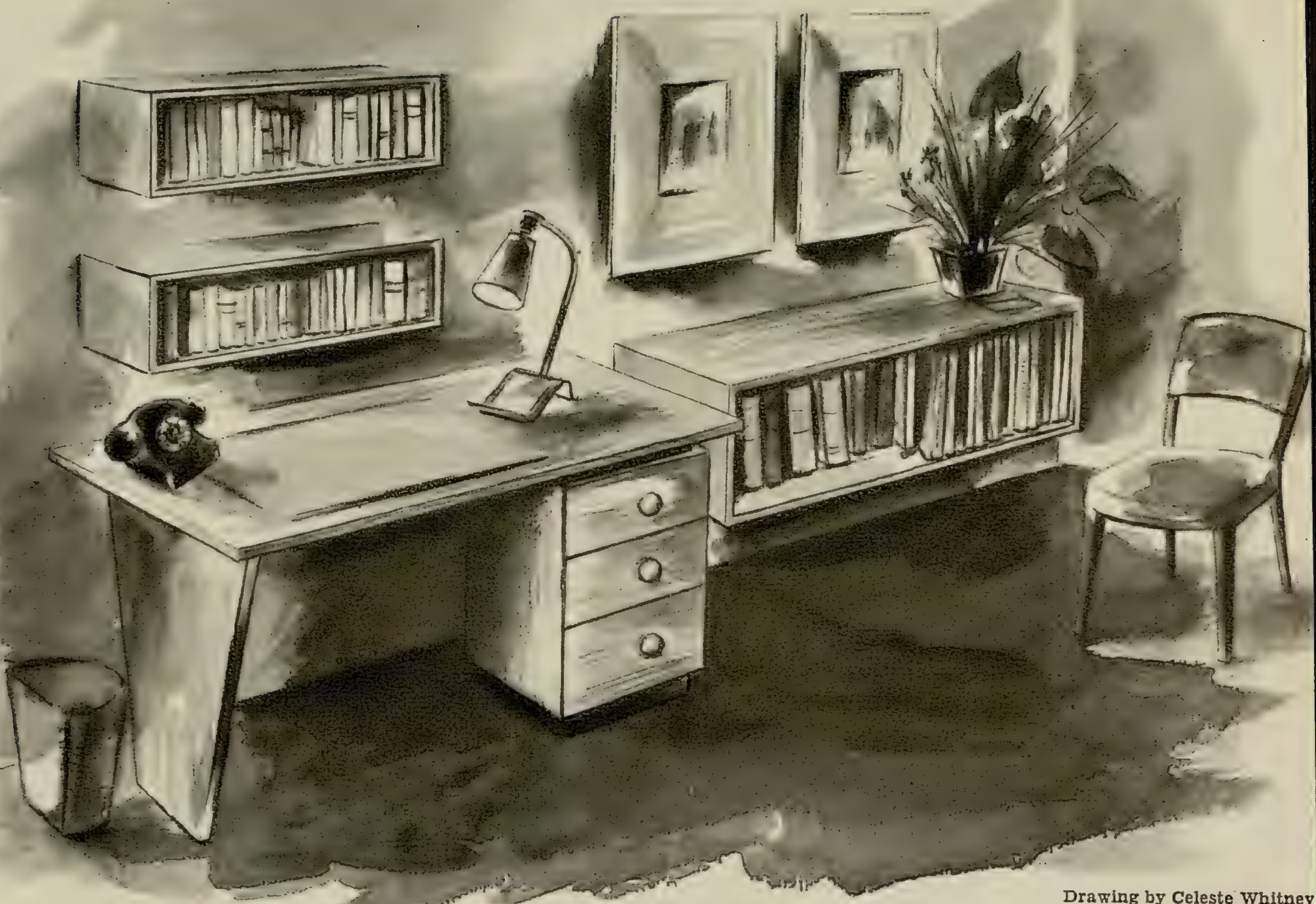
PANELED WALL Materials: Packaged Plankweld (ten 16"-by-96" grooved birch panels, ¼" thick, metal clips, instruction sheet in every package); 1" shingle nails or brads, 4d finish nails, molding.

Directions: Measure selected wall to determine number of panels needed. Panels may be applied to any wall surface, but strip off scaling paint or torn paper. Trim planks if ceiling is less than 8 feet.

Start in corner, shaping edge of first plank with plane to fit any irregularities in corner. Face nail first plank to wall. Fit metal clips into groove, allowing 6 or 7 per plank, and nail clips to wall. Fit groove of second plank into groove of first. Face nailing unnecessary. See Details Nos. 5 and 6.

With level, check from time to

Diagrams by James Radcliffe and Joseph Parriott



Drawing by Celeste Whitney

WITH A HAMMER, A SAW — AND PLYWOOD Continued

Choose one of these projects we've designed for you — one that matches your skill and craftsmanship; then visit your lumberyard and sharpen your tools. Both these simple but effective wall book-and-bric-à-brac shelves and the desk (which combines plywood and an unpainted chest) can be decorated to match your room

time to see that planks are plumb. Interlock each plank securely, but avoid forcing joint, or planks will buckle out from wall. Butt planks on top of baseboard, and finish with base molding.

No finishing necessary. Planks are already lacquered and rubbed.

DESK Materials: Unpainted chest, about 28" by 16" by 18"; 4'-by-8' plywood panel, ¾" thick, good one side (birch suggested); wood glue, 1¼" No. 10 wood screws, 1" L-shaped metal brackets, 6d nails.

Directions: Sketch pattern on good side of panel. You need: Top—24" (or depth of chest plus 6") by 60". Strut leg—top, 18"; bottom, 14" by 29¼"; top and leg with grain running long way. Blocks—2 pieces, 2" by 2". Triangular leg brace—10" by 9". Frame—4 pieces; size depending on size of chest. See Detail No. 7.

Drill holes for screws in top fastener block and leg-support block, and start corresponding holes in rough side of top, 4" apart. See Details Nos. 7, 8, 9. Coat blocks with glue. Soap screw threads, then screw blocks to top.

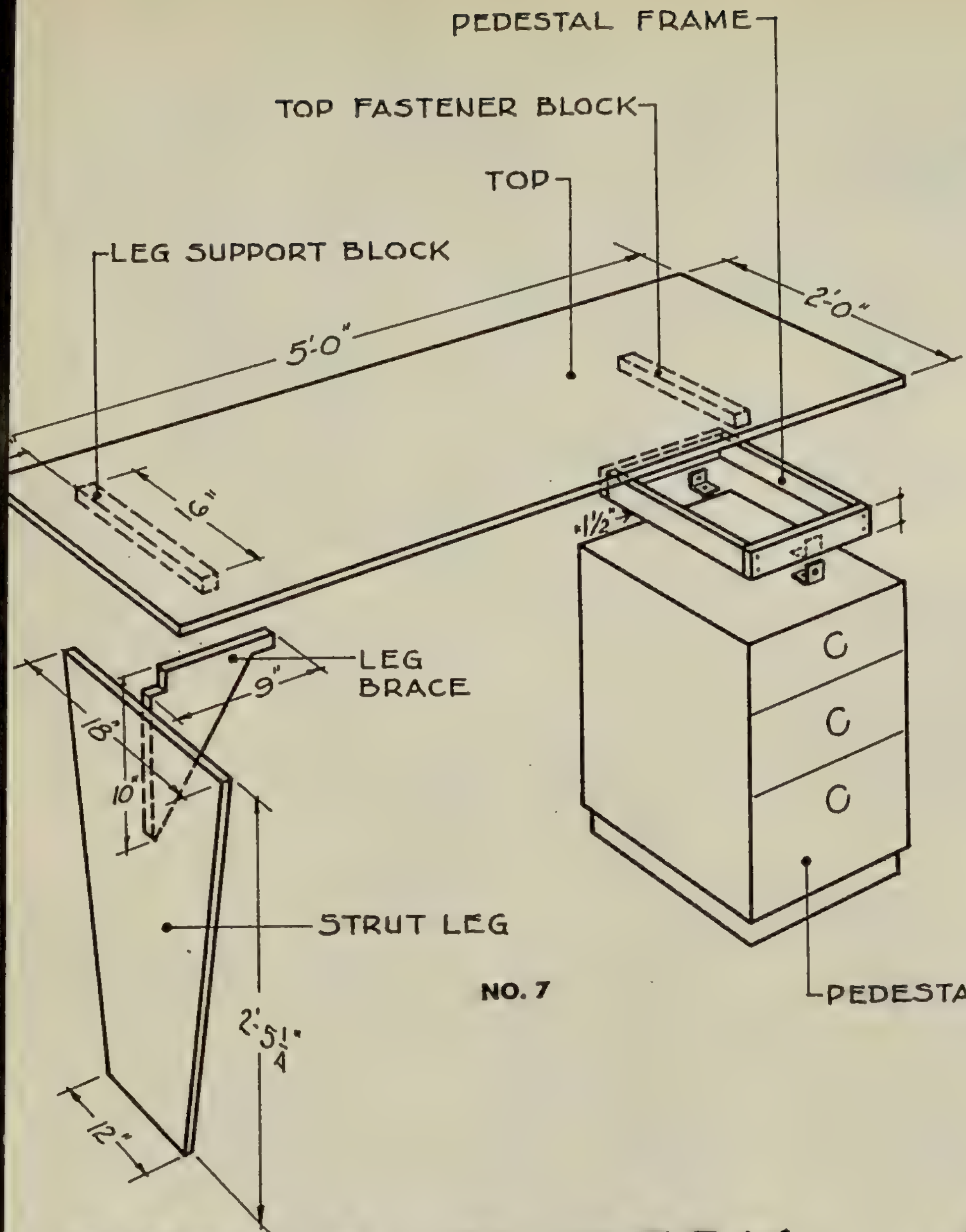
Nail or screw 4 frame pieces into square. Frame should measure 1½" less than chest top, all sides; height of pieces should be 29¼" less height of chest. Center on chest and attach with 2 metal brackets.

Supporting one end of top, fit other end, good size up, on chest, placing so that block fits snugly against inner edge of frame. See Detail No. 9.

Prop strut leg up under other end, good side out. Butt it against leg-support block. Drill holes in block and start corresponding holes in strut leg, 4" apart. See Detail No. 8. (Take care to avoid screws which fasten brace to top.) Locate triangular leg brace on center line of leg. Drill and countersink holes in leg and brace, and fasten screws. Anchor top fastener block at other end to frame bracketed on top of chest, using 2 screws.

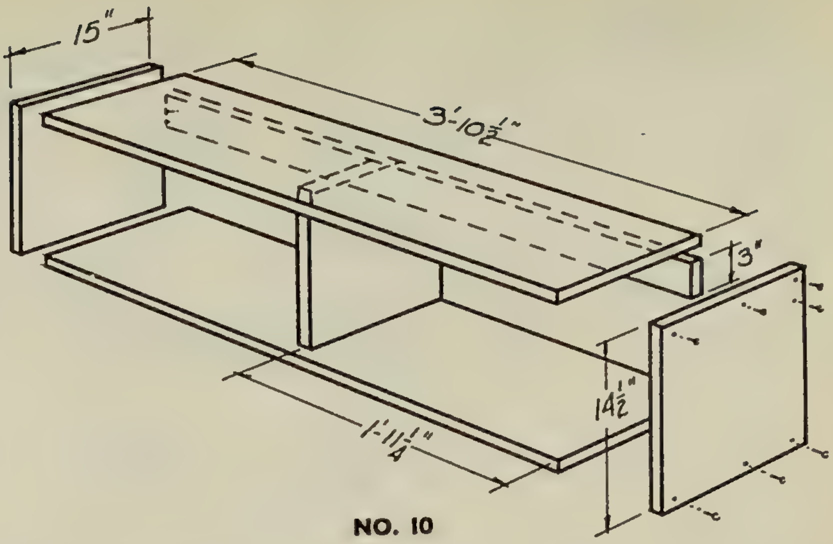
Apply sealer coat to under side of top, inner side of leg and chest. Finish as desired.

BOOKSHELVES Materials: 4'-by-8'

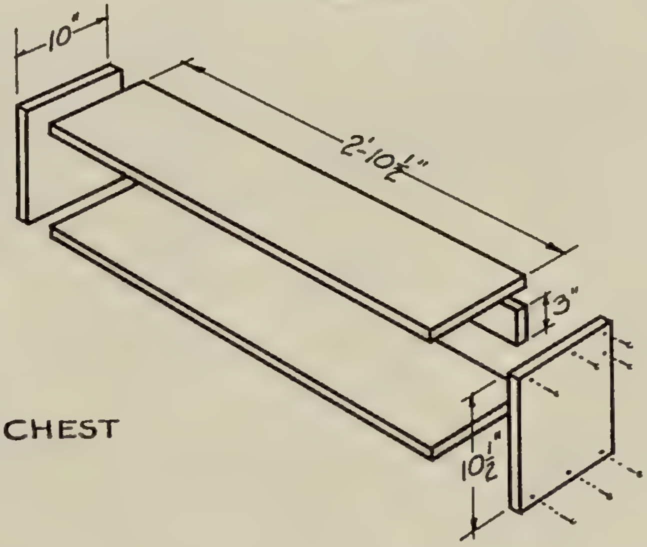

PEDESTAL FRAME
TOP FASTENER BLOCK
TOP
LEG SUPPORT BLOCK
5'-0"
2'-0"
6"
1½"
LEG BRACE
9"
18"
10"
STRUT LEG
2'-5¼"
12"
PEDESTAL CHEST

NO. 7

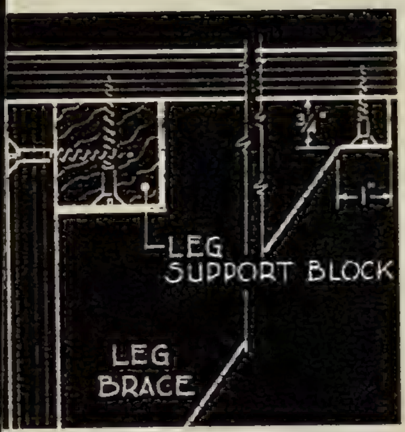
DETAILS OF DESK


15"
3'-10½"
3"
14½"
1'-11¼"

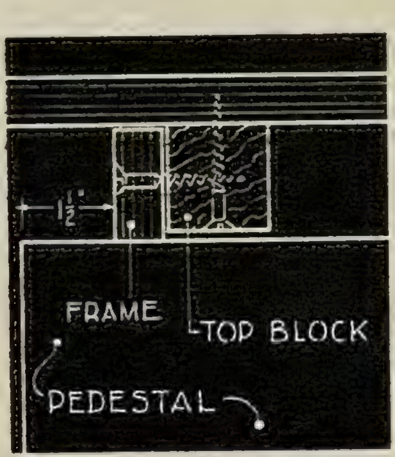
NO. 10


10"
2'-10½"
3"
10½"

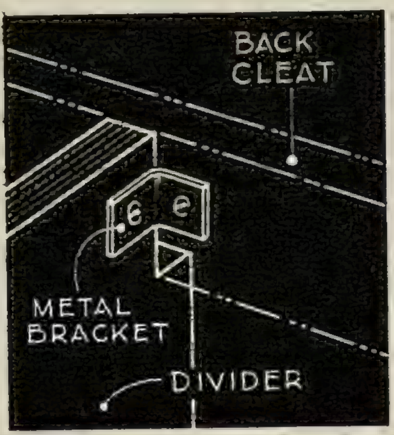
BOOKSHELF DETAILS


¾"
1"
LEG
SUPPORT BLOCK
LEG
BRACE

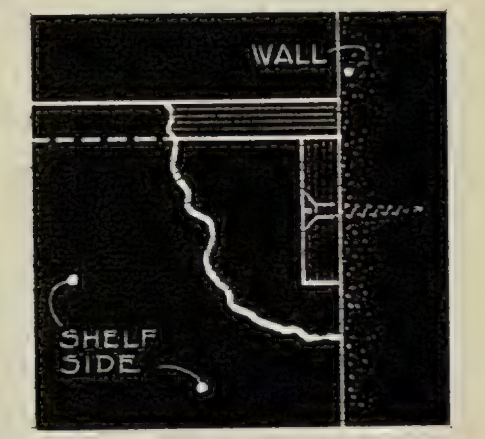
NO. 8 Leg-support detail.


1½"
FRAME
TOP BLOCK
PEDESTAL

NO. 9 Pedestal-to-top detail.


BACK
CLEAT
METAL
BRACKET
DIVIDER

NO. 11 Divider-to-cleat detail.


WALL
SHELF
SIDE

NO. 12 Cleat-to-wall detail.

lywood panel, ¾" thick, good one ide (fir, gum, birch suggested); No. 10 1" screws; sandpaper, 1" L-shaped metal brackets, 4d or 6d ails, wood glue.

Directions: Sketch pattern on finished side of plywood. For 2 cases shown: 2 pieces 34½" by 10"; 2 pieces 46½" by 15" (grain running long way); 2 pieces 10" by 10½"; 2 pieces 15" by 14½"; 1 cleat 3" by 34½"; 1 cleat 3" by 46½"; 1 brace, 14" by 13".

Drill and countersink holes in square pieces; start corresponding holes in ¾" edges of long shelf pieces. See Detail No. 10. Sand edges. Coat matching sides with glue. Screw top and bottom of each unit, good side up, to sides.

Drill holes in ends of cleat and start corresponding holes in sides of unit. See Detail No. 10. Fit cleat to under side of top at back. See Detail No. 12. Finish as desired, applying sealer coat to exposed ply ends.

Locate wall studs by tapping for solid sound (usually 16" on center). Mark this distance on back of cleat and drill 2 holes for screws or nails. Mark through these holes on wall; then screw or nail unit to wall. See Detail No. 12. Weight falls on cleat.

Center divider needed for 48" unit. Cut notch for cleat in one corner of divider. See Detail No. 11. Recess divider 1" from front edge. Drill holes in bottom of unit, and start corresponding holes in divider. Screw divider in place. Anchor to cleat with metal bracket.

Similar units can be made in any size wanted. Dividers necessary in any unit, 4' or over

So get out your hammer and your saw and create something you will enjoy making and your family will enjoy using. ◆ ◆

TOOLS NECESSARY FOR THESE DESIGNS:

8- or 10-pt. cross-cut saw; hand drill with bits to fit various screws, and countersink bit; block plane, hammer, brace, level, screw driver, sanding block.

Diagrams by James Radcliffe and Joseph Parriott

WHEN THE FAMILY'S TOGETHER—IT'S THANKSGIVING

By BEULAH KARNEY

From the old-fashioned coal-stove oven holding the Thanksgiving bird to the modern jellied cranberry salad, this kitchen scene spells HOLIDAY

◆ How fine a time is Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving, with its way of starting out simply but winding up with three generations joining together in heart-warming reunion.

And why not, for don't many hands make light work?

Everyone is bound to be happy because of the opportunity of making that one special dish for which she is famous.

And what a jolly, bustling place the big kitchen is, getting ready for the lavish spread!

On the dining-room table the well-worn damask tablecloth and much-polished silver is highlighted by cut-glass relish dishes holding celery, olives, pickles nestling in ice, and pickled peaches and watermelon rind—all those wonderful edible jewels from Grandmother's ample storeroom for these happy days when the family can be together.

And for those who must have modern touches with the traditional, there can be spiced cider sherbet to accompany the roast turkey. This can be made the day before and placed in the refrigerator trays.

If there's an Aunt Betty in the house, there will of course be several kinds of pie. She will tell you the pastry makes the pie, and she is right. And remember you tiptoe in the kitchens of the masters when you use chilled cream for the pastry instead of ice water.

So we come to another Thanksgiving. Mother's work is done. Father is collecting his thoughts for grace. He is about to put into words what a gathered family so easily says with bowed heads and reverent hearts:

"For this, dear God, we give thanks."

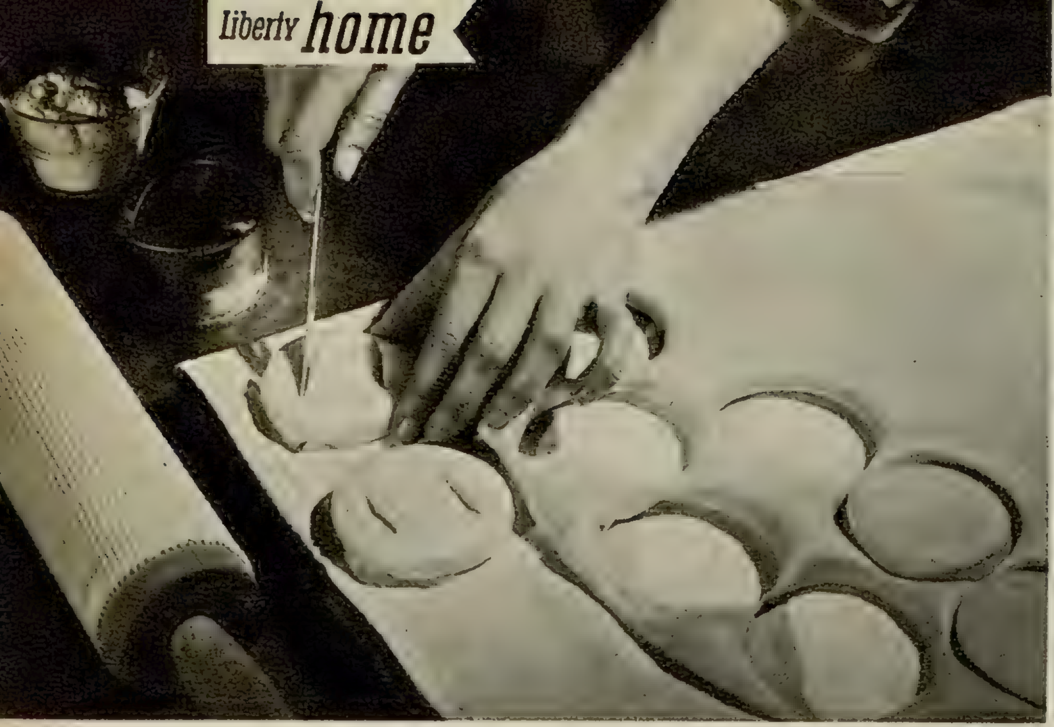
GRANDMOTHER will take care of the roast turkey gloriously bursting with chestnut and mushroom stuffing. With all the wisdom that comes with the years she will stuff the breast cavity with plain sage-and-onion dressing for those who do not hobnob in mushroom society.

DAD will hold to having homemade ice cream and a chance to fume, "Why do people make such a fuss about freezing a batch, when all it takes is a good right arm, plenty of good ingredients, and a good freezer?" Plum pudding ice cream is his favorite, made by adding a jar of Nesselrode sauce to Mother's treasured recipe for plain vanilla custard ice cream or uncooked vanilla cream.

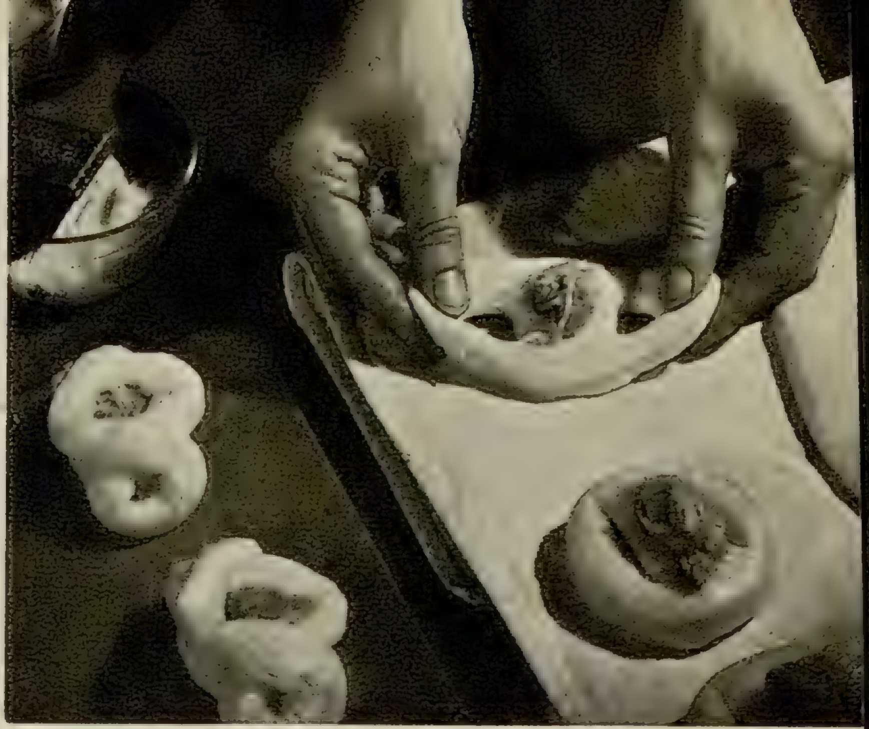
MOTHER will have her hands full. She will concentrate on a vegetable offering—with enough variety so finicky youngsters can each find one to his liking, while oldsters grumble that in their day "you ate what was set before you and asked no questions." The center is a whole cooked cauliflower garnished with finely minced parsely, bordered with alternate portions of julienne carrots, string beans, and button mushrooms.

DAUGHTER will be proud to make the molded cranberry the day before Thanksgiving, using 1½ cups cranberries and one orange put through the grinder, mixed with 1 tablespoon gelatine softened in ¼ cup cold water and dissolved in 1½ cups boiling water, and 1 package orange Jello, the whole mixture being turned into a greased mold.

Countryside Dining Service by Knowles, Virginia Hamill, designer. Wooden Accessories: Post Mart, New York City. Ice Cream Freezer: Lewis & Conger. Photo by George Lazarnick



FESTIVAL ROLLS: Cut in rounds, then slit



Put in filling; stretch slits

WANT TO MAKE SOME DOUGH?

Faster-acting yeasts and streamlined recipes bring fragrant home-baked bread and rolls back into family living, right in time for the holidays

◆ Ever since, as a child, I came racing home from school for slices of Mother's fragrant new-baked loaves, bread-baking has been thrilling to me.

Even though baking took hours and hours, there was much satisfaction in the heart of the homemaker as she lined up the fat loaves of bread.

Today, faster-acting yeasts and modern recipes place baking high in popularity.

Try these three special recipes, every one delicious, each one simple enough for a novice to make.

Festival Rolls

It was at the St. Paul Festival of Nations we saw a Greek pastry which gave us the shape we've worked out in this luscious sweet roll.

Mix together
  1 cup lukewarm milk
  ¼ cup sugar
  1 teaspoon salt
  ¼ cup soft shortening
Crumble into mixture
  1 cake compressed yeast
Stir until yeast is dissolved
Stir in 1 egg
Mix in, first with spoon, then with hand
  3½ to 3¾ cups sifted kitchen-tested enriched flour, adding 2 additions in amount necessary to make dough easy to handle

Turn dough onto lightly floured board, cover, and let stand 10 minutes to tighten up, then knead until smooth and elastic. Round up and place in greased bowl. Cover with damp cloth and set to rise at 85° until double in bulk—about 2 hours. Punch down dough. Round up and set to rise again until not quite double in bulk—about 45 minutes. Punch down dough. Round up on board, cover, and let rest 15 minutes. Roll out ¼ inch thick on lightly floured cloth-covered board. Cut into rounds with 3-inch cooky cutter. With a sharp knife cut 1-inch slits on opposite sides of each circle. Pull one slit side of dough over filling and through other slit until filling can be seen. Pinch flaps around filling to make a stand-up collar. Place rolls about 1 inch apart on lightly greased baking sheet. Brush with butter and sprinkle with sugar. Let rise until double in bulk—about 1 hour. Bake 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown in moderately hot oven (400°). Cool on rack. Makes about 2 dozen rolls.

Filling: Mix
  ½ cup brown sugar (packed in cup)
  ½ cup coconut
  3 tablespoons butter

Tips:

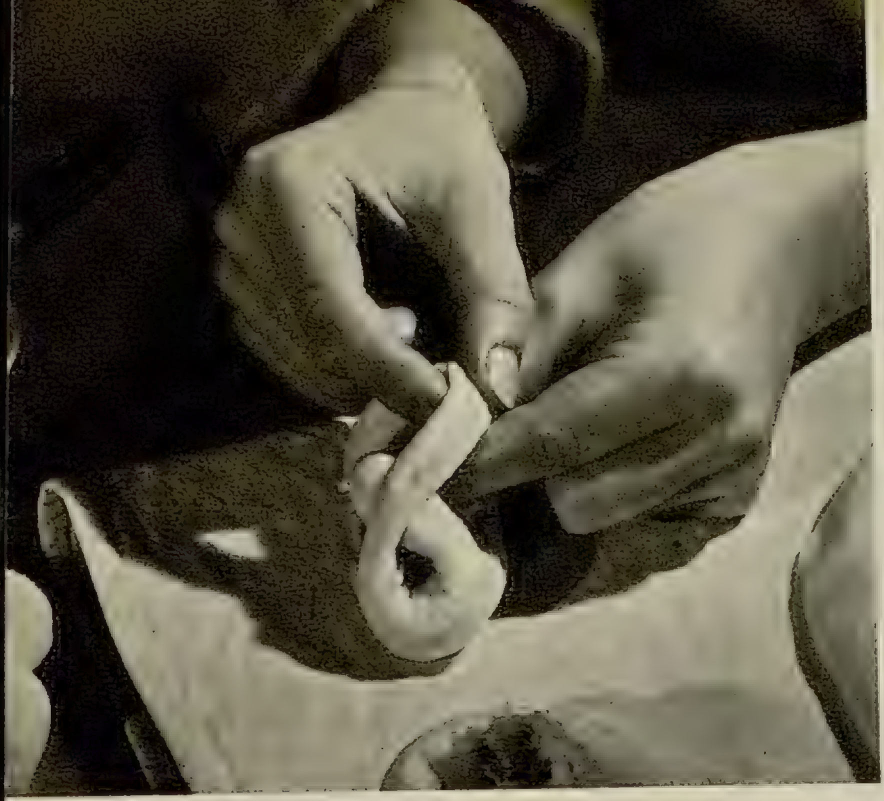
While shaping rolls, keep uncut dough covered with damp cloth to prevent a crust from forming on the top.

Cut rounds close together next to dough edges for perfect rounds and few rerolls.

Crusty French Rolls

Mix together
  1¼ cups lukewarm water
  1½ teaspoons salt
  3 tablespoons soft shortening
Crumble into mixture

CRUSTY FRENCH ROLLS



Pull dough over filling through opposite slit . . . .

Pinch dough flaps to make collars . . . .

By Bernadine Landsberg · From LIBERTY'S Home Kitchen

1 cake compressed yeast
Stir until yeast is dissolved
Mix in, first with spoon, then with hand
3½ to 3¾ cups sifted kitchen-tested enriched flour, adding amount necessary to make dough easy to handle

Turn dough onto lightly floured board, cover, and let stand 10 minutes to tighten up, then knead until smooth and elastic. Round up and place in greased bowl.

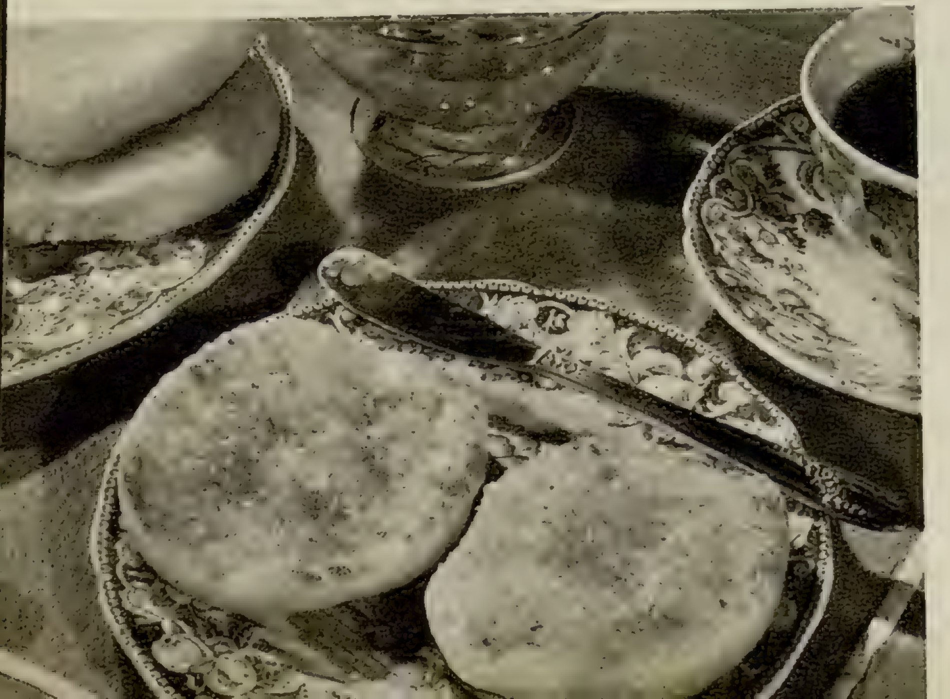
Cover with a damp cloth and set to rise at 85° until double in bulk—about 2 hours. Punch down dough. Round up and set to rise again until not quite double in bulk—about an hour. Punch down dough. Divide into 16 equal parts. Cover with damp cloth and let rest 15 minutes. Form each piece into a little bun by pinching together into round form, then rolling back and forth gently on the cloth-covered board to seal. Place on corn-meal-sprinkled baking sheets. With scissors, divide rolls in half, then in quarters, cutting almost through to bottom of rolls. Or make 4 or 5 snips from outside of roll toward center. Let rise uncovered until double in bulk—about 1 hour. Just before baking, brush entire surface of roll generously with mixture of 1 egg white mixed with 1 tablespoon cold water. Sprinkle with sesame or poppy seeds. Bake 10 minutes in hot oven (425°); brush again with egg-white mixture and let bake 10 to 15 minutes longer (until tops are golden brown and hard). Makes 16 rolls.

Tips:

Flour scissors between snips to keep rolls in good shape.

To recrisp rolls, place in paper sack and heat in hot oven (425°) about 5 minutes.

. . . . ENGLISH MUFFINS . . . .



English Muffins

You'll need two baking sheets.
Mix together
¾ teaspoon salt
1¼ cups lukewarm water
1 tablespoon salt
Crumble into mixture
1 cake compressed yeast
Stir until yeast is dissolved
Mix
3 tablespoons soft shortening with 3¼ to 3¾ cups sifted kitchen-tested enriched flour, adding 2 additions until dough starts to clean sides of bowl and can be handled. (Dough will be stiff)

Turn dough onto lightly floured cloth-covered board and knead until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, turning once to bring greased side up. Cover with damp cloth and set to rise at 85° until impression remains when pressed with finger (doubled in bulk)—1½ to 2 hours. Punch down dough. Turn out on lightly floured cloth-covered board. Roll into ¾- to 1-inch thickness and cut with 2½-inch cutter. Place on lightly greased, then corn-meal-sprinkled baking sheet about 1 inch apart. Cover with damp cloth and let rise until light—about 1 hour. Remove cloth last 10 minutes of rising time. Cover top of muffins with another, ungreased, baking sheet. Bake 20 to 25 minutes (or until tops are golden brown; sides will be light) in quick moderate oven (375°). Cool on rack. Wrap in waxed paper and refrigerate. When ready to serve, split muffins with a fork, butter generously, and place under broiler until golden brown. Serve hot with marmalade or jam. Makes about 1 dozen muffins.

Tips:

Cool muffins on rack, then wrap by threes or fours in waxed paper and refrigerate up to a week, until ready to toast.

COLORFUL HOLIDAY TABLES

How heart-warming it is to find ancient corn poppers again in high favor, this time as a centerpiece for an autumn party! A hand-sewn cotton tablecloth of hunter green with contrasting aster-yellow napkins complete a homey table of simple charm

Don't buy anything new! Stand on a kitchen stool, kneel down in the pantry, climb up to the attic. Search out the dusty old vases, the bowls, the kitchen things. They were too good to throw away, remember? Get them all out, wash 'em until they sparkle; then paint or varnish or polish and set each old-fashioned object against blending or contrasting earthenware and coarse textured cottons. You'll be enchanted with your success.

The experts in the field of this art have drawn up simple rules which anyone can use as a springboard for her imagination. Helen Sprackling, noted author and lecturer on table settings, says this to LIBERTY readers:

"Whenever you can, use candles on the table regardless of other light. Their soft glow brings out the lights in your silver and glass, adds a party air, and sheds a becoming light on your guests.

"And have plenty of them. There should never be less than four. They should be tall and well out of the eyes of the diners.

"Use the large, chunky rope ones for dramatic effects (as in photograph), mass slender ones to produce a group of color and light.

"Just one word of warning—always save candle decoration for evening tables. They are not appropriate for a luncheon table or daytime affairs."

STEP I—know your earthenware—know your china.

Earthenware or pottery is molded at lower temperatures than china; it has more casual shapes, bolder, less conventional patterns, and is sealed with a deep glaze, which penetrates the body deeply but not completely through it. Its formal name is semi-vitreous as opposed to vitrified china—a completely non-porous ware.

STEP II: Design.

(a) Traditional: This is a rich classic or formal pattern.

(b) Contemporary: Very modern, with a striking pattern or plain.

(c) Casual: Easy, informal, brightly colored; practically interchangeable with contemporary.

A collection of home-sewn luncheon cloths, place mats, and napkins to contrast or harmonize with the earthenware or china gives the table a brand-new and effective appearance. The two charts given at the left are indicators of the different schemes from which you can create a hundred original tables.

VITRIFIED CHINA

The design is usually plain band or a simple rim in formal, classic, or traditional patterns; or an overall pattern.*

	COLOR	COLOR	COLOR	COLOR
China	Wine band or rim	Green band or rim	Blue band or rim	Gold band or rim
Linen	Wine Gray Gold Ivory White	Green Gray Gold Ivory White	Deep blue Blue Pink Gray Ivory	Scarlet (Christmas) Green (Thanksgiving) Gray Pastels
Accessories	Ivory Candles Clusters of grapes or purple asters	Ivory or green candles Soup tureen filled with Christmas greens, glass balls	Platter with "mums" all shades of pink pink candles	Ivory or Red candles Vegetable bowl heaped high with gold balls
Glassware	Low or long-stemmed goblets: Floral or Band pattern. (Same for all)			
Silver	Your own traditional or formal pattern. (Same for all)			

* When pattern is overall, choose plain accessories and linens.

EARTHENWARE

The design may be a solid color, or a fruit, ivy, or rose pattern (these are four most popular).

	COLOR	COLOR	COLOR	DESIGN	DESIGN	DESIGN
China	Turquoise	Gray	Grape	Fruit pattern	Ivy Pattern	Rose Pattern
Texture weave cottons. Prints Plaids Chintzes Toweling.	Pink yellow black gray brown	Dark colors or any pastel	Deep pink gold green gray toweling	Pick out one of the tones in the fruit pattern	Butter yellow brown ivy green ecru	Brown green rose
Accessories for solid color earthenware	Ceramic figures; animals, such as ducks; pewter, brass, pottery in contrasting colors; big woven baskets to hold fruit or flowers			Use old-fashioned platter; arrange well-scrubbed vegetables.	Pots of ivy Ivory candles	Fill flower holder in vegetable dish with flowers, fruit. Mass tall candles behind.
Glassware	Tumblers or low-footed goblets to blend with color of solid earthenware. (Same for all)					

READER SERVICE BULLETINS

Please check your choice.

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☐ Directions for Making Tablecloth, Placemats, and Napkins (including original designs) ....10 cents
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☐ 10 Newest Yeast Recipes ....(stamp) 3 cents
☐ Latex Foam Facts ....(stamp) 3 cents

Send this order blank to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Photograph—George Lazarnick. Table setting—Helen Sprackling. Earthenware—Franciscan Apple Pattern. Wooden Bowls—Post Mart, New York City. Corn Poppers—Lewis & Conger.

HE JUST WANTED TO BUILD HOUSES—AND DID!

Continued from page 25

A reorganization was effected and on January 15, 1944, Jim Price became president of the reorganized National Homes Corporation.

On the night of February 8, 1944, with the company once more operating efficiently, the sprawling factory was destroyed by fire. Only that day the company had negotiated a big new contract with the government.

The next day Jim and his men took stock. The plant had burned to the ground, but so rapid had been National Homes' wartime expansion that the building hadn't kept up with the need for more and more storage space. As a result, seven warehouses, scattered over Lafayette, were full of materials; and more was stored in the county-fair ground. There were carloads of linoleum on a siding.

E. L. Bruce Company of Memphis offered to buy up the new government contract and the materials on hand. This transaction plus the insurance money provided the necessary capital to start building a new plant. Construction started at once under top government priority. By August the new, far more efficient plant was in operation.

That fall National Homes handled an order for 190 homes at Grand Island, Nebraska, and the following March shot through its last wartime job, a 650-house deal at Charlestown, Indiana, the latter being completed within a 90-day deadline just as the war ended. Among previous projects handled by the company had been one for 2,500 homes at Willow Run and River Rouge, Michigan. Incidentally, there are National prefabs at both the atomic-bomb centers—Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and Hanford, Washington.

By August, 1944, Jim was sure the war would be over the following year, and National's designers got busy on a series of appealing two-, three-, and four-bedroom houses with interchangeable units for efficient production.

In tune with the trend, all of these designs were one story, with or without basement. The exteriors were all modified versions of the colonial or Cape Cod style, with white or gray walls, a gable roof, and shutters. Variations in style and trim kept a row of these homes from becoming monotonous.

◆ In the lush postwar years of 1946, 1947, and 1948, National Homes operated at capacity while producing an average of 1,200 to 1,500 homes a year at prices from $7,000 to $10,000. Then Price launched the "Thrift Home": $6,000 with a down payment of only $300—a snug, modern, livable house well within the reach of millions.

"That three hundred bucks seemed to hit almost everybody just right," Price says. "We tried asking a down payment of five hundred on our Thrift Home, and the applicants dropped off like flies."

From which it may be gathered that National Home dealers, now numbering over 150 from New York to California, will hold the line at under $500, FHA regulations and local costs permitting.

How are Thrift Homes made?

The cursory observer may pass a vacant lot one day and notice a crew of men digging, setting up concrete forms, pouring the "slab" which is the floor and the foundation all in one, with various pipes for plumbing and wiring projecting at intervals. Then comes a brief lapse while the concrete sets.

Then one day, a big truck will back up to the foundation and men will unload a bewildering variety of long flat panels and other objects. Almost like magic these elements are placed, nailed, added to, until the framework of a complete house emerges. Within six to ten days after the truck arrived, a family has moved in and is enjoying all the comforts of their Thrift Home.

◆ It all began at the factory in Lafayette. Heart and soul of National Homes production is the curious contraption known as a "jig." This metal framework tells the carpenters where to saw, nail, glue, and trim in producing the standard wall and roof units which make up a prefabricated house. On one line, men place a precut section of plastic-faced plywood or Upson board perhaps 180 by 84 inches. This is a living-room wall. In this section are to be fitted the picture window that faces the front of the house, and the entrance door. Separators are nailed at regular intervals according to the master design.

Window and door sashes drop into place. Rolls of fireproofed cotton insulation are laid between the studs. The inner wall is slid into place, to be glued or nailed as the design dictates. The unit next slides on rollers to another stage, where other men finish sealing in the window and door. From there it passes to the paint shop, where the outside surface receives a primer coat of white and the inside is sized, ready to be painted or papered by the future owner. Meanwhile other walls and roof units have passed along other production lines. At the end, one each of these parts is pulled forth, whisked to its place on a waiting truck, and, when the load is complete, transported to its designated home site—24 to 26 homes every day!

Meanwhile workmen have been busy placing the heater, kitchen sink, toilet appliances, and other breakable units into the enormous box that rides between the cab and the back wheels of the trailer.

When a National Homes' trailer truck backs up in front of a prepared foundation, it holds virtually everything needed to assemble an efficient, comfortable home—including the kitchen sink!

It is a far cry from the young farm boy who wrestled at night with business law and bookkeeping to hold at $75-a-month job. Today there is a special tenoning saw that cost $25,000 and makes as many as 23 cuts in a single operation. Today when National Homes advertises a showing, thousands of people come to see the new model home, and often one out of every ten visitors places an order. The politicians still orate about the need for low-cost housing. But Jim and George Price and their team have made it a reality under the American free-enterprise system! ◆ ◆

CHARACTER MUGS

Continued from page 51

far. Tea and Toby were evidently too incongruous for anyone.

As an artist I have long been an admirer of the English Toby mugs. After successful one-man shows in water colors and oils I began to turn to an art form that could be enjoyed by people everywhere.

What more suitable subject for this revival of interest than Hollywood figures — gay, vivacious portraitures?

If you'd like some details of making the mugs, here they are:

Each model is sculptured from a master block of plaster. After an elaborate and lengthy process the model is put into a kiln from which it emerges as pure white bisqueware. Then it is glazed and fired again, ready for the decorating of fine overglaze, after which it is fired again, fusing the colors into the glaze as a permanent seal, so the owner may be proud of having a fine, vitreous china product.

This final stage of decorating is the artist's triumph, which actually makes each mug an individual three-dimensional portrait. The tilt of the head, the quirk of an eyebrow, the line of the mouth—it is these subtle brush strokes the artist paints by hand that make each figure an almost living portrayal.

So, for a fine start on a collection for yourself, choose your favorite Hollywood actor. Or start a collection for somebody else. They are decorative assets by themselves, but are also extremely attractive to hold ivy plants, cigarettes, or candies. Page Sir Toby! You might even serve ale if you own a set.

The mugs on page 51 portray, reading from top left to right: William Bendix, Frank Morgan, Robert Mitchum, Victor Moore, Gabby Hayes, and Charles Coburn.

FUN! FUN ..and MORE FUN!

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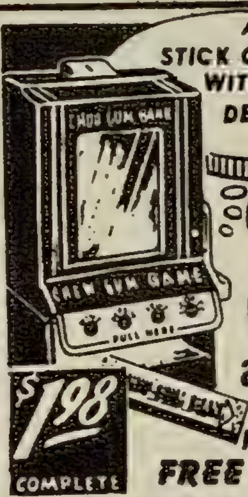
Amazing



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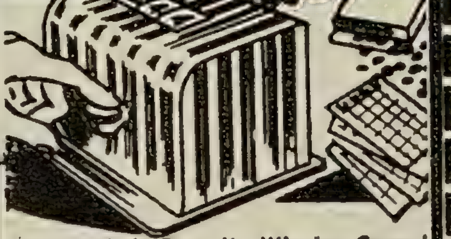
Press the Button! Watch the wheels spin and "BINGO!"



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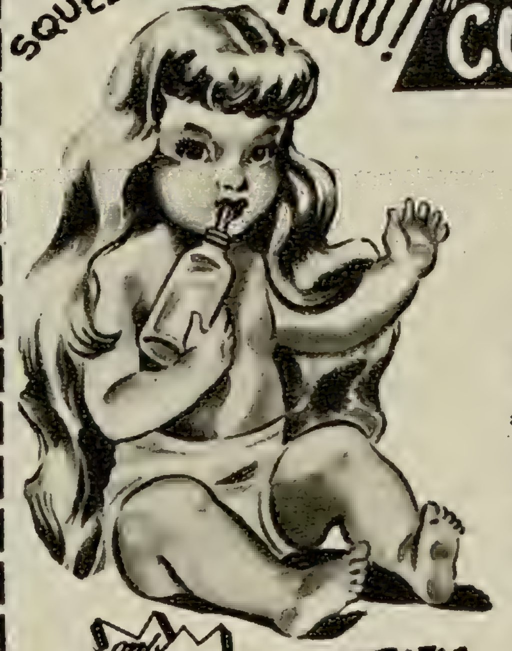

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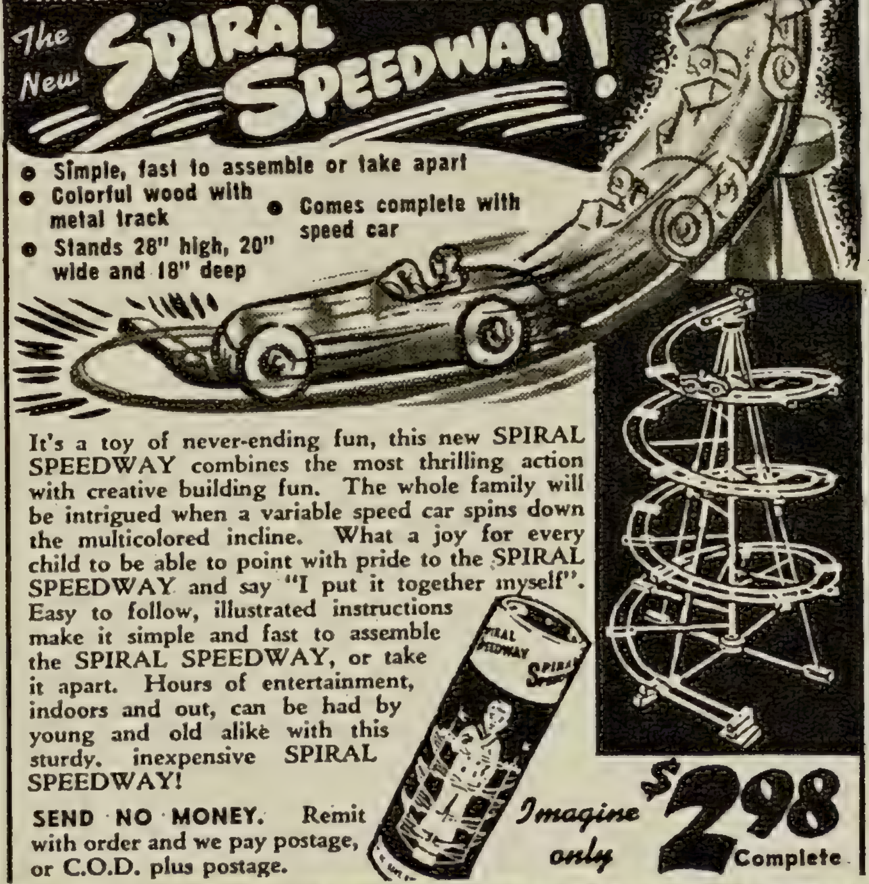

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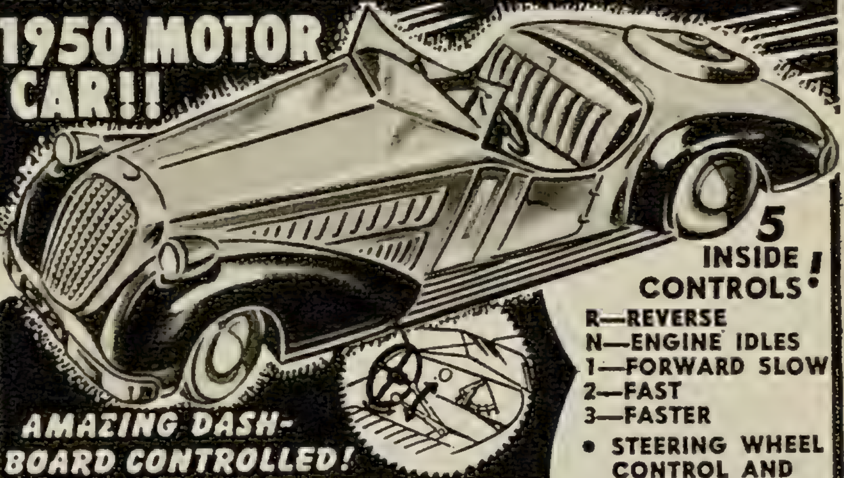

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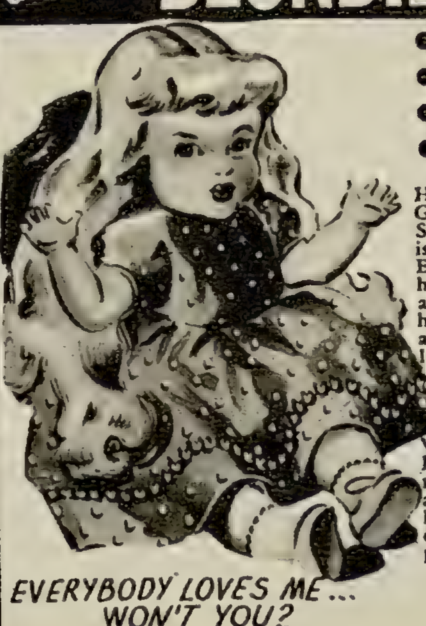

- 13 Inches High
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ADDRESS ______________ City______ State______ have fallen to cause such injuries. The trooper sent to a neighboring hospital for a pathologist. The expert's opinion was quite different from the coroner's. The golfer had been savagely bludgeoned to death. "With a golf club, perhaps," he suggested. A number five iron, sure enough, was missing from the victim's bag. It was found soon afterward in the hand of a man the troopers picked up on a near-by highway and who turned out to be a homicidal maniac escaped from a local mental institution. If the trooper had not questioned the coroner's word, there might have been more violent deaths that day.

The county coroner system also has been responsible for many miscarriages of justice against the innocent. A case in New England not long ago demonstrates with particular force the necessity of having only expert and experienced men in charge of a murder investigation.

Mr. Smith had slammed the door and left his house late one afternoon after a bitter quarrel with his wife. Several hours later she was found unconscious on the kitchen floor with a bruised forehead. She died soon after, without regaining consciousness. At the trial, neighbors described the Smiths' loud exchange of threats and invectives. The coroner, who had performed an autopsy, established the cause of death as intracranial bleeding. The coroner's inquest reported that the bleeding had obviously been caused by a blow from a blunt instrument which had not been found but must have been in the murderer's possession. Smith was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to 20 years.

◆ Several months later Smith's attorney happened to learn that the dead woman had complained of heart trouble. When clinical records confirmed this, the lawyer obtained an exhumation order and enlisted the help of Dr. Alan R. Moritz—professor of legal medicine at Harvard Medical School and pathologist to the Massachusetts State Department of Public Safety.

Dr. Moritz confirmed that the woman had suffered from bacterial endocarditis—inflammation of the heart's lining. He confirmed the fact that she had died of intracranial bleeding. But, unlike the coroner, Dr. Moritz dissected the brain until he exposed what experience told him to look for—a clump of bacterial growth which had floated loose from the diseased heart into the blood stream and had lodged in a cerebral artery. In time it had worn the artery wall so thin that it had ruptured under the increased blood pressure induced by the angry woman's tantrum. This, and not the blow, had caused the fatal bleeding. Dr. Moritz then went with the police to the fateful kitchen and pointed almost at once to the "blunt instrument." It was the curved metal corner of the kitchen table top which had bruised the woman's forehead—when she struck it as she dropped, already dead, to the floor. Her husband was released.

In this case, as in many others, the coroner, although a physician, was at fault. The examination of a corpse when crime is involved or suspected is a highly intricate specialty. It should be performed by a specialist.

◆ More than 30 years ago the people of New York City—spurred by a group of prominent physicians and the press—decided to do something about their elected coroners. Besides being hopelessly incompetent, the coroner's office was brazenly corrupt. Defendants' friends were able to get themselves impaneled as jurymen in murder inquests. Dishonest doctors hired by the coroner were reporting autopsies they never performed. Exposure of these conditions shocked New York into deciding that the investigation of sudden death should be taken out of politics. The coroner's office was abolished and the late Dr. Charles Norris—an incorruptible and uncompromising pathologist of Bellevue Hospital—was made the city's first medical examiner. Not only did the rate of convictions rise sharply, but also the number of homicides discovered.

Since then the medical examiner's office of New York City has become a model for progressive communities. Its officers, all highly qualified medicolegal pathologists, are appointed strictly on their merits. Their findings in every case of suspicious death uncertified by a reputable physician are evaluated in the medical examiner's office. Any medical indications of crime bring the death immediately to the attention of the district attorney.

A recent case was typical of the medical examiner's method of operation. A pretty young woman was found dead in a hotel bed by a chambermaid. The investigating patrolman called his precinct station, a flash went to the medical examiner's office, and a few minutes later deputy chief medical examiner Dr. Milton Helpern was on the spot. The room was in good order, there were no obvious marks of violence on the body. There was, however, a box of pills on a table.

But instead of saying "suicide," the doctor said, "Murder. She was smothered to death." He pointed at a pillow with a broad lipstick smudge on it. The dead girl's eyes told him the story: Far out from the pupils, the glossy white of each eyeball was ringed with a circlet of tiny dark-red asterisks—the hemorrhages which almost always indicate that method of killing. The pills had been harmless stomach sedatives. Within a few hours, a the medical examiner's laboratory Helpern's autopsy, supplemented by toxicological and other examinations used in homicide investigations, established suffocation as the cause of death.

Meanwhile the police had swung into a quick investigation. The girl had checked into the hotel with a man who had registered them as Mr. and Mrs. Jones of a near-by city. The name and the address were fictitious. The morning after their arrival, the man had come down to the lobby, told the room clerk that his wife was not to be disturbed, gone out, and had never come back. This, to the police, was probably their man. The homicide men traced the pills to a neighborhood drugstore and from there to the dead girl's doctor, who knew her family. The family named the man who had been particularly interested in her; his description matched that given by the hotel employees. He was arrested just as he was packing for a long trip. Faced with evidence which the medical examiner had uncovered, he confessed that he had smothered his friend in a fit of jealousy.

To the New York medical examiner this was a routine case. Only very few killers, fortunately, are endowed with the fiendish ingenuity and foresight of the murderer in popular detective fiction. The well-organized medical examiner's office has a way of catching these as well, however.

◆ A sharp-eyed New York patrolman not long ago, crossing a vacant lot in Harlem, saw the charred remains of a body in the ashes of a bonfire, together with some scorched shreds of burlap. The police assumed that the body was that of some derelict who had fallen into the fire in a drunken stupor and perished. Chief medical examiner Thomas A. Gonzales came to an entirely different conclusion.

Dr. Gonzales knew that had the man fallen into the fire while still alive, carbon monoxide would be found in his blood and soot particles would very probably be present in his bronchial passages. But both tests were negative, proving that the man was dead before he reached the fire. Scratch marks on the bones indicated that a knife or saw had been used in an attempt to dismember the body. The body probably had been carried in the burlap sacking. The few strands of hair were identified as that of a Negro. Dr. Gonzales then patiently pieced together some fragments of bone from behind the right ear. These fragments revealed a depressed skull fracture—the typical "blunt instrument" head injury. The picture of the murder was complete.

A tooth which the policeman had found showed that the murdered man had had prominent buckteeth. X-ray examination of his shoulder bones established his age as about 25 years—certain bones in the body undergo changes at that age which the penetrating rays reveal. Measurements of the dead man's bones set his height at about five feet ten. The description was broadcast.

Two weeks later a woman appealed to the Harlem precinct police to help her locate her missing brother. His description matched the dead man's. The detectives went to work. Tracing the missing brother's movements through Harlem on the night he had disappeared, police learned that he had last been seen quarreling with a certain street-corner speaker, a well-known neighborhood character. The two had walked away together, arguing violently.

Detectives descended on the orator's apartment—and found what they were looking for, a weighted lead pipe and a cross-cut saw. Although the suspect had scoured these clean, police "trace experts" discovered a dried smear of blood under his carpet which matched the blood grouping of the dead man. Confronted with this evidence, the murderer confessed. He had killed his victim with the pipe, tried to dismember the body, finally carried it in a sack to the lot and burned it.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, where a medical examiner system has been in operation since 1877, has proved that it is far superior to the county coroner system in rural communities as well as in big metropolitan centers. For instance, in one case, boys playing outside a country town one morning found an old man lying on the concrete edge of a dam. A broken handrail sagging directly overhead showed where he had fallen from a flimsy catwalk across the steep wooded ravine. In most states this would clearly have been "death by misadventure." Not in Massachusetts.

◆

When the state medical examiner inspected the body, he found that the man had died of a fractured skull. But his skull had been fractured twice. Both injuries were lethal; neither one could have been caused by the fall onto the cement top of the dam. He had obviously been struck over the head before he had fallen.

State troopers and local police immediately began combing the woods near the scene of the crime. They found a patch of trampled grass, blood-spattered foliage near by, and a broken bloody bottle covered with fingerprints which did not match the dead man's. A trooper learned that the old man had been at a local tavern the night before. He had been carrying quite a bit of money, the bartender said, had shown it around, and had finally left—quite intoxicated—with a stranger.

An immediate state-wide police alarm snared the stranger in a neighboring county within a few hours with the blood-smeared roll of bills still in his pocket. The suspect's fingerprints matched those on the broken bottle. The murderer confessed that he had broken the old man's head in a fight for the money and had carried his victim to the catwalk where he had dropped him, ripping loose the handrail to simulate an accident. In many parts of the United States he might have gotten away with it.

Judging from areas both urban and rural where thorough medical examiners trace almost all homicides committed, between 10 and 20 per cent of all murders are unwitnessed and the bodies show no external wounds. With approximately 8,000 murders officially recorded in the United States last year, that would put at over 1,000 the number of killers that get away unsuspected. Added to this is the large percentage of suspected murderers brought to trial but freed because of incomplete evidence. An F.B.I. survey of 181 cities in 1947 found that only a little over half of all defendants in murder cases were convicted. Manhattan with its medical examiner convicted 83 per cent of its murder

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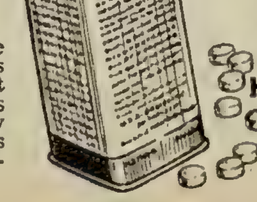

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suspects over the identical period.

Only five states—Massachusetts, Maryland, Virginia, Maine, and Rhode Island, the counties of Nassau in New York and Essex in New Jersey, and the city of New York—have full medical examiner systems. Parts of the same system in modified form have been adopted in other New England states and in a few cities scattered throughout the country. San Francisco and Cincinnati, for example, today happen to have well-qualified medicolegal experts, but their unfettered and uninterrupted service to these communities is not insured by law. More than a dozen states are now studying Virginia's model medical examiner law which, patterned on New York City's, was passed only three years ago. Iowa has a similar bill ready for adoption next session. More and more communities are beginning to realize that science must be allied with law to make them safe.

"Let them show me one case we overlooked," growled the politically elected coroner of one large city. To this, Dr. Gonzales—New York City's chief medical examiner—made a tart reply: "Undiscovered murders are buried forever."

Coroners obviously bury their mistakes.

◆ ◆

IS FOOTBALL LOSING ITS *KICK?*

Continued from page 18

him with a pass is as simple as coasting downhill."

Strader's appreciation of the basketballish nature of modern football enabled him to make an inspired decision that almost led to the division championship last year. When Red first took charge of the club, with the 1948 campaign more than a month old, the Yankees were tied for last place. Soon afterward he lost the services of Spec Sanders, record-breaking ground-gainer who also happened to be the team's ace safety man before he got water on the knee.

The stunning news of Sanders' loss hit Strader halfway through an October morning practice.

Suddenly Strader left the side lines of Yankee Stadium and strode into deep left field to interrupt the practice antics of Otto Schnellbacher, lanky rookie who had been used in early games strictly as second-string offensive end. Red was a highly paid football and baseball scout before becoming head coach, and he assayed the six-foot-three-inch 195-pound Schnellbacher only a moment or two before snapping, "Ever play as safety man?"

"Nope."

"Sanders is out. We need someone badly. Want to try?"

"O.K., if you say so, but—"

"Don't worry, Otto. I think you'll do fine. H'mmm, All-America basketball player two years at University of Kansas, weren't you? Well, your new football assignment is going to involve a lot of tricks you learned on the court."

Schnellbacher (German for "quick baker") immediately proved to be the perfect Yankee doughboy. His first "pay-off" catch came in the last minute of a game with Buffalo, when he protected a 14-13 lead by snatching Ratterman's long pass in the shadow of his own goal post and running it back to midfield. With that same uncanny talent he intercepted ten more in the eight remaining games, to break the all-time season record.

All this emphasis on "hand" instead of "foot" in football is strictly an American development. The rugby game which our colleges adopted in 1876 was really a foot sport, with the ball often kicked by the forwards (who correspond to our "linemen" of today).

The first raid on kicking came via point evaluation. Points (instead of total goals) were first used in 1883, with 5 for a field goal, 2 for a touchdown, 4 for kicking the conversion, and 1 for a safety. The next year the touchdown rose in value to 4 points, going to 5 in 1898 and 6 in 1912. Meanwhile the coveted field goal depreciated from 5 to 4 in 1904, to 3 in 1909, while that other kicking art, touchdown conversion, dropped from 4 to 2 in 1885, and 1 in 1898.

The next enemies of talented toework were the coaches themselves. After the death of Walter Camp in 1925, the coaches no longer had to contend with that zealous guardian of the rules, and succeeded in pushing through a series of changes. The most radical of these was removal of the goal posts to a spot ten yards back of the goal line, thereby elminating kicking as an offensive weapon.

True, it was the coaching clique that effected the changes, but the football fan virtually certified these actions by patronizing the revised attraction.

◆ In a plea that is likely to fall on deaf coaching ears, John (Ox) DaGrosa, former Holy Cross pilot, says in his forthcoming book, Football Strategy: "Do not look upon the punt and quick-kick as defensive weapons. Keep the foot in football as a valuable avenue of attack, and keep the entire squad conscious of this great offensive weapon. A great punter or quick-kicker will give any offense a tremendous advantage."

DaGrosa's sermon has several shining examples. In Southern California's stunning tie with Notre Dame last fall, it was halfback Don Doll's punting and deft quick-kicking that kept the vaunted Irish back on their heels most of the afternoon. And in the last N.F.L. championship game, Joe Muha emerged as the hero of the snow-filled play-off when one of his many long boots finally forced a break leading to the game's only score, enabling the Philadelphia Eagles to dethrone the Chicago Cardinals.

But these are more the exception than the rule. Kicking is fast becoming a lost art, with coaches preferring to concentrate on the pass-and-catch combination that is likely at any moment in the game to connect for the big prize, the jackpot, the six-pointer.

Let's see just how much of its "kick" football has lost:

1. PUNT

Colleges use it strictly as a defensive weapon. Pros use it only when mired in their own territory on fourth down.

2. PLACE KICK FOR FIELD GOAL

This is a real rarity in college. Pros, however, have developed this to such a fine art (thanks to the friendly location of the goal post on the goal line) that any point past the mid stripe is considered legitimate striking distance for a field-goal try. Lou Groza, tackle for the Cleveland Browns, never touched the ball even once throughout the season of 1946, yet piled up enough field goals and conversions to lead the league in scoring with 84 place-kicked points!

3. PLACE KICK FOR POINT AFTER TOUCHDOWN

This is still a haphazard proposition in college ranks. But the pros have the crossbar practically on their nose for touchdown conversions, so it's no wonder both the N.F.L. and A.A.C. have nigh-perfect percentages of success: 94 per cent. It's significant that "Automatic Jack" Manders never kicked while in college, yet trained his toe after joining the Chicago Bears more than a decade ago and proceeded to set the N.F.L. record of 72 consecutive conversions. Harvey Johnson of the Yankees closed last season with an unbroken string of 77 straight for the A.A.C. record.

4. DROP KICK

This is the real "dodo" of football. The football has been streamlined so much (to aid the passer, who can grip the narrower ball better and throw it farther, due to less wind resistance) that it takes too unpredictable a bounce for reliable drop kicking.

The present low estate of kicking does not necessarily indicate imminent *rigor mortis*. The pendulum may yet swing back. After all, customers are complaining about the wild-scoring sprees in other sports. Maybe football fans who don't own portable adding machines will rebel for good against rules that permit such fiascos as the Ebbets Field game last year that ended: San Francisco 63, Brooklyn 40. If so, then look for the foot to come back into football.

◆ ◆

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—D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
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"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
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DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

A BUDGET THAT REALLY WORKS

Continued from page 31

$3.94 and $2.07 and you get six dollars a week, with a penny over. Their life insurance represents further savings of at least a dollar a week.

How can the Bertas do all this? First, the Bertas are a co-operative family enterprise. The children are taught to understand what can and what can't be spent. Also the children know that helping with household jobs is a necessary contribution on their part.

Second, the Berta system is intelligent and careful planning. They all know what they have to pay for, and they set aside the money to pay for it. Third, the Bertas' "homework" is much more extensive and varied than in the average American home.

On that electric sewing machine, for instance, Mrs. Berta makes her husband's shirts, her own dresses and those of the little girls (and doll clothes too) and nearly all the school and play clothes the boys wear. Out of old sheets she fashions diapers for Eugene Thomas.

For dresses and shirts Mrs. Berta uses feed bags she buys from Alex II, who raises chickens—of which more anon. (In case you don't know it, many millers put up their products in smartly designed fabrics that make swell dress materials.)

Most of the boys' winter school clothes are cut down from their father's suits and overcoats, supplemented by suits some of their older cousins have outgrown. Alex's and Frederick's outgrown clothes, in turn, are remade for younger cousins. (There's a sort of revolving fund of raiment among the Berta relatives.) There is nothing patchy or makeshift about the wardrobe of the Bertas, either. By this canniness in buying and sewing Mrs. Berta slashes that estimated clothes budget for a family of seven from $700 to $300 a year.

◆

Homework on food is also extensive in the Berta family. Mrs. Berta bakes bread, cake, and pies. Mr. Berta and the boys grow vegetables. Fruits are canned in season, when they're cheap and plentiful. In the deep-freeze compartment of their larger refrigerator Mrs. Berta keeps other fruit supplies and the two-weeks cache of meat which her husband buys in the Super Market. Their chicken and eggs are supplied by young Alex from his poultry-raising enterprise *and he gets paid for them at market prices.*

Mrs. Berta explained how the family handles the meat problem. "Mr. Berta buys enough meat for two weeks; what kind depends on the best bargain offered. Our meals are then planned accordingly. If the meat is beef, we cut off steaks for a meal or two, use part for roasts and stews, and the rest for hamburger. If pork is the buy, we get a big loin or shoulder, cut off chops or cutlets, then roll the boned meat for roasts, and use the skin and bones for soup stock. Lamb or mutton get the same general treatment."

In brief, the Bertas use everything but the moo, squeal, or baa.

It's by this kind of planning and work that their food budget is $1,360 a year instead of the $1,810 the Labor Bureau estimates as minimum for seven. And that's where the bulk of the Bertas' economies are concentrated.

For if you'll look again at the Berta budget table, you'll see that on most other items their costs are about what the Labor Bureau estimates. While they pay no income tax, their real-estate taxes are above those for the family-of-four budget.

They carry more life insurance than average, because, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Berta's policies, there's a $500 endowment policy on the life of each child as a provision for the start of their college education. These Mrs. Berta plans to increase as their income rises.

Chief advantage over the usual family is that they own their house free and clear—eliminating the $440 yearly rent or mortgage payments. The house was given to them by Mrs. Berta's parents, whose partial support, in return, the Bertas consider a very small payment on the debt.

SO YOU HAVE ULCERS?
Whether you actually do, or only think so, there's an article in
LIBERTY Next Month
it will pay you to read.

But the house, nevertheless, represents $3,500 in savings from the family income made in the first 11 years of their marriage, when Mr. Berta's pay was less than $50 a week. That was the money they put into making over a four-room summer cabin, which they eventually sold, using $3,000 of the proceeds for installing baths, heating plant, and modern equipment in their present place, and buying a car.

O.K., you say, so the Bertas are thrifty, but $50 a year for personal expenses! What do they do—cut their own hair and do their own dry cleaning? No, they go to the barber often enough to look neat, though Mrs. Berta doesn't go to a beautician. She hasn't the time, and she doesn't need it.

As for dry cleaning—most of the family wardrobe and linen is washed at home. Mr. Berta's suits (he has six) go to the cleaners when they need it, which isn't often, because he's careful. Curtains and sofa covers, etc., get an annual visit to the cleaner.

But, you ask—$60 a year for recreation! What kind of fun do they have on that?

Lots of fun. Neighborhood movies are cheap in Metuchen, and the boys and their parents go about once a month. Then there are four birthday parties a year (it'll be five next year). Cake, ice cream, and soda are the refreshments, and the Bertas find that costs about four dollars a party. Oh, yes, Mr. and Mrs. Berta like to dance and go to lodge parties; tickets, 50 cents a couple. And they often have guests for dinner. Then there are picnics at near-by parks, and an occasional trip to relatives' homes. But most of their recreation centers around the home, which seems to be the kid-center for most of the neighborhood.

One of the attractions is the little chicken farm, which Alex II operates—70 chicks and one turkey. He and his father built the chicken houses behind the garage, and Alex started business a year ago on a $44 loan from his father. He's paid it back and made $100 besides. Who gets that $100? Alex II.

Frederick is in the rabbit business, which was started on an outlay of only three dollars. His rabbit stock, his father estimates, is now worth $30.

And that's how the Berta family of seven live well and save six dollars a week on $70 a week, along with being an exceptionally happy and affectionate family. And Mr. and Mrs. Berta are community-minded, too; active in church, lodge, and P.T.A. matters and in working for better playgrounds and other recreational facilities.

Maybe you think you couldn't practice their kind of economy and be happy. Maybe you'd shudder at the idea of working as hard as the Bertas—Mrs. Berta especially—and maybe you couldn't work so efficiently.

◆

But the lesson of the Berta story, as I see it, is that if the Bertas can do all right for a family of seven on $70 a week, you could do all right for a family of four on the same money and not have to scrimp, either. But, like the Bertas, you'll need to know where the money goes. A budget tells you that. The Bertas use one that has been devised by the Institute of Life Insurance. It's simple, clear, and requires a minimum of bookkeeping, and *that* bookkeeping needs to be done only once. After that, if you've planned sensibly and realistically, this particular budget is virtually automatic. ◆ ◆

[If you write to the author, c/o Liberty Magazine, you may obtain without cost as many copies of this budget—it's called the Family Money Manager—as you may need. But *one* Money Manager is sufficient to budget the finances of any family, whether it's ten or twenty.]

WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes

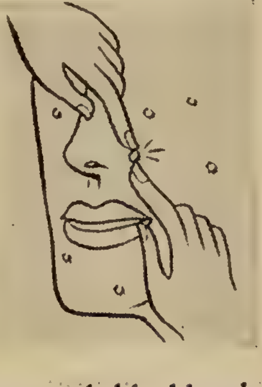
WHEN pimply skin is your problem, the first thing to get straight is that you *can* and *should* do something about it. To develop the attractiveness of your face is not mere vanity. It is an "open sesame" towards bringing the real YOU closer to other people and giving your personality the poise and confidence it needs. Your good qualities —intelligence, character, dignity—all go to naught... are completely cancelled out by a skin that "nobody loves to touch." Remember, the YOU that people see first is your face.

SKIN PROBLEMS DEMAND IMMEDIATE CARE

Medical statistics tell us that blemished skin usually occurs from adolescence on through adult life. The problem at the adolescent stage is serious enough to deserve attentive care as a family matter. In adulthood, when life's responsibilities are so much weightier, it is doubly important to exert great effort to eliminate these blemishes. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than *now*.

DON'T ABUSE SKIN

The first instinctive reaction to pimples and blackheads is to squeeze them out with your fingers. A bit of experimentation along these lines soon provides convincing proof that this succeeds only in inflaming your skin and spreading the infection. Under no circumstances should pimples and blackheads ever be squeezed.



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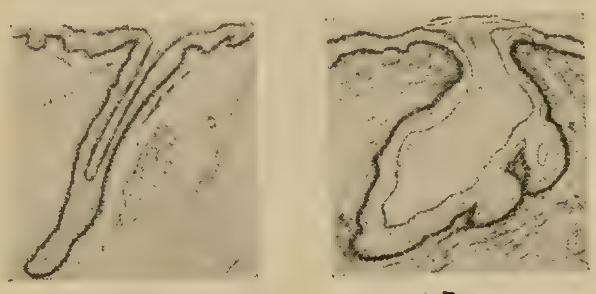
MICROSCOPE SHOWS IMPORTANT BASIS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Let's take a look through the microscope to see what's behind those unsightly pimples. The high-powered lenses show your skin coated with a covering which originated from two sources—one, internally and the other, externally.

The internal substances on your skin include dead cells, residue from the sweat glands, and a high quantity of oil excreted by the sebaceous glands. A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, the oil forms a heavy film which attracts foreign matter to your skin much as any oil mop picks up dust. These infectious external substances may be classified into three general groups:

1. Airborne materials such as dust, pollens, condensation products of smoke, vapors, etc.
2. Materials brought in contact with the skin, such as tiny fragments of clothing, bedding, cosmetics.
3. Micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

See the difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin in the microscopic reproductions below.



A. Normal skin **B.** Sick, pimply skin

Diagram A shows a normal-size, smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures sick, pimply skin. Notice that the sebaceous gland is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

TRY THIS SENSIBLE WAY

Two sensible aims to achieve in controlling this skin condition are: to clear the pores of clogging matter, and to inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin. Toward these ends, Dornol Products' research makes available two formulas. One is to aid in thorough cleansing by highly detergent penetration which simplifies the removal of waste and foreign matter. The other is to discourage oiliness with clinically-proved ingredients, and to kill infectious bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples and blackheads.

BLEMISHES COVERED UP

To remove the distressing embarrassment of these skin blemishes, the second Dornol formula exerts a "cover-up" action on your broken out skin while the medication does its work. This, plus its pleasant odor, will spare you the mental distress which is associated with unsightly, malodorous, medicated preparations. Imagine! You can apply this Dornol formula to your skin by day and face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance, while secure in the knowledge that medication is acting to remove old blemishes and keep away new ones. What this "cover-up" action alone is worth in peace of mind is beyond calculation. No longer need prying eyes make you wince with humiliation and misery. Now because of this wonderful feature of the Dornol treatment, you can put your best foot forward ... at once!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We know what the Dornol treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at *our risk*. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment can yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. This is what we say to you: If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not only the price you paid—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK! Can anything be fairer than that? You have everything to gain... *and we take all the risk!*

How to get the Dornol Treatment immediately: Just send your name and address to DORNOL PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. 5011-C, 4257 Katonah Avenue, New York 66, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Dornol treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only $1.98 plus postage. Or, if you wish to save postal fee, send $2 now and we will pay postage. Which ever way you order, the DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE still prevails. Don't delay another minute, send for the Dornol Medicated Skin treatment with "cover-up" feature... *at once!* Sorry, no Canadian C.O.D.'s.

"Cupid Is My Business"

Clara Lane's National Organization Helps You Meet New Friends

Particular men and women write to Clara Lane for advice on social contacts leading to marriage. Reprinted below is a typical letter.

Dear Miss Lane: Although I am well off financially, I know no one near my own age who would make a suitable wife. I know you have helped others in my position, that's why I am writing to you. I want to meet a woman used to comfortable living who enjoys home life and likes to entertain occasionally.

J. M.

In a recent magazine article Clara Lane points out that men who seek mates through the Friendship Center are not pathetic types, but the normal, varied assortment of American males. The only difference is that they have *done* something about their loneliness. "While most of us wait around for years, for the chance meeting with someone we can hope to love, these people take action by writing to Clara Lane. These men and women find it a practical approach to romance, love and marriage."

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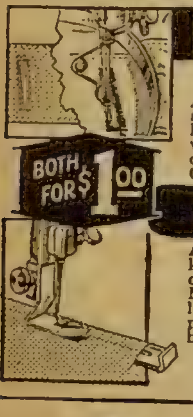

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PORTLAND'S LADY WHIRLWIND

Continued from page 16 . . . .

kind of dish the people wanted. On primary day, they swept Dottie in by better than three and a half to one. Against a field of six—all men—Mrs. Lee got an absolute majority, more than six out of every ten votes.

After that, the actual election last November was just a formality. Dottie received 127,563 votes, almost as many as Portland gave to both Truman and Dewey *combined.*

Mayor Lee has been dishing out headaches and surprises to opponents and supporters alike ever since she assumed office. Consider, for example, the sad plight of Portland's "best people," the upper-crust members of its 100-odd social, golf, yachting, and athletic clubs. Most of them ardently supported Dorothy Lee. They were all for driving the slot-machine shoguns right into the Columbia River.

But they got a shock when Dottie took the anti-gambling statutes literally and announced whirling cherries were illegal, not only in the smoke shops on Burnside Street, but also in the ladies' room of the sacred Multnomah Club.

At hastily called indignation meetings they screamed that private clubs were somehow different. They sent anguished delegations panting up the City Hall's front steps and suave pressure boys slinking in the back entrance.

But Dottie remained completely dead-pan. After a week of futile spluttering, the slot machines were bidden a sad good-by. As far as Mrs. Lee is concerned, the people asked for law enforcement and that's what she's giving them.

Yet the fact remains that Dottie seems to have been fooling everybody right from the day she was born. She arrived on April Fools' Day in 1901, the first child of a navy doctor. The McCulloughs had counted on a boy, had even picked out a boy's name. It would be wrong to speak of Dottie as a disappointment, but she certainly was a surprise.

◆ This initial incident, no doubt, accounts in no small measure for Dorothy's trigger-quick resistance to the merest shade of suggestion that her sex could possibly be a handicap. When she decided to study law at the University of California, her father blew a gale and withdrew his financial support. That settled it for Dorothy. She took odd jobs to pay her way through school. Summers she worked as a waitress in Yosemite National Park. It was there that she met Scott Lee. The wedding was postponed for four years, until Dottie had obtained her Doctor of Jurisprudence degree and been admitted to the bar. Then she and Scott lit out for Portland.

They arrived on Friday the 13th. But if the date put a jinx on anything, it wasn't on Dottie's career. Scott went to work for Standar Oil and Dottie teamed up wit Gladys Everett to form the city first all-female law firm.

Most women lawyers, especiall in those days, restricted their practice to the politer sort of civil cases But petticoat law was not for Mrs Lee. One of her first chances at big case came when she was aske to represent a defendant charge with rape. Her partner proteste that it wasn't a fit suit for a woma lawyer. But this just got Dottie's dander up. She took the case an promptly won it.

Soon she was busy making speeches to anyone who would listen. She became a favorite on the women's club circuit. After only two years in Oregon, she allowed herself to be persuaded (Dottie never seeks an office; she always manages to succumb with appropriate reluctance to an insistent public demand) to run for the State Legislature. That was her first—and her last—electoral defeat. Two years later—in 1928—she ran again and won in a walk.

She has been almost continuously in public office ever since. First, as a State Representative, and in later years as State Senator or Portland city councilman. In odd moments she has managed to serve as chairman of the Oregon Crime Commission, as Portland's Traffic Safety Commissioner, and as a municipal judge.

◆ None of these jobs came to her accidentally. Whenever the male politicos have given her a helping hand, it has usually been because they preferred this—as a lesser evil—to the alternative of being kicked in their ballot boxes by an army of ardent clubwomen. Dorothy has learned every traditional trick of politics and invented a few new ones of her own. She is a past master in the art of modestly seeming to seek no publicity while actually raking it in in large scoopfuls. Whenever things get dull and the papers begin to concentrate on somebody else, Dottie knows how to land smack on the front page.

One of her favorite devices is to propose a new piece of legislation. The range of her lawmaking is terrific—everything from declaring it an offense for kids to monkey with streetcars to requiring that circuses use fireproof tents.

When Mayor Riley dressed the window by appointing her to the City Council, the insiders at City Hall didn't propose to waste any patronage on a mere woman. The operation of the municipal garage—a job that formerly went with her office—was taken away from Dottie and given to another councilman, presumably with the thought that he would know how to spread the jobs around where they would do the most good. As a sop, Dorothy was thrown the supervision of the ity Museum (in a basement room f the City Hall) and the Municipal eference Library.

But if the men on the Council ad any illusions about shutting Irs. Lee up, they soon lost them. t her first Council meeting, she topped the show by announcing hat the acoustics of the Council Room were lousy and that the decorum of her fellow councilmen was hardly any better.

The next morning both Portland papers had nothing to report about the weighty city matters passed upon at the Council meeting. They concentrated exclusively upon Dorothy Lee, who just smiled like the cat who ate the canary, and acted as if she hadn't had the slightest intention of stealing the spotlight.

Dorothy really came into her own with the Great Mosquito War—declared, fought, and won by Mrs. Lee almost single-handed, with the aid of a brace of Army bombers, a few thousand gallons of D.D.T., the U. S. Public Health Service, several outlying counties, and a batch of prisoners from the Multnomah County Jail. Mosquitoes have been battled elsewhere.

Dottie, obviously, made political hay out of the skeeters' hides. But she also ended the skeeters. That paid off in a big way when the Columbia River went on a rampage last year and drove 17,000 people out of their homes. By that time Mrs. Lee had talked the city into buying two mosquito-hunting planes of its own. They were there, all gassed up and ready, and took to the air even before the people took to the hills. Health officials believe that this prompt spraying of the flood area with D.D.T. was the major factor in preventing an overwhelming epidemic from following in the wake of the disastrous flood.

◆ Mrs. Lee has even known how to turn her few political defeats—and they have been few indeed—into victories. Toward the end of her career in the State Senate, she was persuaded to run for the post of Senate President. Her opponent was from a hamlet named Fossil. The battle split Oregon's Republican Party squarely down the middle. Half the senators were for Dorothy, and just as many held out, through 45 dreary ballots, for the man from Fossil. The few Senate Democrats joyously reminded the voters that the struggle had completely stymied all sorts of essential legislation and that the battling Republicans were drawing pay without producing any laws.

In the end, Dorothy was compelled to withdraw. But after the smoke had died away, it was discovered that she had made the victors pay a heavy price. Dottie Lee had won the right to name all the Senate committees. Her opponent had merely earned the hollow privilege of formally naming people Dorothy had already selected.

Mrs. Lee's local reputation was really made secure in her battles with the Portland Transit Company. Her fine legal eye discovered a long-ignored clause in the company's franchise which required it to set aside part of its profits for the replacement of old equipment. Before the war there had been neither profits nor replacement, and Portlanders, like city dwellers everywhere, nursed a perpetual grudge against the traction trust. But the war boom filled the coffers of the Transit Company. The company was forced by Mrs. Lee to build up a reserve fund that ultimately totaled well over two million dollars. Thus, today the old trolleys are banished and in their place has appeared a splendid fleet of brand-new buses, Lee's Luxurious Limousines. Mrs. Lee also fought first to prevent and then to limit an increase in transit fares.

Dottie's greatest campaign, however, has been against vice. It has held staid, conservative Portland in a constant tizzy ever since she took over the mayor's office last New Year's Day. That was the day when she dropped the former police chief in favor of 70-year-old Charles P. Pray, retired head of the State Police and an F.B.I. man. By the end of their first week in office, Dottie and her new police chief had kicked the old vice squad back into uniform and shifted scores of other cops around so fast that their mail never caught up with them. Even Sundays saw no pause in the campaign. On her first Sunday in office, Dottie's revivified coppers picked up more than fifty professional gamblers.

After ten days of Dottie's own

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campaign, the raid-groggy slot-machine kingpins had had enough. They pulled their expensive equipment out of Portland—some 2,000 machines in all, according to Internal Revenue tax figures.

It looked as if the battle was over. But Dottie had just begun to fight. On January 13 one of the City Hall reporters asked her, "What about slot machines in private clubs?"

Dottie jumped for the opening like a Columbia River salmon leaping over the dam. "These highly lucrative and corrupting devices," she thundered, "will be repressed—impartially, without discrimination, and regardless of where the machines are found—whether in private clubs or elsewhere."

After that, the panic was on, with the club managers squealing like stuck pigs. They had good reason to feel anguished. The Press Club, for example, had been converting a $44,000 annual deficit into an $8,000 surplus on nothing but its slot-machine profits.

Most of Portland got a lot of pleasure out of the discomfiture of its Social Register set. But there were plenty of complaints too. One newspaper columnist dubbed Mrs. Lee, "Dottie Do Good," and the name stuck.

Dottie Lee challenged her critics to show her a way of writing the law that would allow private clubs to operate slot machines without throwing the door wide open to the formation of phony clubs, organized for the sole purpose of providing a cloak for slot-machine parlors.

As a result of her clean-up campaign, Dottie constantly fears that she will be labeled a bluenose. When a newspaper photographer wanted to take a picture of her, ax in hand, about to demolish a confiscated slot machine, she withered him with a glare that could have broken his lens. "Who do you take me for," she asked, "Carry Nation?"

"I'm not the reformer type," she explains repeatedly. "It's a matter of law enforcement. If the people want to, they can change the law. If they don't want to change the law but want illegal toleration of the slots—well, they'll just have to get themselves a new mayor. This one took an oath to enforce the law, and I didn't have my fingers crossed, either."

◆ The exodus of the slots threatened, for a time, to leave Dottie without a burning issue. But only for a moment. Months before she had been elected, her predecessor had raided a bookie parlor under an anti-betting ordinance. The bookies had fought the case through the courts and three circuit court judges had declared the city ordinance illegal.

Most of the City Councilors were willing to let it rest at that, but not Dottie Lee. She finally bulldozed them into appealing the case to the State Supreme Court. The Supreme Court reversed the lower courts and thereby put Dottie right back into the news, with the bookies glumly following the slot-machine operators out of town.

Next, she turned to punch boards. The city had been licensing these for years. But behind every punch board Mrs. Lee saw the leering faces of the vice syndicate. So she grimly announced that there would be no more licenses. The punch-board people—like the bookies—obtained a restraining order. For the moment these tame little gambling devices are the only ones enjoying an immunity that once protected everything from roulette to slot machines. But the wise money in Portland is betting that punch boards will go the way of everything else.

◆ On other issues—far more important ones, her critics insist—Dorothy Lee has followed a cautious line. She has fallen into the habit of appointing committees and commissions to "study" hot issues and thus postpone the evil day when a vote-losing stand must be taken. For example, to meet Portland's terrific housing shortage, more acute than in most other places because the Vanport disaster last year destroyed thousands of apartments, Mrs. Lee has appointed a Housing Survey Committee. It's a good committee, but, her critics point out, they can't build any houses with a $15,000 appropriation.

During her campaign for office, Dottie plumped for a city manager charter. But since she became mayor, she has been virtually mute about the city manager plan. As her critics explain it, "You shouldn't be too hard on the gal. She's in for a four-year term, and you can't expect her to legislate herself out of a job."

Yet there are many in Portland who suspect that Dottie will never serve out her term. They reason this way: The gal is ambitious. She has her eye on the approaching race for the U. S. Senate. Up to now, she could never hope to command enough support to beat out a man like Wayne Morse.

But now things are different. The mothers, the women's clubs, the church groups, and all the transplanted New Englanders who populate Oregon's upstate counties, will vote for Dottie Do Good on the basis of her fight against vice. Everyone who wants to have a little fun in Portland—including both the professional gamblers and the Social Register club members—can think of no better way of getting the good old days back than to elect Dottie to the Senate. And not even Dottie will come right out and promise to serve out her term as mayor.

So watch out, Washington! There's a whirlwind out on the west coast headed your way. ◆ ◆

Continued from page 27

a motorcycle officer on regular patrol. Pfaff then extended his remarks to pointed particulars on how the city's traffic administration could be improved. Finally Caldwell said, probably with a tinge of exasperation, "You're so full of ideas, why don't you take over Traffic Court and put them to work?" Suddenly Pfaff remembered that courtroom scene of 13 years before. "O.K.," he told Caldwell impulsively, "I'll do that!" And promptly he stupefied his presiding judge by asking for an assignment which judges heretofore considered themselves stuck with.

A traffic court usually can be recognized through the ear, eye, or nose—by its overworked spittoons, littered floors, dirty windows, stale air. Pfaff took over on March 10, 1948, and the first clipping about him in the newspaper morgues reports a slam-bang row with the City Council about painting the quarters. "If that courtroom isn't fixed up," announced the youngish square-jawed judge with characteristic lack of meekness, "I'll shake City Hall from top to bottom. That courtroom isn't a fit place for the hundreds of good citizens—*not* criminals—who come to answer traffic citations. It smells and it's dirty."

The court was painted. Now, as a matter of routine, floors and walls are kept clean, the atmosphere is airy and decent. The officers are smartly uniformed and the clerical force is neat and jacketed. There is no smoking while court is in session.

◆ The key to all Pfaff's innovations is the simplest thing in the world, though one of the rarest—courtesy. Along with the courtesy goes cheerful patience and an obviously sincere intention to get to the truth and reach a mutually fair solution.

Innovation No. 1 is Pfaff's custom of opening each court session with a 20-minute talk on what he calls "Golden Rule Driving." Delivered with the showmanship of the born orator, but leavened with homely phrases from his native Iowa, the lecture points out that a split second and a bit of bad luck can turn a "minor" violation into a fatal accident which costs home, job, freedom, and perhaps family. He sets forth the two simple rules of safety: slow down and practice courtesy while driving your car.

When the lecture ends, the line of defendants forms toward the bench, and to each Judge Pfaff becomes the kindly professor. "Are you a married man, Mr. Watts? Any children? Next time you get in a hurry, think what you could do for them with the $25 it'll cost you." . . . "But suppose a driver on the other street had driven through that stop sign at the same moment. You might have killed somebody. Don't take chances like that, Miss Howland, not when you've got your whole life ahead of you."

To a young man with a crew haircut he says, "Son, it's not your driving I'm worried about. You're young and sharp. It's the other driver who is not so sharp. Imagine it's your grandfather driving the other car, or your mother. If you had happened to cut in front of the wrong car, you could be behind those detention bars over there, charged with manslaughter. Do you see?" The funny thing is, you really do begin to see, and you feel like a dope.

The line of defendants moves slowly past a series of exhibits—a gallery of enlarged color photographs of gruesome smash-ups, a blackboard chart of the local accident and death rates, another chart which shows the mileages from City Hall to various points around town and the time it takes to get to them at various speeds. For example, on one you can roll at 50 and 60, switching lanes and shaving signals, and still gain less than two minutes.

◆ Pfaff considers it socially unhealthy to send offenders away feeling frustrated and bitter. He cannot conduct a full-scale trial for those who consider unfair tickets were written, because the arresting officer is not present to testify. Hence, a plea of Not Guilty must go over to a later day and another courtroom. But sometimes a defendant is willing to admit technical guilt but wants to acquaint the court with what he considers extenuating circumstances. And so he pleads, "Guilty, but I'd like to make a statement," and takes a seat in a special section. As soon as the other pleaders are disposed of, the 15 or 20 statement makers are heard.

The court is quieter now, and the judge leans back in his chair with an easy air which promises full attention. An elderly woman from Beverly Hills admits she was parked too close to the intersection, but that's where her car stalled, and when she came back with the tow car this ticket was on her windshield. "I'll accept your story," says Pfaff. "Fine suspended." But the man similarly parked because he ran out of gas pays his fine, on the reasoning that "running out of gas is a hazard you could have controlled, and your stalled car was a danger on the highway."

A Pullman porter claims he gave his wife $50 to pay his fine before he went out on his run to Chicago, but he hasn't seen the lady since. He hasn't the money now, and how many days in jail is $50? "When can you get the money?" asks Pfaff. "I'll go along with any reasonable date." They settle on 30 days' continuance, and the man

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goes happily back to his job. "Jail is for dangerous drivers, not hungry ones," Pfaff says.

In Pfaff's estimation any traffic offense so serious that it calls for a fine over $100 rates a jail sentence. "Nobody ought to be allowed to buy that kind of driving," he says firmly. In this category he places the 70- to 80-miles-per-hour speeder, the speeder on narrow residential streets, drivers who race with other cars on city streets, habitual offenders, and the irreconcilables who ignore tickets. His usual sentence is only three days, because he wants to reform rather than penalize. Longer sentences, he feels, merely embitter.

Since newspapers accent the dramatic, Pfaff has become known unfairly, but effectively, as "the jailing judge." The fact is, more people went to jail under earlier judges, but they were from the non-newsworthy strata of society and merely lacked money to pay fines. To such persons Pfaff now grants time to raise the money.

Inevitably Pfaff's jailing policy occasionally touches an exposed nerve. The jailing of a Pasadena minister last December caused national press comment when Pfaff denied special consideration, stating that "an automobile driven seventy miles per hour is just as dangerous in the hands of a minister as any other man." The cleric accused him of sacrilege. When the jailing of a Glendale woman caused the P.T.A. to demand Pfaff's scalp from Governor Warren, the Safety Council investigated and endorsed his handling of the case.

This jail policy, plus the rigid no-fix ticket system maintained by the Police Department, coupled with a certain lack of reticence in Pfaff's own personality, has stirred up some criticism and pressure. The powerful Automobile Club handles thousands of tickets each month for its members and feels sincerely that Pfaff is making matters more difficult than public protection demands. Others think Pfaff is getting more than his fair share of safety publicity and credit.

But the graduates of Pfaff's safety college seem to consider their fine-receipts as diplomas which enroll them in an alumni association of crusaders. They write ardent letters to the newspapers. A business man named Gregg has invested many times the amount of his fine in printing and distributing a booklet summarizing Pfaff's opening lecture on traffic dangers. Reporter Almena Davis of the Los Angeles Tribune "paid her money, walked out into the world her own woman again, and then sat down to her typewriter and began to obey the judge's injunction to 'go ye and preach the word' "—to the tune of a two-column feature.

In the thick files of correspondence from Pfaff alumni, practically all letters indicate genuinely changed attitudes. A typical letter reads: "Since my 'day in court' I don't believe I have consciously driven over 35 mph. Also I have had many a chuckle from the expressions of astonishment on the faces of other motorists when I stopped to let them make a left turn, or drive out of a driveway. As you said, 'courtesy is contagious.' "

One indication of the effectiveness of Pfaff's campaign lies in the fact that although he continues to administer the same schedule of fines, the courtroom income is steadily diminishing. Records of a random group of "incorrigibles" show that in a preponderance of cases the endless chain of citations over the past several years fades out abruptly after one or two appearances in Pfaff's court. In speaking of the reduced court revenue, the judge says happily, "We're just not getting the business here any more." Judge Pfaff wants to lose customers. Concluding his opening talk at each court session, he says to offenders: "When you leave here today I want you to do more than watch your driving. I want you to start crusading, agitating, propagandizing for better driving among your friends, your neighbors, your families, and the organizations to which you belong. And if even a small percentage of you will take upon yourselves this obligation as a civic responsibility, the problem of traffic safety can be licked."

Los Angeles is beginning to realize that he's right. ◆ ◆

A BULLET FOR MY LOVE

Continued from page 34

take Richardson's room, next door. His name is on it. It'll stay there until Friday morning."

The page captain tiptoed to the door and announced that there was a phone call for Lieutenant Lane. Bert went, and was back in a few minutes. "That was Gram," he said. "They've got Abernathy and Bonnie Clayton. Stanley Bishop was with them. Gram and Vic think Abernathy was trying to make a getaway."

"What makes 'em think that?" asked Walsh.

"They beat it out of Bonnie's house ten minutes after the broadcast started. They went out the back way, headed for Bonnie's garage. Bishop was with them, arguing about something."

"Abernathy say anything?"

"Yeh. He and Bonnie were going to a picture. They were interested enough in the Judy & Oliver program to stay home and tune in on it, but all of a sudden they had to see a picture. Bonnie was the one who suggested going."

They sent me to fetch Norton Van Hoven. He looked down at Oliver's body and wilted.

"Recognize that pig-sticker, Van Hoven?" Walsh began.

"Yes. I gave it to him."

"Why'd you give it away?"

"They told me it was a deadly weapon; against the law."

"You knew he brought it here yesterday, didn't you?"

"Oliver and I went riding yesterday. He had the riding crop then. I didn't notice whether he brought it back to the studio."

Bert Lane cut in: "You and Oliver were pretty good friends, weren't you?"

"The best."

"But you went around pestering people to write your part bigger in the Judy & Oliver show. You had a story line all worked out by which you could ease Oliver out."

Van Hoven glared at me. He knew where the information must have come from.

"Now that Oliver is dead," went on Lane relentlessly, "you don't think they'll take the show off the air, do you?"

"Of course not."

"They'll probably use your story line, or something like it. You'll be a big shot as a radio actor. And only Oliver's death could bring you that break. Keith Williams and Mr. Quincy had both told you they didn't see it your way. Right?"

Van Hoven said, in his best announcer's voice, "Oliver Sherman was my friend. I didn't kill him."

"But you gave him the weapon he was killed with. You knew it was in his dressing room. You were changing the cards on the dressing-room doors, too, weren't you, Van Hoven? I don't suppose that would be because you knew nobody would look for Oliver in a dressing room that had Richardson's name on the door, would it?"

"I saw that the cards were on the wrong doors. I was just changing them back to where they belonged when Keith Williams came along. And if you want motive, why don't you talk to him? Oliver and Judy were in love. Williams was crazy about Judy. He was jealous of Oliver."

Lane said, "We'll talk to Williams, all right. But we'll talk to you a lot more, too—at the station."

At seven forty the cops gave lers and everybody connected h the Judy & Oliver show went r to the police station.

ne of the detectives took us in oom where they had Robert Ellsrth Abernathy, Bonnie Clayton, d Stanley Bishop plus Vic Trent and Sergeant Gram. Bishop ve Judy his seat and said, "I hope iver is going to be all right," and e thanked him and took the seat, d I placed myself next to her.

Then Walsh and Lane walked in, d L. Joshua Quincy. He looked flated. There was worry behind s eyes. They plunked him into a air. Then they brought Van oven in and parked him against e wall. He looked at Mr. Quincy d shrugged, as much as to say at he didn't know why they were volving him.

Marty Walsh stared hard at Robt Ellsworth Abernathy. "You lisned in on the Judy & Oliver show night?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"About ten minutes."

"You and who else?"

"Miss Clayton and Mr. Bishop."

"Why did you cut it off?"

"We weren't interested any more. e agreed that it wasn't a good how."

"Didn't you always listen through before?"

"Probably Bonnie did. I never ared for radio."

"Who made the suggestion to cut ff the radio?"

Abernathy said, "I asked Bonnie nd Bishop whether I might turn t off. They said it was all right vith them."

Bonnie said, "I'd have cut it off myself, lieutenant. I was just going o suggest it, and—"

"How come you left the house so fast?"

"We figured we'd see a movie."

"Who suggested that?"

Abernathy said, "I did."

◆

Walsh wasted a moment in thought, and then said, "You like movies, Abernathy?"

"No. I'm trying to learn to—because Bonnie likes them."

"Did Oliver's performance tonight surprise you?"

"I didn't pay much attention."

"How did Stanley Bishop happen to be with you?"

"We made the date several days ago."

"Now tell me this: Where were you *really* going when you left Bonnie's apartment after cutting off the radio?"

"To Hollywood Boulevard, to a picture."

"What picture?"

"I don't know."

Walsh looked over at Bert Lane, and the tall, angular detective took over. His voice was persuasive. "Where were you this afternoon, Abernathy, say between three o'clock and six?"

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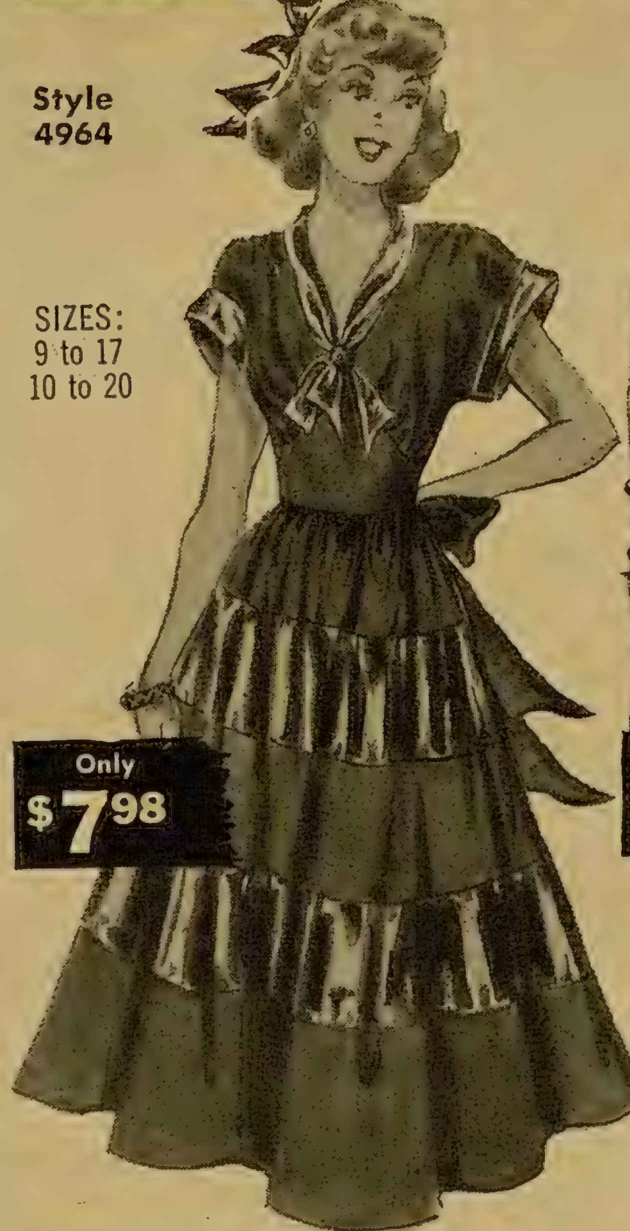

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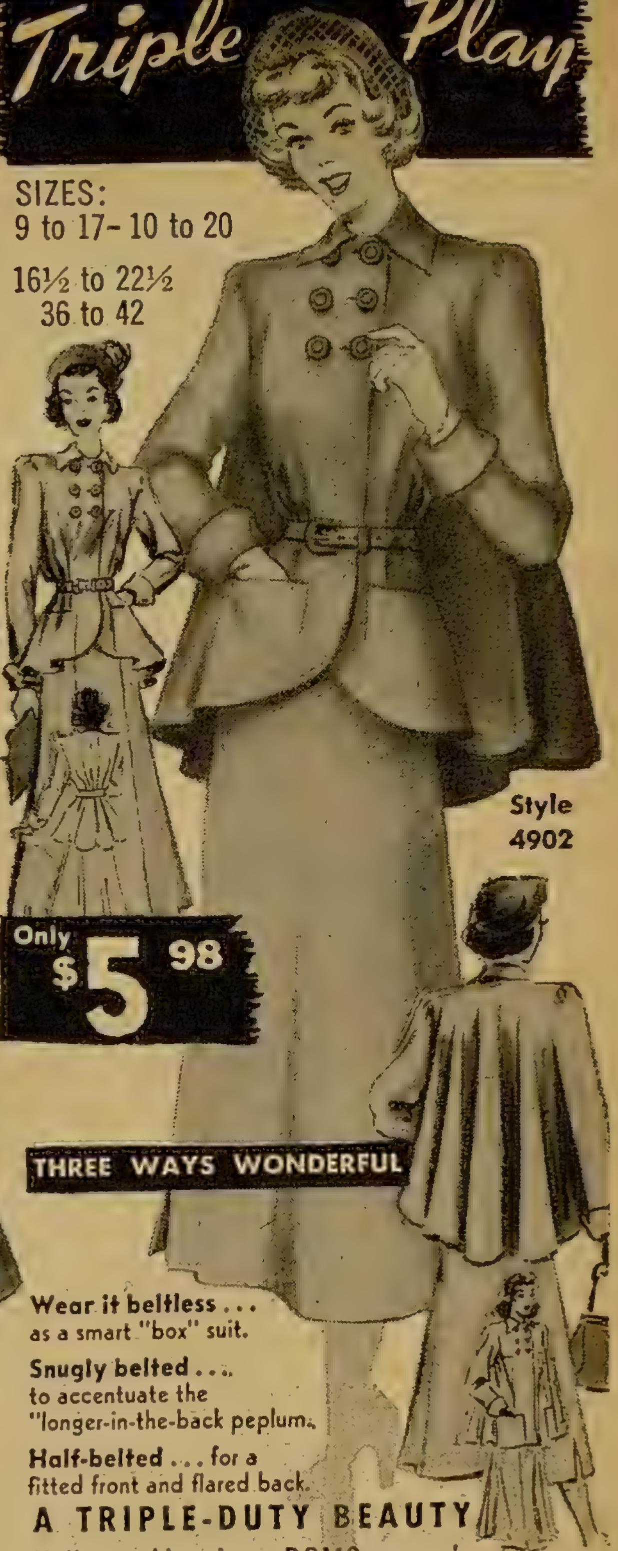

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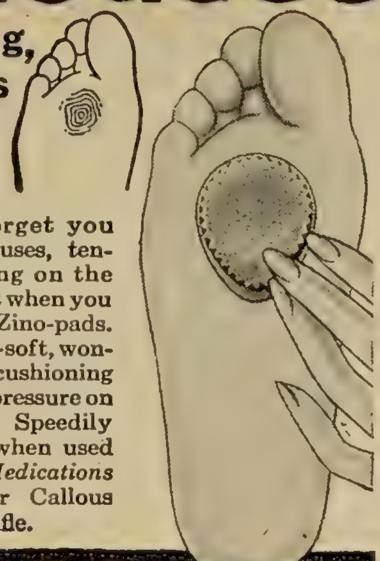

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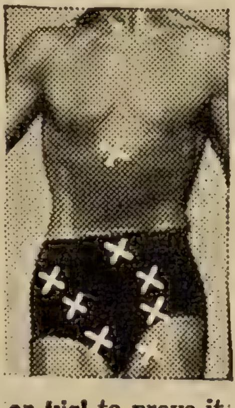

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"At home, in my apartment."

"Doing what?"

"Studying. Alone."

"What time did you leave home, and what time did you get to Bonnie's?"

"I left home about five thirty. I got to her place about six."

Norton Van Hoven said, "I thought I saw him around the CBC studios about three thirty."

"That's a lie!"

Lane said sharply, "Shut up, Abernathy." He turned to Van Hoven. "What was he doing?"

"He could have been going in or coming out. I'm not sure."

Abernathy got up. His face was scarlet. Walsh grabbed him and forced him back into his chair.

Bonnie said shrilly, "He's trying to make trouble for Robert! Why? What's this all about?"

Lane smiled. "Now," he said, "we've finally got to it. We drag your boy friend down to a police station. We start pushing him around. But never once does he ask why we're doing it. And you know why? It's because he knows the answer."

Abernathy said weakly, "I thought it was some more about that fake marriage deal—the one where Stanley Bishop said he was Valerie Palmer's husband."

"Like hell you did!" That was Marty Walsh. "Right from the first you knew we've been questioning you about the murder of Oliver Sherman."

◆ The face of Robert Ellsworth Abernathy was pasty. His eyes were wide with fear. He said, "I don't know what you're talking about..."

"Helen Dunbar was killed with your gun, Abernathy. You thought she was Judy Overton, and you were trying to get the contest answer from her. You got scared, like a damned amateur. You killed Rocky Moran because you were jealous—because he had previously been Bonnie's boy friend. You killed Valerie Palmer because she lived practically in the same house with you, and because she must have learned something that was dangerous. You saw Oliver Sherman in the studio this afternoon by appointment, and killed him. You listened in on the radio program to see what sort of announcement would be made. But instead of that, you heard the voice of a man you thought was dead. You didn't know it was a record. You decided you'd get away, fast. We're booking you on suspicion of murder. Four murders."

Bonnie went to Abernathy. She flung her arms around him. She made a lot of noise. Maybe she overdid it.

The pieces were falling into place. I was seeing things I'd never seen before. I heard a voice. It was my voice. It said, "May I say something?"

Surprised eyes were turned my way. Bert Lane said, "What is it, Keith?"

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LIBERTY Next Month

"You're right about one persc doing all four of those killings. Bu you've got the wrong person." I wa damp with perspiration. I knew was right and afraid I was wron "The murderer," I said, "is Micha Palmer."

"You're crazy," snapped Walsl "Michael Palmer is dead."

"No," I said. "Stanley Bishop i Michael Palmer."

Bert Lane turned his attention t me. "What you're trying to tell u Keith, is that Michael Palmer i still alive. That the name we kno him by is Stanley Bishop?"

"Right." I fumbled for a cigarette. "If I'm wrong about this, I'r going to feel awful silly. But if I'n right, it'll be easy to prove."

"How?"

"I think the man who moved t California with Valerie wasn't he husband at all. I think it was Clif Harrison. I think he knew he hac an incurable disease before he eve left New York. He'd come out here using the name of Michael Palmer Palmer himself remained in the background, under the Stanley Bishop alias. It was an insurance fraud among the three of them You said once, Bert, that three hundred thousand dollars is a lot of motive."

"Where'd you get this Cliff Harrison angle?" snapped Walsh.

"Cliff Harrison's hobby was writing popular songs. He collaborated on several numbers with Helen Dunbar, in New York during the time he was working for Michael Palmer. Then he vanished. But we know from the writing on that piece of music in Valerie's house, that he had been in California. Valerie denied it. She must have had a reason."

"That still ain't proof."

"No-o, but it adds up. When a

n thinks enough of pop music make it a hobby, he also listens it. All of a sudden, two numbers which he had collaborated with len Dunbar became sensational s. Cliff Harrison *had* to hear m. If he had, he'd have gotten touch with Helen Dunbar or with e publishing house. But he didn't. me, that seemed to indicate he s dead."

'He could be in some other coun- , couldn't he?"

'It's possible." Walsh was hostile, d I didn't want him to be that y. "Look," I said. "At Rocky oran's place there'll be lots of mples of Stanley Bishop's hand- iting. You can get others easily om people and firms with whom chael Palmer corresponded when was in business. You can find nty of people in New York who ew Michael Palmer. They'll be le to tell you in a hurry whether shop is Palmer. Palmer's one ance—when he started this thing was that nobody would ever ques- n his identity. That's why he lled four people—because they ew or suspected things that were ngerous to him."

Lane said, "In two-three hours 'll know the truth, Bishop. You uld save us all a lot of bother by ming clean."

Bishop looked pitiful: less like a urderer than anybody else in the om.

"I am Michael Palmer," he said eadily.

"You killed Helen Dunbar, Rocky oran, your wife, and Oliver Sher- an?"

"Yes. Cliff Harrison worked for e in New York during the war. e was a personal friend. While the usiness I had there was being ound up, Harrison learned that e had cancer. He knew he might ve six months or a couple of ears.

"There was no thought of fraud hen I took out that three-hun- red-thousand insurance on my fe. My business was going well. I elieved it would continue. When liff Harrison told us he had can- er, Valerie and I were sorry for im. We were sorry for ourselves, o. By that time my business was olding. I knew I'd be lucky to get ut of it with fifty thousand. I ated to let my life-insurance pol- cy lapse. Cliff Harrison was going o die soon anyway. Harrison came ut here as Michael Palmer. There vas no affair between him and Valerie.

"Dr. Grainger discovered that he ad cancer. He didn't know that Cliff already knew. He treated the lisease—as he thought—from the moment of its discovery. The insur- ance company merely checked the death certificate, the professional standing of the doctor, and the cause of death. It was routine with them. They paid the money to Val- erie, as the widow."

He moistened his lips and looked around the room.

Bert Lane said, "You were to be Stanley Bishop, a friend of the family. And after Harrison died—under your name—"

"Valerie was to collect the insurance. We were to wait a decent interval, then she was to marry me. We even figured that inasmuch as she was actually my wife, the going through a mock ceremony under an assumed name wouldn't invite trouble."

Lane said, "What went sour?"

"Valerie"—Palmer made the statement quietly—"even before Cliff died. She was living on the money I'd salvaged from the business. I got a job with Rocky Moran. She and Rocky became friendly. Rather too friendly. I wasn't jealous. The change was in Valerie. She was having what she regarded as her first great love affair. It was still going on when Cliff died and I was supposed to begin my courtship."

Marty Walsh said, "She wasn't afraid of you, because if you tried to force her, you'd be sticking your own neck out."

"That's it. She held all the aces. She had the money, I had only my job with Rocky."

"She wouldn't give you any of the dough?"

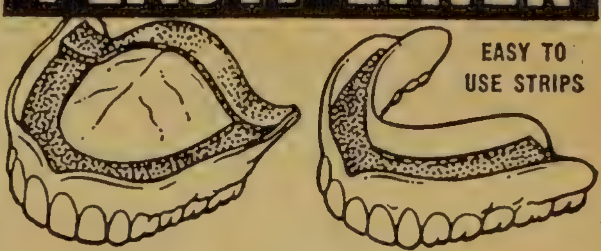
"A few dollars here and there."

Judy's voice broke in: "Were you the man who tried to hold us up on the Las Vegas road?"

"Yes. I knew that Valerie had twelve thousand dollars in cash with her. I thought she was alone. I knew the license number of her car. My idea was to take the money from her, knowing she'd never dare to go to the police about it."

Judy asked tensely, "Did you actually try to kill me?"

A slow flush crept over his face. He said, "I'm sorry, Miss Overton. I didn't really know you then. I shot primarily because I knew I must keep anyone from recognizing me. I'd have killed Williams if I'd been forced to. I didn't want to kill



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Valerie. With her dead, I'd never get my hands on the money. I thought if I shot the other woman—if I shot you—Valerie might get frightened enough to change her attitude toward me."

Judy looked away from him. There was fright in her eyes.

Bert Lane said tightly, "That isn't enough reason, Palmer. You'll have to make it better than that."

"All right." The little man drew a deep breath. "Up in Las Vegas—at dinner that night—I learned that Valerie and Miss Overton had known each other in New York. That was dangerous. Maybe Miss Overton had met me somewhere. Maybe, seeing me around Valerie, she would connect us, whereas meeting a man named Stanley Bishop on a used-car lot didn't mean a thing. And since I was compelled to shoot anyway, and since I wanted to frighten Valerie—" He had the grace to flush. "Anyway, Miss Overton—I'm sincerely glad I missed."

Walsh asked, "Why did you kill Helen Dunbar?"

"I had to." He made the statement without adornment. "After her visit to Valerie, my wife looked at the music on the piano, the number Miss Dunbar had questioned her about. She found the words and music Cliff Harrison had written on the blank staffs. She knew then that Miss Dunbar knew that Cliff Harrison had been around, and that she'd hire private detectives to find out more. So I went to see Miss Dunbar."

Walsh said, "That contest riddle. Why did you have that along?"

Palmer smiled apologetically. "To throw you off the track. To make you think that whoever killed her thought he was killing Miss Overton, and that it was motivated by an effort to get the answer to the contest."

"How come you set Abernathy up as the patsy on that deal?"

Michael Palmer looked bewildered.

"The gun—you used Abernathy's gun," Walsh explained.

"Oh, *that.* I merely wanted to use a gun which couldn't be traced to me. It happened that Abernathy's was the most readily available."

◆ We were all having difficulty believing what we were hearing. Marty Walsh continued to press.

"How about Rocky Moran?" he inquired.

"Moran was shrewd," stated Palmer. "He knew there was something between Valerie and me. I even thought Valerie might have talked too much. I wasn't sure enough to kill him, but when I followed Rocky and Williams into that parking lot at the Casa Linda, and the gun fell right at my feet—well, I just did, that's all."

"So Valerie knew you killed both those people?"

"She knew I'd killed Helen Dunbar; she wasn't sure about Rock

"Wasn't she afraid of you?"

"Yes. So much afraid that I kil her. I was afraid she'd pass her money and take a prison te to save her own life. She kn that I knew she'd never talk long as it was just a fraud we h perpetrated together, but she w getting more and more jittery. S had fallen in love with Keith W liams—she was always falling love with somebody. I couldn't ta a chance that she'd continue keep her mouth shut."

"She went riding with you th night, didn't she?"

"She was unconscious when v left her house. I hit her with t butt of the revolver before v started. She had telephoned Kei Williams, and she was threatenii to phone the police. I shot her the car."

Bert Lane spoke thoughtfull "Two things happened in conne tion with your wife's death that don't understand."

◆ Michael Palmer nodded. "I kno what you're going to ask—abo the trust deed she left, and abo my feeble effort to prove I was h husband. The wording of that dee surprised me as much as it did yo Perhaps more.

"She had grown to hate me. decided to kill her because sh finally convinced me I'd never g any of the money, and if I wasn't t get it, then she knew too muc I'd never have killed her so long a I thought there was a chance she' play fair.

"After her death—when I hear about the trust deed—I knew wha she had done and why. It was th kind of sardonic touch that onl Valerie would think of. Of course being married to me, she couldn' have married anyone else, unles she had wanted to add bigamy t her other offenses. So I knew tha she didn't have any 'beloved husband' except myself, and even tha endearing term was caustic.

"It was her final cruel gesture That trust fund was set up with my insurance money. She knew that if she died, I'd be in constant misery thinking of that money which then legally belonged to he husband, and I—that husband—could not come forward to claim it."

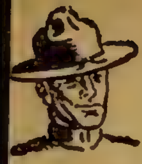
"And then?" prompted Walsh.

"One evening when I was with Abernathy and Bonnie, the subject came up. The thought hit me, suppose Valerie really had been a widow? Suppose there *had* been a secret marriage? The husband would certainly come forward to claim the money, provided he wasn't too afraid of being accused of her murder."

"Then the idea was yours—not Abernathy's, eh?"

"Yes, but neither Robert nor Bonnie realized that. I grooved the

(*Continued on page 80*)



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WOMEN

Weight in Pounds
(as ordinarily dressed)

Age 20-29	30 and over	HEIGHT (with shoes on)
115	119	4'11"
117	121	5'0"
119	123	5'1"
122	125	5'2"
125	128	5'3"
128	132	5'4"
131	136	5'5"
135	140	5'6"
139	144	5'7"
143	148	5'8"
147	152	5'9"
151	155	5'10"
155	158	5'11"
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(*Continued from page 78*)

conversation so that they would think the suggestion came from them. Then I talked Bonnie into financing my trip to Mexico, where I got the fake marriage papers. I had myself protected in the event it failed. When you did see through it, it was simple enough to make it look as though I'd been an innocent victim. Even now I feel better for having tried every angle."

Marty Walsh said, "Oliver Sherman. What did he actually know?"

"Nothing—really, but he was on the right track. He had figured out in some screwy way that Michael Palmer was alive. He was sure the whole thing was tied up with the mysterious Cliff Harrison who had been talked about but who had never appeared, even to claim the enormous royalties which had accrued to him. I believe he thought Michael Palmer had killed Cliff Harrison."

"So-o-o—" It was a prod.

"I saw the riding crop on his make-up table. I had seen it before. Mr. Van Hoven used to carry it with him. He or Oliver Sherman would park his car at our lot when they were going horseback riding. Oliver Sherman seemed to be my final danger." He made an apologetic gesture which might have been pathetic if it hadn't been made by a confessed murderer. "I hit him on the temple with the loaded end of the riding crop, hard. Then I stabbed him."

"Did you change the cards on the dressing-room doors?"

"Of course. I thought it might give me additional time. I was upset by the killing. I rather liked Oliver."

"Why did you go to Bonnie Clayton's apartment tonight?"

"Because we had a date. It would have looked odd if I hadn't gone."

"And when you heard Oliver's voice?"

"I was frightened. I was afraid I hadn't killed him. When Robert Abernathy suggested a movie, I agreed. But I wasn't going into the theater with them. I intended to find out whether Oliver had talked. The police picked me up as soon as I stepped out of the apartment building."

Bert Lane said, "You've been very co-operative, Palmer," which struck me as a rather ghastly way of putting it. "Would you mind signing a statement?"

"A confession? Certainly."

◆ They motioned to Michael Palmer and he got up. He turned at the door for a parting word. He said, "After the first murder, the rest are easy. I'd always heard that, but I didn't know how true it was." He looked at Judy. "I'm sorry, Miss Overton," he said politely. "You've had a bad time. It was all my fault."

Bert Lane and Captain James started shooing people out of the squad room. After awhile Marty Walsh came back. He announced that Michael Palmer had signed the confession. He seated himself and looked at me. He said, "How come you're so smart, Keith? You don't look it."

I smiled. I said, "I'm not smart. I was the stupid one. I should have known the answer from the night of Valerie's murder. If I'd been on the beam, Oliver might still be alive." I took Judy's hand and started talking at her. I said, "Remember when we were preparing to leave Las Vegas, honey? We were taking a taxi to the Flamingo. Valerie was going to pick us up."

Judy nodded. "I remember."

"What time did she say she'd meet us?"

"Eleven o'clock." Suddenly her head jerked up. She said, "No, she said she'd meet us at ten after one. We asked her what she meant, and she explained that it was a code that belonged to her and her dead husband. She had used it without thinking. Ten after one meant ten *hours* after one o'clock. She and Michael had used the code when they wanted to make appointments with each other and didn't want any listeners-in to spot the exact time."

Bert Lane stood up. He said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

"You get it, Bert?"

"Sure I get it. It was the lead that went sour on us, Marty, after Valerie Palmer was killed. That neighbor of hers—the one who took lunch with her—heard Valerie on the phone. Valerie made an appointment for ten after twelve. But she didn't go anywhere and nobody went there."

Marty said softly, "Ten after twelve meant ten *hours* after noon, huh? Ten at night?"

"Exactly." I was talking again. "But you couldn't guess that, and I didn't remember the casual use of the code when we were leaving Vegas. It must have been Valerie's husband she made the appointment with. It didn't hit me right away, though. How could it?"

Judy said, "Then how did you g your hunch tonight, Keith?"

"Something Stanley Bishop sa when we walked in this room." turned to the detectives. "I hea you give orders to your men. Th were to bring in Abernathy a Bonnie, without telling them an thing. I figured Bishop had be with them all the time. If the d tectives didn't tell the other tw then they wouldn't have told Bish op. But when we walked in he and Bishop gave his seat to Judy h said to her— Do you remembe sweetheart?"

◆ Judy nodded. "He said, 'I hop Oliver is going to be all right.'"

"Correct! But unless he had bee told something, that remark didn make sense. He had listened t Oliver on the air. How could h know that anything was wron with Oliver unless he was the ma who had tried to kill him—an wasn't quite sure whether he ha succeeded?"

Marty said, "I still ain't proud o myself. I should have tumbled t that one."

Bert Lane said, "Maybe we'd hav worked it out, maybe not. Sometimes we hit, sometimes we miss which doesn't alter the fact tha you did a swell job."

They made me feel good all over I got up and so did Judy. We shook hands all round.

I said, "Let's get going, sweetheart. You need a good night's rest."

"And you?" she asked.

"I can keep my fingers crossed."

"There's nothing to bother you now, Keith."

I managed to smile. "There's radio. That bothers anyone who's mixed up in it. The show has got to be revamped. Norton Van Hoven is going to develop into a severe pain in the neck. I've got plenty of trouble—as of now."

She looked at me and then at the detectives. Her voice was a little lighter, a little brighter. "He calls that trouble," she said. "Wait till he finds out what he's up against when he marries me." ◆ ◆

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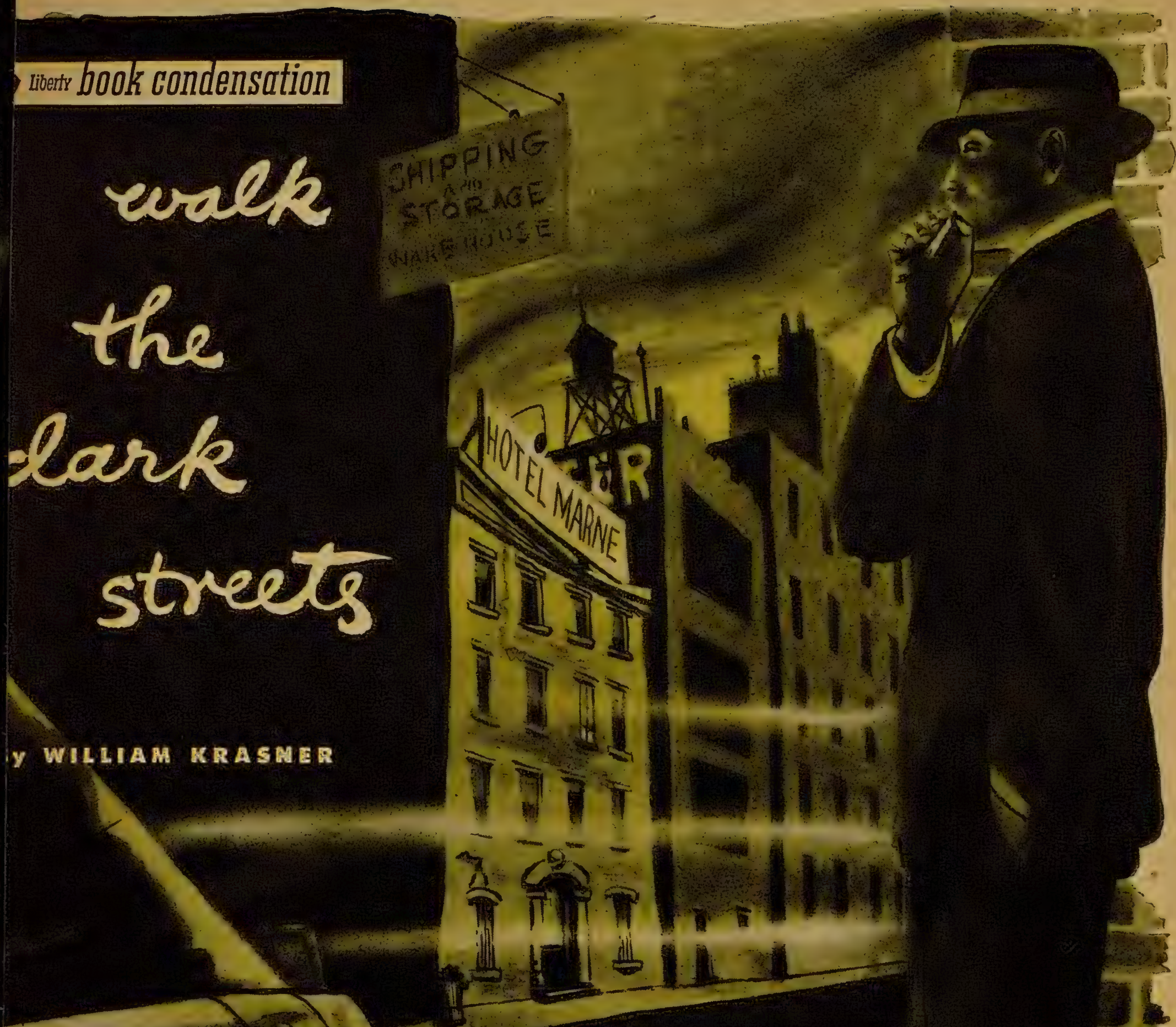

SHIPPING AND STORAGE WAREHOUSE
HOTEL MARNE

ILLUSTRATED By BUD SIMPSON

THESE ARE THE QUESTION MARKS IN THE MURDER

Harry Chapel, stockroom clerk, blackmailed by Janice Morel, with whom she was last seen alive.

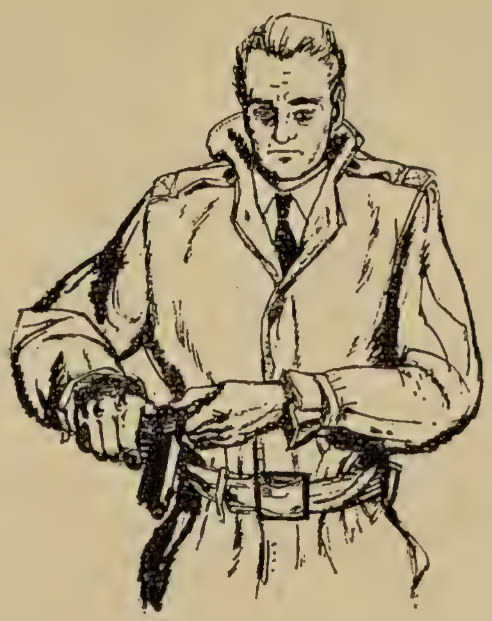
Joe Marco, owner of Club Trinidad, suspected of dealing in narcotics.

Jean Fleur, a hostess at the club and Janice's best friend.

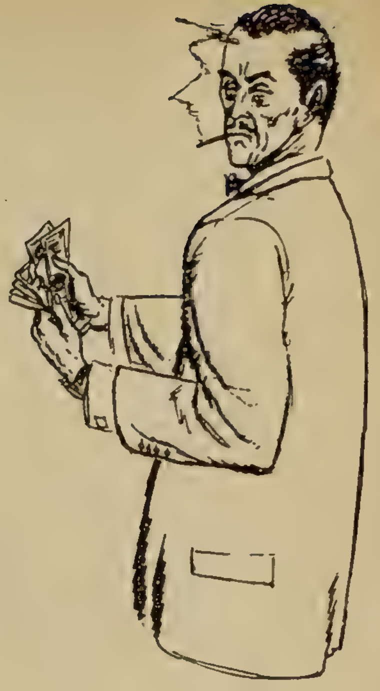
Freddie Eckstein, blind musician at the club.

Mrs. Ferris, night maid at the Marne Hotel where the murder took place.

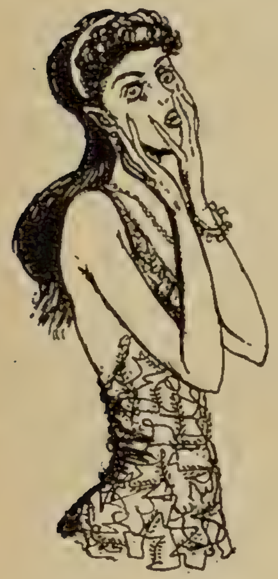
Mrs. Leeds, manager of the hotel and strangely unco-operative with the police.



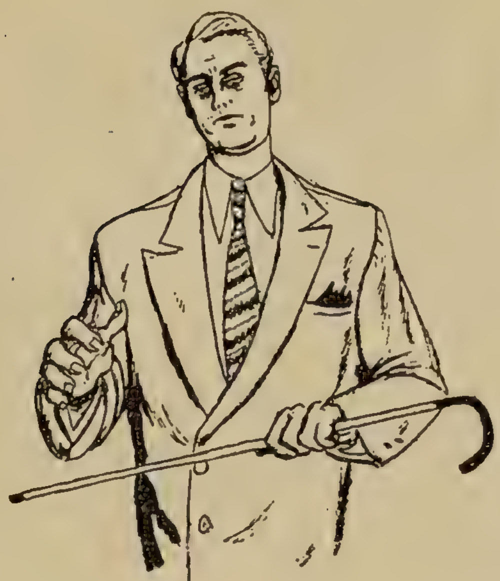
CHAPEL



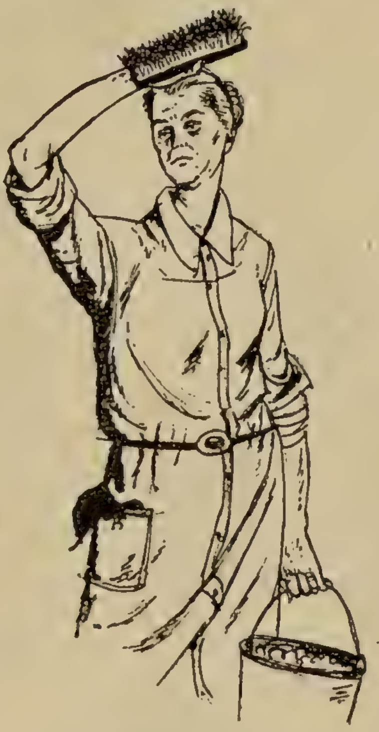
MARCO



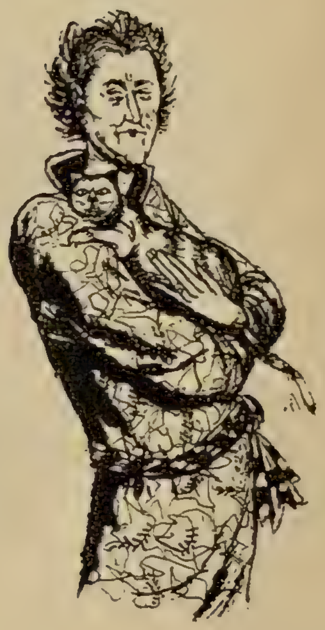
JEAN



FREDDIE



MRS. FERRIS

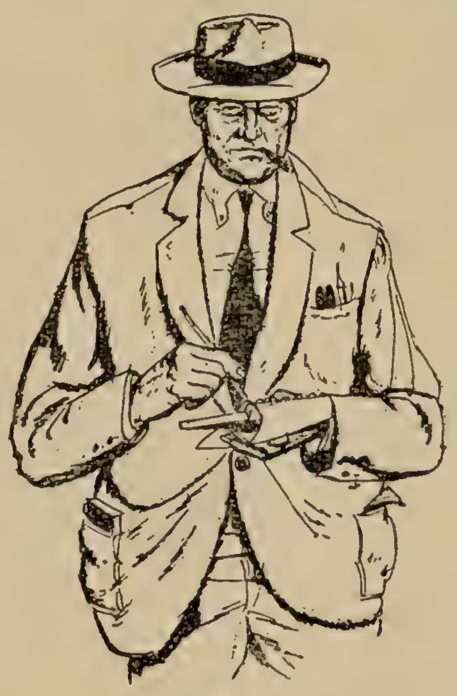


MRS. LEEDS

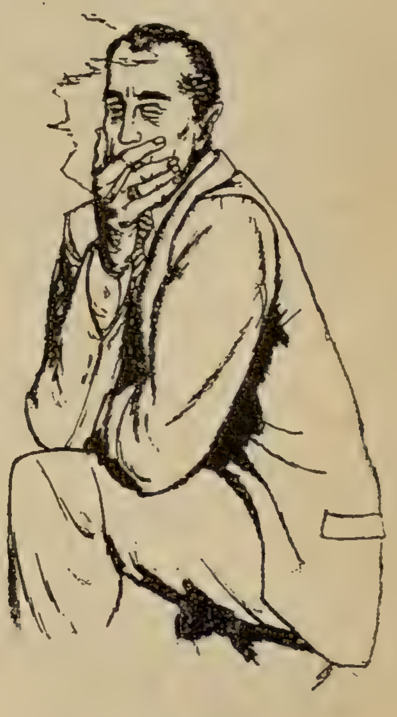
THESE TWO COPS HAVE TO FIND THE ANSWER

Detective Captain Sam Birge of the Homicide Squad, assigned to solve the mystery of Janice Morel's murder.

Lieutenant Charley Hagen, Birge's assistant and secretly determined to have his job.



CAPT. BIRGE



LT. HAGEN

the yellow fog was already creeping up around the Marne Hotel, mingling with the white breath from the sewers, carrying west the faint, sweet, rotting scent of the Ohio River. It laid damp greasy fingers on the windshield of the coupe that Detective Captain Sam Birge of the Homicide Squad was pulling to the curb across the street.

Birge parked his car and got out. He was a big, powerful man, grave of face and slightly stooped, and wearing the usual dark, baggy suit of the long-time detective. Level on his head was an old gray felt, battered by years and experience. He studied the hotel. It was gray, grimy and old, only four stories high. At nine-thirty, at home, Birge had received a call telling him to go immediately to the Marne, because a woman had been found murdered.

The lobby was scarcely less dingy than the outside. There was only a single light; it lit up the chipped desk and the thinning hair of a lean man who was reading a racing form. Without looking up he said, "Nobody allowed upstairs."

Birge said, "Police Headquarters," and kept on walking.

The clerk looked up quickly then, and the toothpick stopped moving in his mouth. He came out from behind the desk and got into the elevator too. He said, "You got a peach of a murder there, Mister," hardly moving his lips. Birge frowned.

The third-floor hall was long and dark. At the end it flattened to a T, and before the door on one side of the crossbar a small crowd was gathered, mostly women in varying stages of undress. Birge shouldered his way through, murmuring "Pardon me." Inside there was a small group leaning over the bed. There was his assistant, Lieutenant Charley Hagen; Haskell Collender, the medical examiner; a man from the fingerprint office and two morgue attendants.

They backed away from the bed to let him look. Hagen said, "Honey, isn't she, Chief?"

The woman had been, probably, in her early thirties. She had once been pretty; now her hair was blond and brittle, and her eyes were puffy. She wore a cheap wrinkled pink-rayon slip for a nightdress. The medical examiner had thrown back the bedclothes. There were no sure signs of struggle. The wound was beneath the left breast; the breast itself was scratched, and part of the pink slip had been torn by the descending knife. The sheets, the bedclothes, the nightdress, the mattress were all stiff and brown and heavy with dried blood.

Birge said, "Who is she?"

"Name is Janice Morel—at least that's what she called herself," Hagen said. "Worked at the Trinidad, a cheap joint on Sixth Street, as something called a 'hostess-entertainer'—probably a come-on girl."

Birge looked across the corpse: there was a dent in the other pillow and a groove in the sheets where another body could have lain. "What else?"

"Not much; we just got here. She wasn't working last night and nobody was with her. She didn't make a lot of noise or throw any kind of party last night, like she often does, they say."

Birge nodded. "Well, Haskell? Any doubt about this being a knife?"

"No. Broad, heavy one, I'd say. Not too sharp. Fellow who used it must have been an amateur at stabbing people, the way he butchered it. Happened about nine this morning, I figure, give or take an hour."

Birge chewed his cigar reflectively. He asked Hagen, "Anybody give a reason why we weren't notified earlier?"

"They say they didn't find out until a little while ago. Maid went in to clean about eight, found the body and started to scream. Then they let us know. A Mrs. Fahey, two doors down the hall, reported it."

On the floor directly behind the head of the girl, where she could get them by reaching down through the bars of the bed, was an empty pint whisky bottle, and a quart still half full. Next to these were two glasses, one with part of a drink still in it. Birge pointed them out to the fingerprint man.

He said, "Well, you boys let me know when you're finished."

He and Hagen went out into the hall. The group drew back and quieted a little. An extremely thin girl plucked Birge's sleeve, her bony fingers trembling against his arm. "Are you sure she's dead?"

Birge stared at her. He said, "Yes, of course she's dead."

The girl began to cry thinly, holding a tiny soiled handkerchief against her eyes. She drew back into the crowd, her body shaking, leaning against the arm of a tall blond man.

Birge said, "Where's Mrs. Fahey?"

A woman in the front of the crowd, wearing a dust cap and a vindictive expression, answered. He found an empty room, motioned her to the only chair and sat down on the bed, taking his note pad and a pencil out of his pocket. "Now, Mrs. Fahey," he said, "just tell us everything that happened before you called us."

She spoke with vehemence. "Well, I went to find out what the screamin' was all about. So I saw where the maid left the door open and I went in." She crossed herself quickly. "I knew that I had to call the police, but I knew you shouldn't be lookin' at her like that, so I pulled down her slip a little—"

Hagen said harshly, "Did you touch anything else in that room?"

"No. I looked around for somethin' he left, somethin' to show you—He's with her every night. They don't even have the shame to try to hide it. And if it's not him it's another man."

"Did you actually see him go in with her last night?"

"I didn't try to see. But I've seen them often enough before. He calls himself Chapel—Harry Chapel—though it's a long time since *he* saw the inside of a chapel!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Fahey. Will you send in the maid?"

◆

The day maid came in and took the chair Birge pointed out to her. She was trembling so hard she couldn't hold her hands still in her lap.

"About what time did you find the body?"

"About—about nine tonight. I—I went in that room to clean. That night maid is supposed to clean them before she goes off duty. But she never does, and I can't get to them till I'm ready to leave."

Birge made a notation in his book. "About what time does she go off?"

"Eight-thirty in the morning."

"When does she come on?"

"Midnight, I think." She began to cry. "If she'd do her own work—"

"All right," Birge said. "Thank you." He led her to the door.

He came back and sat down with a sigh. Hagen watched him. Birge closed his eyes. "See if you can find this fellow Chapel and bring him up here. If not, put a man on his room and have him in the office tomorrow afternoon." He opened his eyes. "Where's the manager of this place, anyhow?"

Hagen said, "I'll try to dig him up."

Out in the grimy hall the crowd was still milling about, still whispering. Birge went into the murdered

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girl's room and closed the door. The men from the morgue had brought up the familiar black wicker basket. Haskell Collender said, "Hello, Sam. I was just coming to look for you. Do you want this cadaver for anything before we take it away?"

Birge shook his head. Collender said, "Okay, boys."

One of them said, "Alley-oop," and they heaved.

The crowd before the door parted before them. A few gasped; one—the thin girl—began to cry.

At Birge's elbow Hagen said, "Chapel isn't around, Sam; I've got a man on his door. The manager—it's a woman—says she'll be up in a minute."

They went through the dresser. A small soiled notebook—of the ten-cent-store type—fell out with a pile of lingerie. Birge picked it up and thumbed the pages slowly. "Names, addresses, and dates—and sums of money entered after." He ran his finger down the page. "Hello, here's our friend Chapel—forty dollars." He closed the book and dropped it into his pocket. He felt strangely depressed, which was unusual for him. He glanced around the disordered room. "Let's wrap it up for tonight, Charley. Put a man on this room; I'll want to look at it again in the morning."

◆

Someone knocked. Birge swung the door open; a tall, cold-looking woman, with untidy gray hair, stood on the other side. She held a large, gray, comatose cat in her arms. She said, "I'm Mrs. Leeds, the manager. You wanted me?"

Birge motioned toward the bloody bed. "When did you first find out about this?"

"A few minutes before the police came. The desk clerk called me."

"Didn't they call you right away?"

"No." She stroked the cat. "The guests seldom bother me. I have maids and clerks who handle most of their complaints."

Birge said abruptly, "Who owns this hotel?"

"I do."

He stared at her another moment. Then he said coldly, "I'll want a complete list of every guest in this place and how long they've been here. I'll want everything you have on the dead girl. And I'll want you too—at my office in Police Headquarters tomorrow afternoon at two for further questioning."

"I'm sorry. It'll be very difficult for me to be there at two."

"Well," said Birge, "I'm sorry too."

He brushed past her and went to the elevator.

He got into his coupe, got a match from the dashboard compartment, and for the first time that evening lit his cigar. He started his motor, let it run awhile, raced it, and killed it with the choke; he put the car in low gear and released the brake. Then he sat back and waited. He saw Hagen and the others come out, get into the police limousine, and drive off. He still sat.

In less than half an hour the desk clerk came out of the hotel, walking rapidly. After a few steps he began to run. Birge put in his clutch silently and touched the starter; the motor started immediately with little noise. He was about a half-block behind when the other suddenly disappeared into an alleyway. Birge stamped on the accelerator, roared up to the alleyway, and slapped on his brakes; but the clerk was already gone. He drove slowly around the block four times before, swearing, he finally gave up and drove home.

◆

The neon lights of the Club Trinidad were still on when the balding desk clerk from the Marne came hurrying in. Next to the orchestra stand, there was a door. He rattled the handle, and threw it open. Inside, a small thin man, with lines dug into the flesh around his mouth, was sitting behind a desk checking figures on a piece of paper; next to him there was a pile of money, and behind him an open safe. His arm dropped quickly when the door opened; when he saw who it was he said in a flat voice, "Close it," then raised his hand and leaned back, his eyes hard. "Thought I told you never to come unless I sent for you. And to knock."

"Listen, Joe," said the other, "that dame's dead!"

Joe Marco's face lost all expression. "Who? Mrs. Leeds?"

"Not her. Your singer. That bitch Janice. Knifed. Sometime this morning. They found the body tonight, and the place stinks with cops."

"So you led them right here to me! Couldn't you call?"

"They were all around, Joe. I couldn't take a chance calling. Don't worry about that part of it—nobody followed me here. Joe, listen—what about that stuff? We can't leave it there, Joe."

Marco tapped his desk reflectively a moment, frowning. "Ten years," he said slowly, "I worked ten years building that up." His thin fist closed, and the creases in his face became deeper. "They know yet who did it?"

"I don't know for sure. They got a guard on Chapel's door."

"Whose?"

"Fellow named Harry Chapel. Lives there on the second floor. He was knocking around with that Janice."

Marco sat quietly for another moment, sucking his thin lips. "Well," he said, "I hope they catch the guy soon. If they can't do it quick enough we might even have to give them a little help."

◆

Next morning Birge parked his coupe again before the Hotel Marne. He walked heavily to the door, nodded to the patrolman, and went inside.

In the murder room he put his hat on the bed, and raised the shade. It was the same time of day as the murder now; if the shades had been up then, the sun on the sheets would have been blinding and hot, and the girl would have been strongly outlined against them. If she had been awake, the murderer would have to have been someone she knew well or expected, because she had not struggled. He looked out the window; there was a rickety fire escape platform just outside, but no height, in any direction, from which anyone could have looked into the room.

He went into the wash closet. Taking down carefully everything that could break and splash, he swept the shelves clean, one by one. There was nothing behind them, nothing under them. A pile of magazines was on the floor. He picked up the top one. The one under it was not a magazine but a brown high-school composition notebook. He kicked the pile over, and there behind it were four similar notebooks. On the bottom one, in the round, awkward hand of an adolescent, was written, in ink which had since run but was still legible, *Diary of J. Morelski.*

As he sat on the bed and opened the newest of the notebooks, he began to be conscious of voices through the partition. A man's voice, "I'll tell you what she really was! She was a blackmailer—a dirty, cheap blackmailer!" He could hear an answering voice, but he could not distinguish words. Then the man boomed out again, "I don't want you crying over her, Jean; I don't want you to cry!"

In a little while he heard the door in the next room open. He opened his own a few inches. In the hall he saw the girl who had stopped him last night to ask if Janice Morel were really dead. He went back to the bed and took up the books again. In fifteen minutes he heard the heels of the girl coming back down the hall. Through the crack in the door he could see her. She was carrying a small paper bag from which a milk bottle protruded.

Birge waited five more minutes. Then he put the books carefully into his pockets, took his hat, went over to her door and quietly knocked. It opened a crack and her face appeared. Her eyes were shadowed, red rimmed; her lips trembled.

◆

The door opened against the left wall of the room, where the bed was placed. Against the right wall, behind a table, the tall blond man sat. He said, "Who is it, Jean?" He was staring straight at Birge, his eyes wide, his pupils distended.

She said, "Hush, honey; it's the detective who was here yesterday."

She whispered to Birge: "He's blind."

"What does he want?" the man said.

Birge said mildly, "I thought it would be some help if you could tell me whatever you knew about the dead girl and who she kept company with."

The girl said, "Won't you sit down?"

Birge said, "Thank you." He walked softly across the room and sat down in the one easy chair. He searched through his pockets for a cigar. Deliberately he bit off the end, struck a match, and lighted it. He watched the other man's eyes through the flame. He turned to the girl. "How well did you know Miss Morel?"

"You don't have to answer!" the man shouted.

The girl nodded. She said, "I'll tell you. She was my best friend—the best girl friend I ever had. She had lots of faults. But when I was broke she got me a job. When I was sick she—she—"

"She was a tramp," the man said. "Anybody might have killed her."

"Freddie!"

Birge waited a few seconds. Then he asked, "Where did you work?"

"At the Trinidad. We're hostesses. Freddie works there too; he plays the bass fiddle. She sang some of the time, too."

"What are your names?"

The girl said, "I'm Jean Fleur. And he's Freddie Eckstein."

"You see?" the man said. "Different names. We're not even married to each other. And she has a husband. That makes us criminals, doesn't it? She was that girl's best friend, and I'm blind. But we did it! Who else?"

"Please, Freddie! Please!"

Birge sat, more distressed than he had ever been on a case before. He got up and walked to the window. He noticed that as he stepped into the shadow, the eyes tried to follow him. He thought: He can distinguish light from darkness. His mind jumped swiftly to the other room and the sunlight bright on the sheets. He went back to his seat. He asked, "When was the last time you saw her alive?"

"Tuesday night," Jean replied. "We were off that night, and she had supper in our rooms—" Now, suddenly, she broke down, her sobs twisting her thin body.

The blind man began pounding on the table. He yelled, "Stop it! Haven't you put her through enough? Stop—" His voice broke.

Birge got heavily to his feet. "I'm sorry. I won't bother you any more now. But don't forget—your friend was murdered. We'll need your help to find out who did it."

He found the stairs and walked down. He stopped before the desk clerk and asked, "Is there a kitchen in this place?" He went to the door indicated, opened it and walked in. A woman working at the sink turned. He nodded in greeting. He said, "Do many people use this kitchen?"

"Some do. Why?"

"Where do you keep your knives?"

She inclined her head toward a drawer in the table. There were five kitchen and butcher knives, all recently scoured. He took them out. He said, "Are there any missing?"

"Who are you, anyway?"

"Police Headquarters. Any knives missing?"

"No."

"Anybody borrow one recently?"

"I don't think so. I don't know for sure, Mister."

Birge took the knives and wrapped them in a piece of newspaper. As he passed out of the lobby he told the clerk, "Tell the manager that we're through with that room. She can clean it any time she likes."

◆

The moldy and misshapen notebooks were lined up on Birge's desk, the page with names was open before him. He said, "This Morel girl—her real name is Morelski—wanted to be an actress. When she was a kid somebody told her she had talent. Somebody told her she was good looking. So she left her husband and Evansville and came here figuring she could go right on the stage, pick up a little reputation, and go to New York for the big time. She didn't make it. Then, when she was twenty-eight, most of her looks gone, when she was a professional come-on girl, somebody told her he could get her on the stage. He told her it would take a lot of money. So she went in for extortion. She made lists of the men she had slept with, looked around for something she could use against them, and then held it over them till they paid." He tapped the names on the list. "She got money from Freddie Eckstein, who lives with her best friend. She squeezed Chapel, and plenty of others. She seldom asked for more than twenty or thirty dollars, and she didn't hit anyone more than three times."

◆

Hagen picked up a small pile of papers from the desk. He said, "We found Chapel's prints on the whisky glass—compared them with samples taken from his room. Checked them with the files and couldn't find anything, so sent a sample on to Washington, just for further checking." He laid a sheet before Birge. "Here's the analysis on those knives you wanted. All the blades were scoured clean; no traces of anything. Want to hear the medical report?"

"Anything we don't know?"

"Not much. No traces of poison—could have guessed that. Not much food, either. Plenty of whisky. Knife wound was about four and a half inches deep. Cut into the left ventricle of the heart. Death very quick." Hagen slid that sheet before Birge also, then said, "Remember Joe Marco? Well, he owns the Club Trinidad, where this babe worked."

"I know. He also owns the Marne."

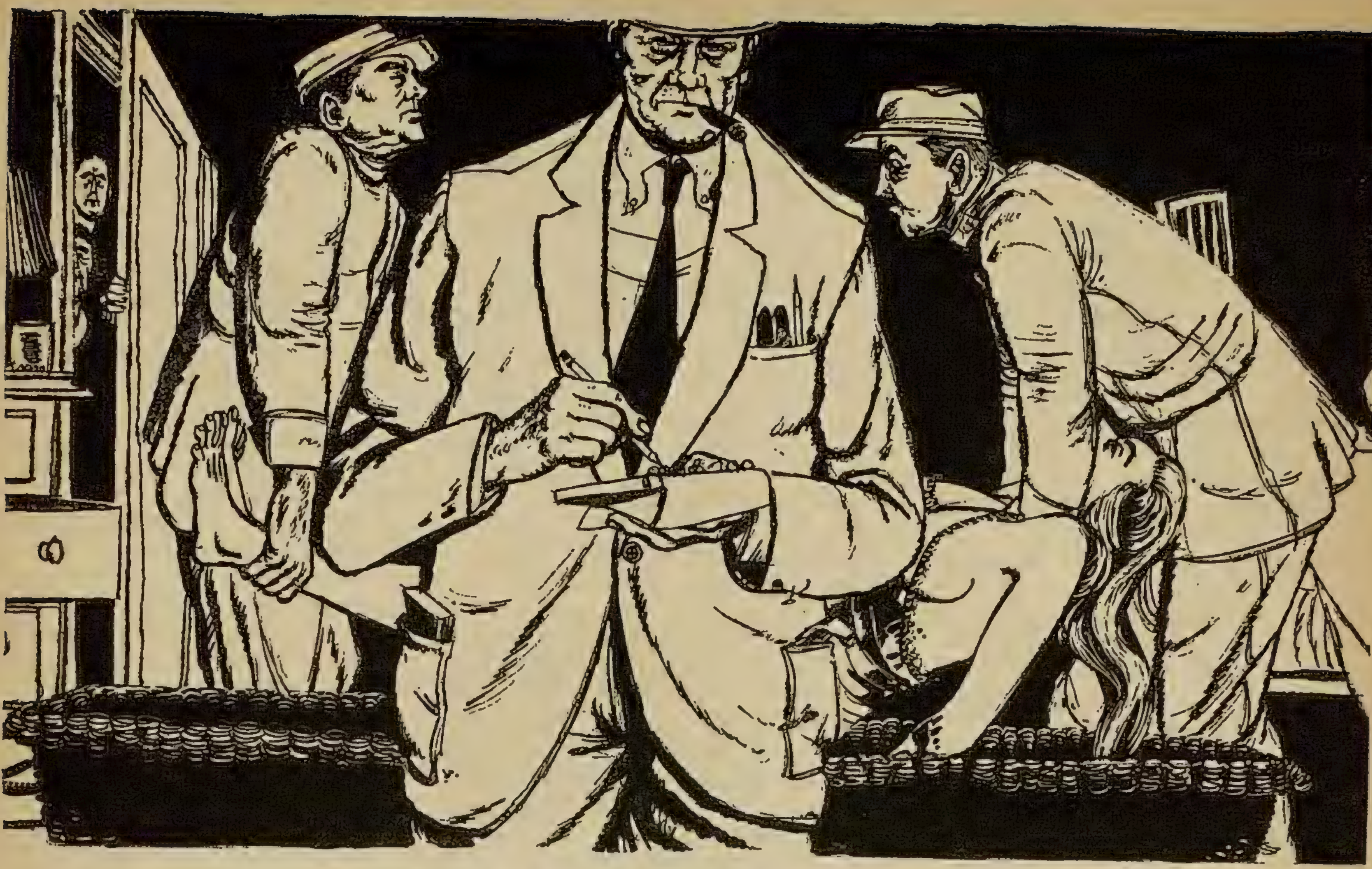
"I thought that Mrs. Leeds—that manager woman—said she did."

"She did say so," Birge said mildly, "but I guess she lied."

He picked up the reports and began to go through them methodically. Hagen lit a cigarette, and began to pace slowly around the room.

Birge finished the reports and set them aside. He said, "All right, Charley. Get the night maid in."

Mrs. Ferris was dressed shabbily but neatly. She carried a large worn purse. She was quieter, older, and



Birge went into the murdered girl's room and closed the door. The men from the

liberty book condensation

more intelligent looking than Birge had expected. He motioned her to the chair next to his desk. Suddenly, strongly, she reminded Birge of his wife—except that, unlike the way Edna would have acted, she was not looking directly at him.

"What time did you go off duty Wednesday morning?"

"Almost eight-thirty, I believe it was."

"The day maid says it's your job to clean Miss Morel's room before you go off duty. How did it happen that you didn't do it that morning?"

The hands stirred on the old purse. "Those people who work in night clubs don't come in till late; they're never up before I leave."

"Did you go in to see if she was up?"

"Yes, I did."

"What time was that?"

"Eight, or maybe a little after."

Birge leaned forward. "Could she have been already dead then?"

The hands stirred again. "No. Oh, no. I'm certain I could hear her breathe."

"Was anybody with her?"

"I don't think so. I only saw her half of the bed."

Birge leaned back in his seat. He said, "Mrs. Ferris, how old are you?"

"Fifty-five."

"That's pretty old for a chambermaid. How did you come to be one?"

"Well, I'm a widow, you know. My husband has been gone quite a while. My son—he's gone, too."

"Dead?"

"Just gone," she said after a moment. "It's pretty lonely living alone. This way—it keeps me busy. The girls are very good to me."

"Was Miss Morel good to you?"

"When she felt well she was very kind. But—well, it seemed to me sometimes that she wasn't quite normal. Sometimes she locked her door and drank alone."

Birge glanced at Hagen. The latter shrugged. Birge said, "Well, Mrs. Ferris, thank you very much."

He waited till she was almost to the door, then swung his chair around toward her. "Oh, by the way, Mrs. Ferris," he said, "do you remember ever seeing Mr. Chapel in the room with Miss Morel?"

She turned, her face startled. "Why, I can't be sure."

"All right, thank you, Mrs. Ferris. Good-by."

She went out. Birge looked over at Hagen. "Well?"

"I think she's covering up for Chapel. But why?"

"That's right, why?" He stared down at the blotter, tapping his pencil. "All right, Charley, let's take that manager now."

Mrs. Leeds walked slowly to the chair next to the desk and sat down. Birge pushed over toward her an account card for the payment of property tax on the Marne Hotel. It was made out in the name of Joseph T. Marco as owner. Birge said, "When Joe Marco told you to tell people that you owned the hotel—if that's why you told us that—he didn't mean the police, because he knows us well enough to know that we have ways of finding out things like that. And there are laws about withholding evidence, Mrs. Leeds. Remember we are investigating a murder." He put his pad on the table before him. "Now: Do you know who spent the night before the murder in Miss Morel's room with her?"

"No."

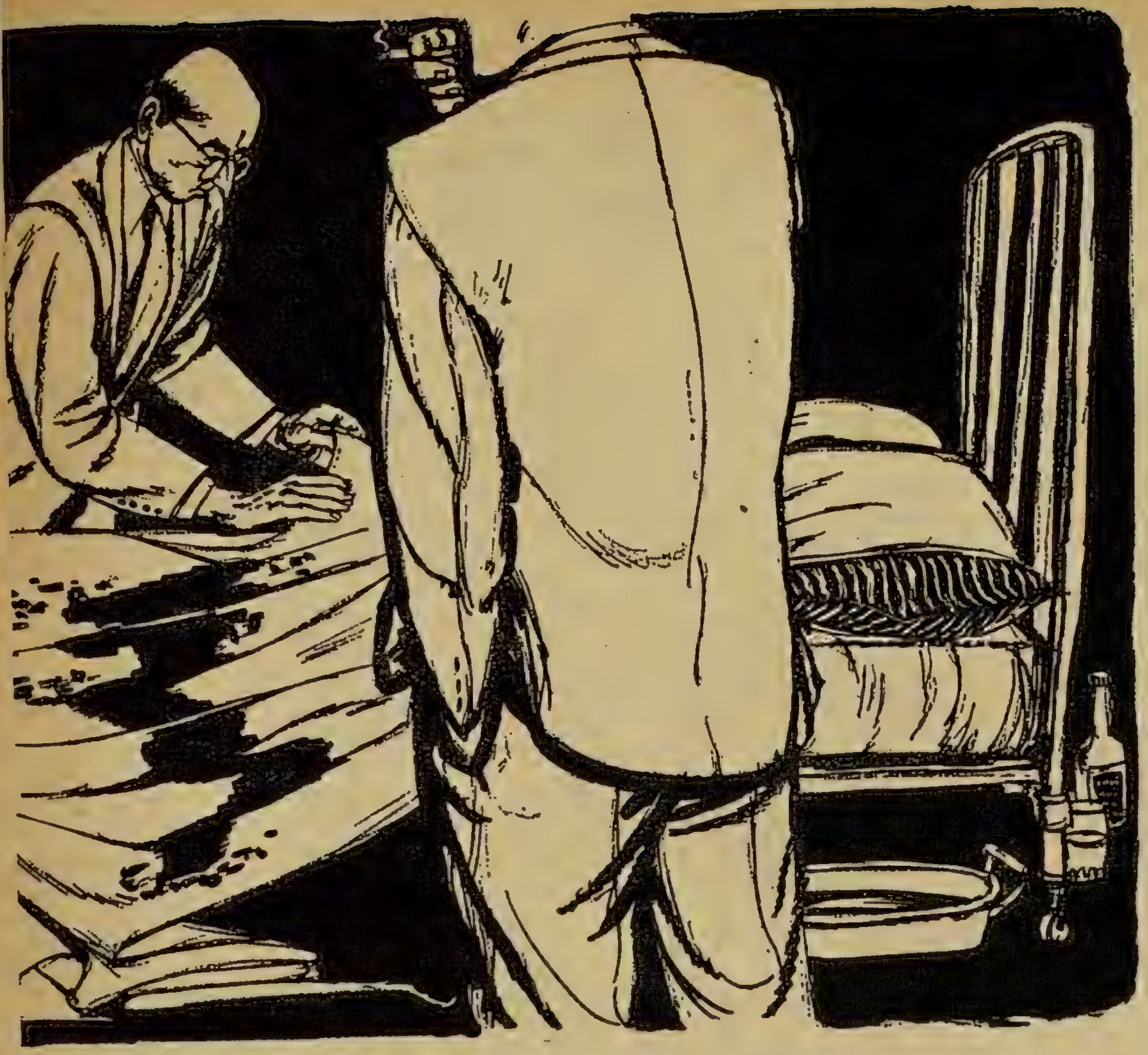
"Do you know of any trouble between her and any other guest?"

"No."

"Why does Joe Marco own the hotel, and why does he try to keep that ownership secret?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Birge slammed his pad shut. "Good-by, Mrs. Leeds. Thank you." He turned to Hagen. "Well, who's next?"



morgue had brought up the familiar black wicker basket.

"Chapel. And he's the last one."

He was of medium height; with his chunky shoulders he looked shorter. His hair was an indeterminate dirty blond, occasional light strands contrasting surprisingly with the darker mass. But the eyebrows and lashes were totally blond and were a little startling against the tanned skin. His face was intelligent. His eyes were of a peculiar cool blue, through which he seemed to be watching, calmly, impersonally, like a man looking down from a high window on the people in the street.

"You and the murdered girl had been intimate?"

The eyes flicked to Birge's. "Yes, I guess we had."

"Were you with her Tuesday night?"

The eyes showed little interest. "No."

Hagen said, "We found your fingerprints on a whisky glass there. Everybody in the place knows you'd been playing around with her. They saw you going in Tuesday night and coming out in the morning." He told the lie without change of inflection.

The eyes turned and rested on Hagen. "Well, I guess I did, then."

Birge said, "What time did you leave?"

"I don't know exactly. About eight-thirty."

"Was she awake when you left?"

"No."

Hagen asked, "Was she dead?"

The eyes flicked back. "No. Just asleep."

Birge said, "Did you see the maid come in in the morning?"

"I heard the door open once. I pretended to be asleep."

"We know she was engaged in a little small-time extortion. We know you were one of the people she got money out of. That right?"

◆

Chapel looked at the ceiling. "I wouldn't call it extortion. She needed money. I gave it to her."

"Needed it for what?"

"I didn't ask her."

"What did she threaten you with?"

He didn't answer. Birge shrugged. "Where do you work?"

"In the stock room at the Leader Department Store."

"You're pretty intelligent, and you must be in your thirties. Why are you satisfied with this job? And why are you satisfied to live in a place like the Marne?"

Chapel said, "I live how I please, I work where I please. As long as it's not illegal, I don't think I have to answer for it to the cops."

"You're a pretty smart customer, Chapel," Hagen said. "Watch out you don't get too smart."

Chapel did not bother even to look at him.

Birge leaned forward. "Chapel, you're in this deep. Don't leave town." He thought it had not been very clever of Chapel to antagonize Hagen.

◆

Hagen was in the office alone when the special-delivery letter came from Washington. It was a résumé of the criminal career of Harold Chappell, alias Harry Chapel: attempted to kill wife by strangling; convicted of felonious assault; began sentence Joliet January 25, 1942, released on parole January 1946. Then there were details. Hagen read it all carefully. The muscles of his jaw played in and out. When, finally, he dropped the sheets on the desk, he had reached his decision.

He drove the black police limousine through the narrow alley back of the Marne Hotel. There was no back entrance to the hotel; only a window opening out from the lobby, and a rusty fire escape. Hagen stationed the plain-clothes man he had brought with him beneath it. The car he brought to the front, parking it a little way up and across the street. He got out and told the patrolman still in the front seat to wait there, and watch the hotel door. Then he went inside and up to Chapel's room.

Chapel sat on the edge of the rumpled, sagging bed; Hagen in a seat close by. Hagen smiled at him for several seconds.

He said, "Y'know—seems to me you're in kind of a rut. This is the second time you've been involved with the police about murdering a woman—or trying to. Give us a signed confession now. It'll be easier on both of us."

"Probably. But what if I say I didn't do it? You know you don't have enough evidence to bring me before a jury!"

Hagen shrugged. "We can get it quick enough if we have to. And even if you didn't do it, you know who did, because you were there. Either way you better talk."

When he was gone, Chapel lay back in bed staring at the ceiling. Presently he got up and went out the door. At the end of the hall was a single dirty window. He looked carefully up the street and spotted the car. Back in his room he dressed in his one clean suit. He put on a dark blue felt hat and a large trench coat with capacious pockets. Into one he put socks and a razor. He took all the money he had. From a drawer he pulled out a small automatic pistol and dropped it into his pocket.

He went to the third floor, looked out, flat against the wall, then walked, noiseless as before, to the murdered girl's room. He closed the door softly behind him, and with three steps was across the room and prying the window open, squeezing out onto the fire escape. He kept close to the wall, where the steps were stronger, and less likely to creak. At the bottom there was a drop of about fifteen feet to the alley. A horizontal iron ladder was supposed to lower when someone stepped on it. Chapel tried, softly; it creaked, but did not budge.

Below, suddenly, a shoe scraped. He froze against the wall, then carefully looked down on the dim figure of a man. The figure coughed. Under the cover of that cough Chapel stepped quickly over the railing and crouched down, toes barely finding purchase, hanging by one hooked arm almost directly over the other's head. He held his breath; dropped.

The man crumpled beneath his weight, struck his head on one of the sharp rocks in the alley, and lay still.

Chapel pitched forward over the other's back, and cut one of his hands painfully. He cursed, got up, and wrapped a handkerchief around it. He knelt over the other; the man was breathing. He got to his feet again, and started, limping, up the alley. At the entrance to the street he turned down his hat brim, then walked purposefully across the dark wet street. To Hagen, waiting in the car, the gray figure was merely a late worker hurrying home.

The desk clerk had seen Hagen go up and come down. When he heard a thud and a scraping noise in the rear, he went and looked carefully. There were two shadows before the lobby window; one prone, the other kneeling over it. As he watched, the second got again to its feet. The desk clerk ran to the pay phone behind the desk and called a number. For a few seconds he spoke, then listened. "Right, Joe," he said, and hung up.

◆

Sometimes Chapel dreamed that he was in the bottom of a deep narrow hole, like a well miles deep. And it was because of that dream that at first, after he was released from prison he liked to walk the dark streets—at all hours, and even in winter, with the cold wind pushing him along. He liked it because he could see no walls and his ceiling was the universe.

And now he was walking the dark streets again.

His escape was very prosaic: he simply waited for a streetcar, gave it a last-minute signal to stop, paid his fare, and went to a back seat. He did not notice a man who got on at the next stop, out of breath, with no hat or raincoat; who sat in front in a position which gave him a clear view of Chapel through the motorman's rear-view mirror.

When about twenty minutes had passed, Chapel got out. Unnoticed by him, his watcher got out the front door as he was stepping out the rear, and staying a respectful distance behind, followed him.

At night Acadia Street had a furtive, confidential air. Chapel picked out a small hotel and walked in.

"Sorry, Mister; we ain't got no single rooms," he was told.

"All right, I'll pay for a double. That okay?"

"No, it ain't okay." A man who came alone was sure to stay the night; while a couple would probably leave after three or four hours, allowing the room to be rented again.

Chapel walked aimlessly down the street. At an all-night lunchroom he paused, then went inside, for no particular reason except to get out of the wet. He sat at the counter. The waitress was smiling at him. She was very young, about eighteen, and pretty, though no longer as fresh, perhaps, as you might expect for eighteen.

He had never dreamed he could be so tired. He knew, though, that it was not really all fatigue—not all physical fatigue anyway. It was a revolt by all his normal yearnings against having to run away again, against having to hide.

When the girl put down his coffee she did not go. He looked up into her face; she smiled again. He thought, Should I ask you, sweetheart, where I can get a room for the night? Would you know? Or, if I asked you politely enough, would you take me to yours? Would you, since you're going to remember me anyhow? The police would never think to look there.

Back out in the rain, he told himself he wasn't going to walk those dark streets. He went to the small hotel next to the one where he had been refused. He said loudly, "I want a double room. For me and my wife. She'll be along in a minute."

He signed the register card in a large hand, *Joseph Smith, Jefferson, Ill.* "When my wife comes in, send her right up."

He locked and bolted the door of his room and leaned back against it and closed his eyes. "When my wife comes in," he whispered, "send her right up—won't you?" He rubbed his hands together, feeling the calluses. Pile driver's hands, she had called them—pile driver's hands. This was when they had first been married, and before the hands had become really big and hard, at Joliet, She had loved to stroke them. It amused her that someone in their group had such shoulders and such hands; and she was a little proud that it was he. She had not called them strangler's hands then—but she had found out about that, too. . . .

Downstairs a thin man in a shapeless, dripping jacket said, "I want a room where I can watch that stairway. And I want to be called as soon as that fellow you just took upstairs goes out."

◆

Jean Fleur, hesitant, like a ghost caught, fearful, in daylight, took the chair next to Birge's desk.

"Something happened this morning—I thought I better come tell you about it." She had to press her lips together to steady them. "Well, you see I have a place—a drawer in my dresser where we keep extra money sometimes when we have it. . . . Well—recently I've been finding money in there I didn't put in. Recently—at first I thought maybe I put it in and didn't remember. My memory isn't so good. . . ." Her eyes wandered away. "Well, later I thought maybe Freddie was putting it there. He usually gives me all his money, but—I don't know—I thought maybe he got some more someplace. I didn't ask—I—I was just glad to get it." She glanced up at him fearfully, as though she expected him to strike her in punishment. "Well—then this morning I found another ten dollars there—and there was a note with it, a handwritten note—" The voice rose. "Just two words. 'Don't worry.' What does that mean, 'Don't worry'?"

Birge held out his hand. "Let's see it."

"I—burned it. I was afraid. I been afraid ever since she died. . . . Last night somebody was listening at my door. It was that night maid—that Mary. She pretended like she was cleaning." The eyes moved off again, apprehensively. "But I know better. I know."

He leaned over and touched some tiny red marks on her arm. "Now," he said, "you're going to tell me where you get your dope."

Her blue lips quivered painfully.

"Jean, it's no crime to be an addict. The real crime is to sell the stuff. I know where you get it, but I need real proof."

She would not answer. He shrugged, stood up, and took her arm. "All right, Jean. Let's go back to the hotel."

In the outer office, he stopped long enough to tell his secretary, "Call Harrison in Narcotics, and ask him to come up to the Marne Hotel on Ash Street with a couple of men as soon as he can."

At the hotel he told Jean, "I want you and Freddie to be at my office tomorrow at two. I don't want to have to send after you."

The men from Narcotics were already in the lobby waiting for him. Harrison, an old cop who had once walked a beat with Birge, shook his hand. "What's up, Sam?"

"Marco owns this place, but keeps it quiet. I'm pretty sure he has at least one of his agents operating out of it. It must be where he stores his stuff."

He found out where Mrs. Leeds's apartment was, went to it, and knocked.

"Mrs. Leeds, do you know which of your guests use narcotics?"

She looked at him with cold surprise. "No."

"Marco sells dope and at least one of your guests uses it. There's some stored here, or at least there's an agent." He paused. "By the way, where's your night clerk?"

An almost imperceptible frown crossed her face. "He's off today."

"All right. Now may I have your keys, please?"

They searched the attic, the closets, and the damp and littered basement, tapping walls, moving furniture and opening and checking through the storerooms. By the time they gave it up it was late and they were tired and dusty.

Before Birge left he went up, once more, to the third floor, to see if he could find his pencil, which he had missed. Mrs. Ferris, on her hands and knees, was slowly scrubbing at the rough hall floor. She turned her head and peered upward dimly at him.

Behind them they heard a door creak, and slow footsteps. Freddie had come out of his room and was moving by them, going down the hall. His hair was mussed, and occasionally he lifted his hand to get his distance from the wall. Her eyes traveled with him.

Birge said, "Did you know that Chapel ran away last night? We should have him back pretty soon."

She took a moment to answer. "What are you going to do to him?"

He shrugged. "What do you think? We're pretty sure he killed the girl, now. Besides that, there's the assault charge against him."

While he watched, she swayed slightly. "He was a nice boy," she said. "Always nice to me." She went slowly back to scrubbing.

◆

Chapel lay on the cheap hotel bed, staring up at the dirty ceiling. After a long while he said, "I'll have to get up now." But he did not move. His mind would not listen to him; it was like a bruised and bleeding animal which had thrown itself against the bars of its cage once too often, and knew that there was no real freedom that way, only more pain. He repeated: "I'll have to get up, I'll have to get away somehow . . ."

The pretty young girl who had waited on Chapel the night before was obviously glad to see him that evening. She laid a menu before him and whispered in cozy confidence, "Take the roast beef. It's good tonight."

"All right. Roast beef." He pushed the menu away.

All the things that he had been trying to keep out of his mind before began to creep back. He saw a campus and a young man walking on it. The man was himself; and yet it all seemed somehow vague and unfamiliar to him, almost a little frightening—a strange blond young man in a strange place, wearing a strange brown sweater, walking purposefully through the grass and carrying a book. A girl was waiting; a smiling girl, well dressed, with brown hair and a white throat. . . .

He raised his eyes. The young waitress was standing directly before him, pretending to wipe at the already spotless counter.

He thought of the walk home, and the dingy lobby, and going upstairs to his dirty room. "Look," he said, "suppose I hang around and walk you home tonight. That all right with you?"

"Well—all right. Sure."

"My name's Berenice," she said, when they were outside. "What's yours."

"Harry."

"It's a nice name."

He did not answer and they walked on in silence. Now, before the reality of the dark, empty street, the little bit of warm familiarity they had for a moment felt in the lunchroom faded rapidly away. He wondered why he had asked to walk her home.

It began suddenly to seem to him that he was moving, not with a girl, but alone on the cold earth; not down a street, but into the black mouth of a steep funnel, which constantly, inexorably, was sucking him down. He could no longer go back, only forward; and each step, no matter how slowly he took it, was one gone forever behind, and one less till the sides closed in and crushed him.

A block farther on she said, "Well, here we are," and stopped before a narrow doorway. "Well, it was nice of you to walk me home."

He glanced back up the street, the way they had come. "Nice of you to let me."

"I'll be seeing you again soon, won't I?"

She was leaning back against the wall, her face dim in the shadow, her eyes and lips soft. He cupped her chin in his hand and kissed her.

"Well, I got to go. See you again?"

He drew her to him again and kissed her harder, her warm breasts against him, but then she put her palms against his lapels and gently, but definitely, pushed him from her. He could see her tremble in the shadow. "I guess we just better say good-by now."

"Berenice," he said, but she had the door open and had run inside. He could only listen to the slam of the door and her quick running feet going up the stairs. After a moment he sat down on the stoop and mechanically lit a cigarette. I'll sit here and smoke awhile, he thought, and then I'll go back. But he didn't know where he would find the courage.

When the door started to give behind him, he turned. It was a long moment before, slowly, he got to his feet, pushed it open, and stepped, hesitantly, inside.

It took his eyes a few seconds to become accustomed enough to see her. As soon as he was in, she started up the stairs, staying well ahead. At the top, she stopped. Her breathing was labored. She said, "I want—" choked and started again. "I want you to know I don't do this often. I don't—"

She could not finish. He waited a few seconds more and then silently and humbly reached out for her in the darkness.

◆ It was not until the following night that he went back to the hotel for his things. He dropped them into his pocket, and had almost turned to go when he heard the faint creak of the door being opened behind him. He dropped his hands in his pockets—his fingers found the gun. He began to whistle and turned.

"Don't come any closer!" It was the scrawny, balding desk clerk from the Marne. There was no mistaking the bulge in the jacket pocket where his right hand was.

"Hello. What do you want?"

"Come on." The other tried to stare Chapel down, but his own eyes were nervous. "You're wanted by the police."

"Since when do you work for the police?" Chapel began to move slowly, trying to get a table between them.

"Stand still!" The gun, a large one, was out. "You want this, you'll get it. Get those hands up and start for that stair!"

The sweat trickled down Chapel's back. He had not yet reached the table. He started to bring his hands out of his pockets, slowly, the right hand clutching the little automatic. He watched the trembling muzzle of the gun facing him. Just as his own gun was about to come out, he fired. He saw the other gun jerk; and while the sound of his own shot was still loud in his ears a sixteen-pound sledge, like the ones they had in prison, smashed full force into his stomach. The other went down, writhing, but Chapel could not see him clearly.

◆ About two in the morning, after Birge had told her that Chapel was being hunted, she found that she could no longer go on. Her strength was a brittle and narrow thing. She sat in the downstairs kitchen.

The pay phone behind the lobby desk began to ring. The woman day clerk, who, like her, was doing double duty, was not there, and it kept on ringing. After a while Mrs. Ferris went to it. The voice on the other side was excited, and spoke loudly, and it took her a moment before, eyes narrowed in concentration, she realized that it was for her.

"*Dulcie*, Mary. *Dulcie!* You know—the one who worked there before you."

"Oh . . . yes, Dulcie."

"I called this late because I knew I could get you and I didn't want anybody else to hear. A detective called me up. Earlier this evening. He wanted to know about Mrs. Leeds—what she was like to work for. He asked me why I quit."

Mary Ferris remained silent.

"Well, I had to tell him, Mary! I wouldn't want to get nobody in no trouble, you know that, but he was from the police and all . . . and I been reading in the papers . . . that awful thing . . . I couldn't get mixed up in it, Mary. I told him about the money, and how you got me to quit and get Mrs. Leeds to hire you. I had to tell him, Mary."

"That was . . . all, Dulcie?"

"Well—he asked me if I knew why you wanted the job so bad to pay me to quit, and I said I didn't. I said—well, that's all I told him, Mary . . . about you. I hope you're not in any trouble, Mary."

"It's all right, Dulcie."

She hung up. She could not do any more that night.

◆ As Birge parked before the Marne Hotel, Freddie Eckstein came out the front door, walking alone. He carried a cane, grasping it by the handle like a weapon. Birge watched quietly while Freddie tapped himself unerringly around the corner. Then he sighed, walked across the sidewalk and into the lobby. He went up to the third floor and knocked at Jean Fleur's door. Her flour-white face appeared. She said querulously, "You said two o'clock at your office."

"I thought it would be better here." He took the easy chair, and motioned toward the bed. "Please sit down. The last time you saw Janice Morel was the night before the murder, wasn't it?"

She knotted her hands. "Yes. When we had supper here."

"Was she here alone?"

"Freddie too. Just us three."

"What happened after?"

"Nothing. After a while I went to a late show."

"Then Freddie and Janice were left alone together?"

She raised her eyes to him. "Well—yes. . . . She was going to go to sleep right away, though."

"How did they get along, generally—Janice and Freddie?"

"All right. . . . Why shouldn't they?"

"Do you know if he was giving her any money?"

"No—why should he?"

"I don't know why. I'm asking you. Do you know if anything was going on between them?"

Her hands knitted tight in her lap. "Not Freddie. We were all good friends."

"What would you have done if you had found out that there *was* something between them?"

The joined hands shook, the knuckles turned white. "Why do you ask questions like that? We were all good friends!"

"I have to ask them. What would you have done?"

"Freddie—Freddie couldn't. . . . Do you think I could live with anybody I couldn't . . . trust?"

Birge watched her, then nodded. "Now tell me about Freddie. Was he working at the Trinidad when you started?"

"Yes, but not very long. This is the longest he's worked any place."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Because he's blind, I guess. I guess the bands will only hire him when they can't get anybody else, like during the war. Sometimes too . . . he doesn't get along well with band leaders . . . I don't know."

"Where did he work before?"

"At a club out near Willow Park, and before that at a bunch of other places. He never told me much about it."

"Tell me—how late did you sleep Wednesday morning?"

"Till about ten. We didn't work the night before."

"That partition is pretty thin. Do you remember hearing anything about that time or a little before?"

"No—I don't know. I woke up first about a quarter to nine—something woke me up, I don't know what. And I turned to ask Freddie, but he wasn't—" She stopped suddenly and stared at him.

◆ He got up and strode over to her. "He wasn't in bed, you mean?"

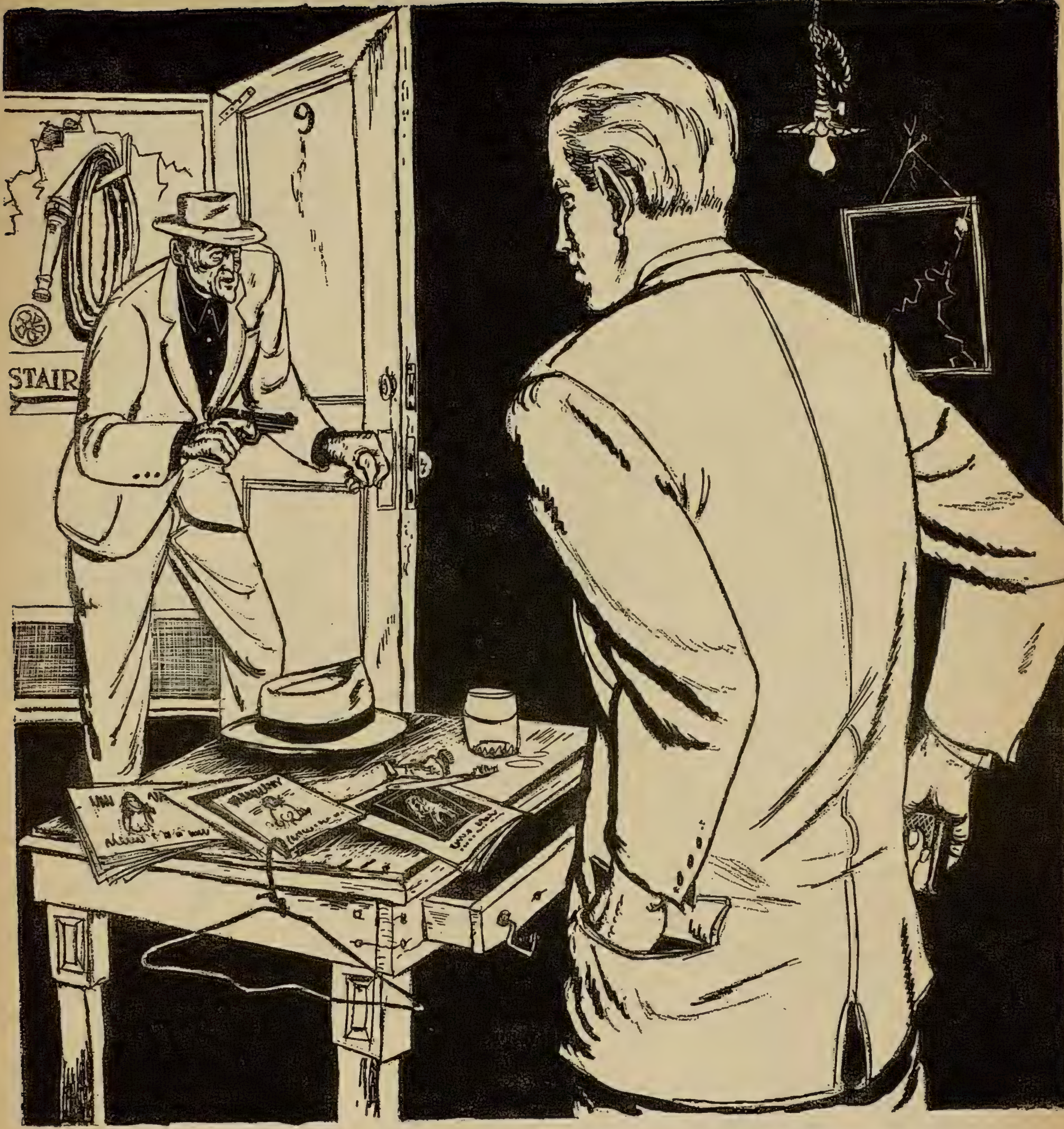
There was a pounding at the door and a harsh voice shouting, "Jean! Jean!" She got up and ran to it. Then it was open and Freddie stood in the doorway. His face worked.

"Hush, honey," Jean said. "Please, honey, it's only the detective. He just wanted to ask us some questions. That was all, honey."

Birge said, "I thought it would be easier for all of us if I came here instead of waiting for you at my office. Sit down, boy."

When he was seated, Birge nodded to Jean. "Suppose you wait outside. I'll call you in a few minutes."

When she had gone Birge said, "We found a list of names of men who had been paying to keep the



“Stand still!” The gun, a large one, was out of his pocket. “You want this, you'll get it. Get those hands up!”

Morel girl quiet—men, mostly, who had slept with her and didn't want anyone to know, or had something else to hide. Your name was on that list. Why?”

The eyes and face moved slowly, trying to fix exactly where he sat. “Why? Because I got drunk and went to bed with her once.”

“All she was threatening you with, then, was telling Jean?”

Freddie nodded.

“And so you gave her money?”

“Yes.”

“More than once?”

“Yes, yes! Let me call her in now. I want her here.”

Birge sighed and leaned back. “All right.”

The other turned his head toward the door, the tendons standing out in his neck. “Jean! Jean!” When the girl hesitantly entered—having first received a nod from Birge—and sat down by Freddie on the bed, he gripped her hands tightly.

Birge said, “It would be easier for all of us if you both understood I'm interested in catching this murderer and nothing else. Now, Jean, is there anything else you can tell me about that note you got yesterday?”

“No.”

“You haven't been able to place the handwriting?”

“No.”

"Was it a man's or a woman's?"

"I—I don't know."

Birge grunted. To the boy he said, "What time do you usually get up in the morning?"

Jean said, "About ten o'clock."

"I'm asking him. What time, Freddie?"

"What's time? I get up when she tells me."

"Where were you between eight-thirty and nine o'clock on Wednesday morning?"

The girl was trembling. The blind boy said, "How do I know when it's nine o'clock? If she was still in bed, so was I."

She nodded. "Yes. He was still in bed."

Birge asked suddenly, "How did you happen to lose your sight?"

The boy took a deep shuddering breath. "I happened to have a mother who was—careless. Just careless. Not criminal. Just careless. . . ."

Birge rubbed his mouth. After a moment he said, "I'm sorry." He picked up his hat, stepped by them, and went out.

He stopped at Janice Morel's old room and sat down on the bed. On the other side of the partition the voices began to rise. Jean's suddenly cut through, close to hysteria: "But you weren't in bed Wednesday morning when I woke up! Where were you, Freddie? Where were you, Freddie?"

◆

On Sunday mornings Birge did not often come down early to the office even when he was on duty. Sunday was the day of his family, a day to have late leisurely coffee with Edna in the clean kitchen, and to debate baseball with his son, Roy. When Hagen came to get him, as on all Sundays about that same time, Edna answered the door. He could hear her say, "But he's still at breakfast, Mr. Hagen"; and then the urgency of Hagen's tone and the quick footsteps of both of them as they came toward him.

"Sam," Hagen said, "we found Chapel. He's been shot. It was that skinny night clerk from the Marne. Looks like they were in some kind of fight. Chapel killed him."

Birge looked toward Edna, standing pale against the wall. He left the bright kitchen and the coffee, put on his coat and followed Hagen to the black limousine. Edna watched them from the doorway. She did not wave.

"Where was it?" Birge demanded.

Hagen let out the clutch, the gravel spun sharply under the wheels, and they pulled out. "In some cheap couple hotel on Acadia Street. The clerk downstairs heard the shots—there were two of them, he says—and went out and ran around till he found a cop, who called Haskell Collender and us." He paused, then continued bitterly, "I was cruising around looking for him, so I didn't hear about it right away. They found them both unconscious with bullets through their guts. The clerk died in a couple of minutes, and Chapel's in City Hospital. . . . Collender says that if the old man who heard the shots had called us right away, we might have kept the clerk alive long enough at least to get something out of him." He cut the wheel viciously, and slued the car, screaming, expertly around a corner.

◆

There were already two squad cars and the black police hearse before the little hotel, and, on the high granite porch of the old building, several patrolmen. Hagen and Birge shouldered their way through the few spectators on the sidewalk, and trotted heavily up the worn stone steps. The buzzer sounded briefly as they entered.

Through the open door, when they reached the upstairs landing, they could see the humped body. The familiar group was already there—the men from the morgue, the fingerprint man, and the medical examiner. The black wicker basket—probably the same one—was already there and open.

"What was his name?" Birge asked. "I don't even know his name."

Hagen shrugged. "We can find it out easy enough."

"Later. . . . Doesn't matter now."

By this time the patrolman had re-entered, leading an old man, stooped, and with blue-veined, palsied hands. He tightened his lips over his loose gums and squinted at them with red uncertain eyes.

Birge said, "You are the one who heard the shots?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time was this?"

"I don't know, officer. Hour, hour and a half, maybe."

"Whose room was this?"

"Well—that fellow in the coat, he rented it all right, but that was a couple of nights ago, only stayed one night. Skinny fellow, he took one downstairs, same time—but I thought he left yesterday too. . . . Can't figure what either one was doing here now." He shook his grizzled head.

"Did they come together?"

"No, sir. The big one, he come first. Other came right after, though."

Hagen had been watching the old man, his eyes narrow. "Since when do you rent single rooms in a place like this?"

The old man pursed his unsteady lips. "We rent to everybody, officer."

Hagen moved toward him. "Go on, talk!"

"Well—I only follow orders, officer. . . . First fellow said his wife was coming, so I let him have one. She never did come in, though. Other fellow—" He paused.

"Go on. What about him?"

"Well—he said he had to have a room to watch the first one. Said he'd make trouble if he didn't get it. . . . I didn't want no trouble."

Birge asked, "What kind of trouble did he say he'd make?"

"Well, he said he was here on business. . . ."

Birge looked at him sharply. "Did he say who sent him? Did he mention the name of Joe Marco?"

◆

The old man brought his palsied hands together. "Just said he was here on business—didn't say what kind or anything."

"All right," Birge said. "You can go back now. Dig up that register that these men signed and turn it over to the policeman here."

The old man's eyes shifted. "Will I be able to start cleaning up soon, officer? We got to get this room ready for tonight."

Birge said bitterly, "You people are always anxious to clean up quick after, aren't you?" He turned away. To Collender he said, "You say that Chapel's at City Hospital, Haskell?"

"City Number One. Figure on talking to him? He's probably unconscious."

It took them almost three-quarters of an hour to reach the mustard-yellow mass of the hospital, to park the car in the ambulance parking lot, and to go inside. In the worn, scrubbed hall the hospital scents met them—ether, lysol, and disease.

Hagen said as they went up in the elevator, "If Chapel talks now, we're through, practically."

They waited two hours. Then a nurse came to get them and they followed her into the ward. An intern met them. "Don't talk to him too long."

Birge moved quietly to the side of the bed. "Hello, Chapel."

The light eyes with their blond

lashes fixed on him. There was no expression in them—no interest, not even curiosity.

"The desk clerk's dead, Chapel. You'll have to talk now. It's the only way we or anybody else can help you. Why did he shoot you?"

"I don't know."

"Come on, Chapel," Hagen said.

"You'll have to hurry," the intern said. "You're tiring him."

Birge bit his lip. "Why did you run away?"

Chapel looked up at Hagen and then over to Birge, and smiled faintly. "I wanted fresh air."

There was no answer to any of the questions they asked, and presently the intern said, "I'm sorry. You'll have to stop now." He got between Hagen and the bed and motioned to the nurse to bring the oxygen tent.

Birge stood a second. "Is there anything you want, Chapel? Anybody I can call, or deliver messages to? I'd be glad to."

The lips trembled. "Not any more. . . . Nobody catches me—not any more!"

Outside, far to the west, a few low flat clouds still caught the sun, and glowed red; but the sunlight itself, which had made the drab streets so bright, was gone, and darkness was moving swiftly in.

Back in Birge's office, they found on his desk, piled in a neat heap, the personal effects, efficiently labeled, of the desk clerk: a tattered wallet containing some cards and a few single dollar bills, an address book full of notations on past horse races, a dollar fountain pen, some change, and a key ring.

Hagen, sitting on the edge of the desk, flipped through the wallet and dropped it again. "You think he was one of Joe Marco's boys? If he was, he didn't get much for it."

"Not one of his good boys. Just one of those that hung around, waiting for the dirty jobs."

"What do you think the tie-up was? He saw Chapel kill the girl, followed him and figured on bleeding him? How does Marco fit into that kind of nickel business?"

Birge frowned. "You take it for granted that Chapel did the killing, don't you?"

Hagen looked at him coolly. "Don't you?"

He shrugged. "It's a long way from being definite."

Hagen kept looking at him. "No, it's not quite a hundred per cent yet, I guess." He walked to the window.

Birge said, "I think Marco wanted the case finished to get the police away from the hotel. I still think he keeps at least some of his dope there. And I think this fellow's job was to watch." He paused over a small patent-lock key, examined it closely. "Most of the locks in that place are pretty old. I don't remember a key like this." Then he picked up his phone. "McCarthy? Call Harrison and find out if he's still around. If he is, tell him I'm on my way to the Marne—the Marne Hotel, on Ash Street—and either to follow me or hang around where I can call him. Send down a squad car with a couple of men after me." To Hagen he said, "Let's go." . . .

"Mrs. Leeds," Birge said suddenly when they were looking through a closet in the cellar, "why is there linoleum on this bit of floor? You don't have it in the rest of the basement."

She frowned faintly. "One of the maids must have put it there."

He found a corner of the linoleum that was a little loose, slid a finger under it, and found that the floor was wood. It was easy then. They cleaned out the closet, pulled up the linoleum and threw it out. They groped around till they found a keyhole, and fitted the patent key into it. The trap door was brought up. Inside were cans. They broke them open and shook out the cleaning compound, and there, underneath, was what they were looking for—the folded papers containing the fine white powder.

Mrs. Leeds did not speak or change her expression, but Birge raised his sweaty head and grinned. "Well, boys," he said, "let's put on our coats. We're going to the Club Trinidad to pick up a friend."

◆

The note on Birge's desk next morning said, "Doctor Carson from City Hospital called. Wants you to call him back immediately."

There was some delay in getting the number, and the buzzing on the line aggravated his headache, which beat like a pulse. He looked at Hagen sitting across the desk: immaculate, cool, absently flipping a coin.

When he got the doctor, Birge closed his eyes. He listened quietly to what was being told him. At the end he said, "Thank you, Doctor," and slowly hung up.

"Well?" Hagen asked. "What'd he say?"

"Chapel confessed this morning to the murder of the Morel girl."

The coin was stopped in mid-air. Hagen whistled.

Birge had left his coupe at home, so they went out to the hospital in the limousine. Chapel had been moved to a room. The man who opened the door said, "Oh, yes, Captain, I've been expecting you. I'm Doctor Carson. Chapel's unconscious now." He turned to call someone, and stepped out, with a nurse behind him.

"Now, just tell me what happened," Birge said.

◆

The nurse spoke in a precise, professional voice, "We had taken off the tent to change his dressings. He said, very low—I could hardly hear him—'I'm going to die, ain't I?' Then he said, 'You tell those detectives that I murdered that girl.'"

"And nobody else heard him?" Hagen asked impatiently.

"No. I was the only one close."

"Well, why didn't you call somebody and make him repeat it?"

The girl looked bewildered. "Why, I was busy. And we couldn't keep the tent off him long. And—and he was in pain."

"That's too bad," Hagen said. His eyes were hard. "And you didn't think it was important anyway, did you?" He looked over at the uniformed guard who had been stationed at the door. "And where the hell were you? What do you think you're here for?"

The patrolman's face flushed. "I didn't know anything about it, Lieutenant. They wouldn't even let me in there."

Birge caught Hagen's eye and shook his head. He glanced at the nurse and stood up. "You'll be prepared to swear an affidavit or testify to this in court, won't you?" She nodded. "Thank you very much."

On the way back Hagen said, "Well, Marco's in jail, and we got a confession for the Morel killing. Pretty good." He yawned. "How about that time off, Sam? All we have to do now is make the reports. Let's let them go for tomorrow."

Birge frowned. The headache would not let him think straight. "Why are you so set on this confession? This is a first-degree case—we couldn't convict with it."

"Wouldn't have to convict a dead man. The D. A.'d be satisfied with it."

"Charley, if you want to take off, it's okay with me."

They pulled over at the next corner and Hagen got out. Birge started for home. He really meant to go there—but at the end of half an hour he found that he was even further from it, that his car, like his mind, had been traveling in hot, restless circles and he was now somewhere in the narrow streets close to the river.

At the Marne he stopped at the desk. The woman there was afraid of him now, and watched him approach nervously. He said, "Give me the key to Harry Chapel's room."

"It's 207, but the key isn't here. He must be up in his room."

Birge said impatiently, "Don't you have a master key?"

"Only Mrs. Leeds. Want me to get it for you?"

He didn't want to get involved with Mrs. Leeds again. "Never mind. Maybe the door's open."

He had no particular plan or design, and when he found that the door was locked, stood, uncertainly, trying to decide whether it was worth going to the trouble of getting the key when he didn't even know what he was looking for. It seemed strange to be there, rattling the doorknob of a man who was dying in the hospital. While he remained, undecided, the door to the room across the hall opened, and a man came out, his shadow projected across Chapel's door by the light behind him.

He was a thin man, with deep hollows in his face and neck, wearing wrinkled dirty work clothes, and with a strong tic which twisted his features to one side and kept one eye winking constantly. "You're the detective fellow, ain'cha?"

"Yes."

"Lookin' for Chapel? Know he ain't there, don'cha?"

"Yes." Birge started to turn away.

"I can tell you anything you want to know about him. I seen him almost every day—guess I know him better'n anybody—except maybe the girls upstairs." Wink, wink, wink went the eye. "Secretive fellow. Kep' to himself."

"No friends at all?"

"Girl friends. Mostly the one was killed."

"You never saw him with any other friends—here, in his room?"

"Fellow came to see him Thursday night."

"What kind of fellow?"

"Didn't see him. Nasty voice. They argued some. . . . Is he dead yet, Mister?"

"No. You didn't hear the name of the other man, did you?"

"No."

Birge went upstairs and knocked at Mrs. Fahey's door. It opened with a jerk. "Oh, it's you, sir. Come in."

"This will only take a few minutes." He took out his pad. "Do you know anything about Harry Chapel that you haven't told me? Can't you remember anything else about him?"

"Nothin' — except the way he walked that morning, right after he murdered her."

"You heard him in the hall?"

"Yes. So drunk he couldn't stand, and had to lean against the wall. He pushed against my door, while I was still in my bed, and for a minute I thought he was comin' in, him with the blood still on his hands—"

"What time was this?"

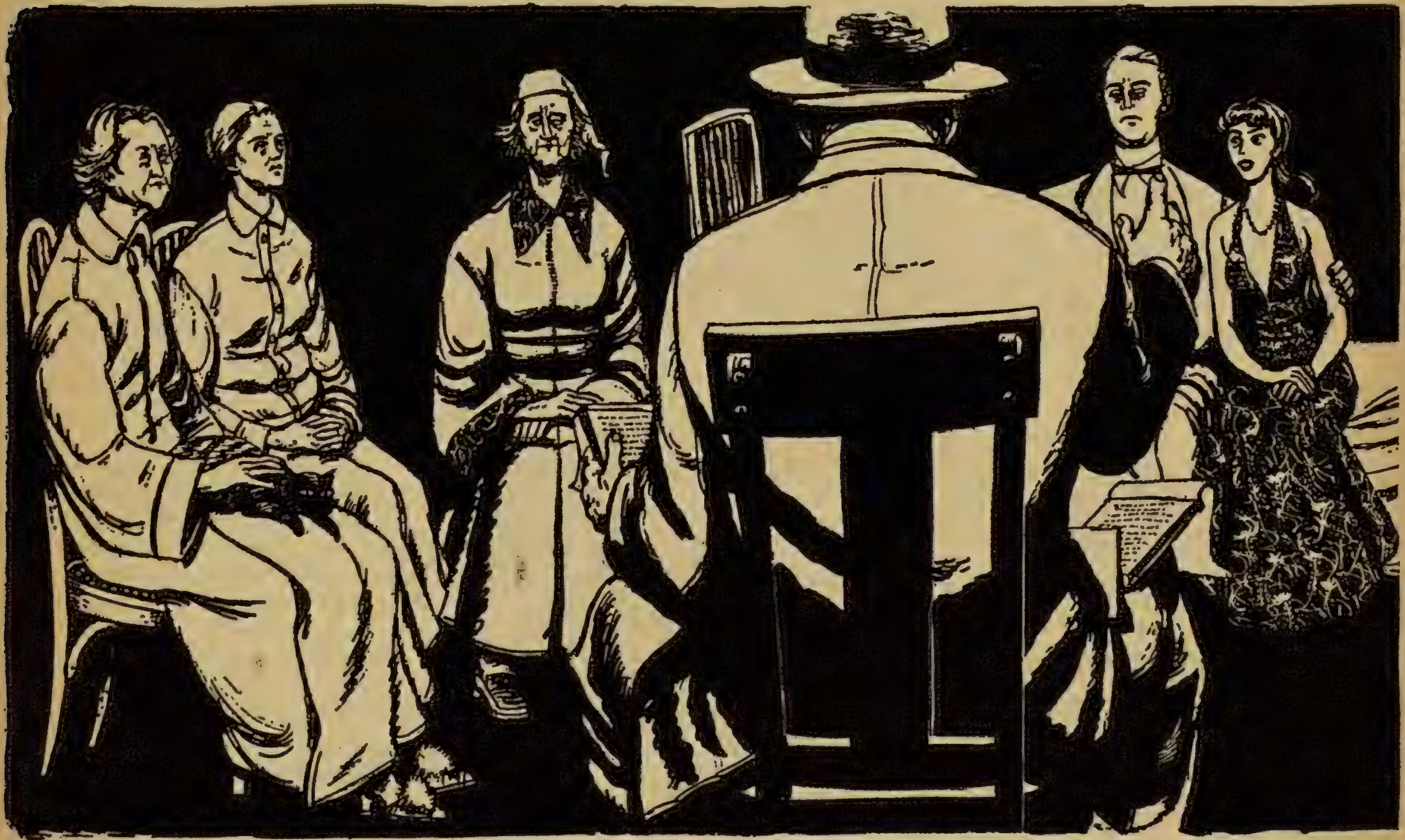
"Almost nine o'clock. Right after the murder."

"Are you sure it was him? Did you see him?"

"I didn't have to see him. I've heard him often enough before, comin' from that room—"

Birge bit his lip. Chapel claimed to have left at eight-thirty. "Why the devil didn't you tell me that before? . . . Never mind." He dropped his pad in his pocket. "Thank you very much, Mrs. Fahey. I'll call on you again later."

In the lobby, he called his office from the pay phone at the desk.



Birge was trying to arrange the notebooks and papers. Finally he was done. He let his eyes move slowly across

"Hello, Miss Jones? Captain Birge. Call the Leader Department Store for me, and have them check from the timekeeper's records when Harry Chapel reported for work Wednesday morning."

"Yes, sir. . . . A Doctor Carson phoned to tell you that Harry Chapel died—it's about an hour ago, now. Was in a coma until he died, and didn't say anything. Hello, Captain? You still there?"

"Yes, Miss Jones. . . . Any other message?"

"Let's see—yes, from Captain Harrison. He said you might be interested to know that Joe Marco was released on bail early this afternoon."

Birge grinned, almost with mirth, at the dirty, marked wall alongside the telephone.

"Well, thank you, Miss Jones. I'll be in in about half an hour. You don't have to wait for me."

As he came toward the door he saw a girl in the doorway, about to go out—a heavy-set girl with bleached hair, flashily dressed, teetering on high spike heels. Through the blur of his headache it seemed to him suddenly that he was looking at the back of Janice Morel, and he almost stopped, in consternation; but when he got closer he saw that he was mistaken, though there was a resemblance. Probably she was the new girl, the one Mrs. Fahey had told him about, who had moved into Janice Morel's old room. She glanced up and down the street. When, apparently, she saw what she was looking for, she stepped out, with mincing steps, ahead of Birge. A half-block up a big car was waiting for her, with a little overdressed man behind the wheel who smiled and held the door open as she approached.

Birge was already back in the limousine when he saw Mrs. Ferris reach the front door of the hotel. He called to her. "Mrs. Ferris! Mrs. Ferris!"

She paused and turned slowly at his voice.

"You're going to work now?"

"Yes."

"Still doing two people's work?"

"Well—as much as I can."

He nodded and watched her enter the black doorway.

◆

The stone floors, the cream plaster walls of Police Headquarters were cooler than the car and the streets had been. His office was vacant, with the faint dusty tidiness of sunset, the horizontal rays of the sun coming at a slight angle through the window. On his blotter were spread his secretary's notes, the letters, the calls that had come in. The pad had on it, "Harry Chapel, Leader Dep't Store, Wednesday morning 9:15."

About eight-thirty Edna Birge called. She was a little alarmed. "Sam! Aren't you coming for dinner at all?"

His coat was off now, his collar opened and his sleeves rolled. His desk lamp had been on for some time, and a cigar was in the tray. "I'm sorry, Edna. I meant to call you."

He could picture her—sitting before the small telephone stand at the base of the stairs. "Sam," she said, "I could bring some of the dinner down to you."

He smiled. "It's all right, honey. I'll send out for a sandwich later. You know I don't eat much when I'm working." He paused and looked at the wall. "How is Roy, Edna?"

"Why—all right. He was playing catch all afternoon. He's listening to the radio now."

He nodded.

"Sam," she said suddenly. "Sam, you're sick."

◆

She would be more worried now, and the frown even deeper on her face. When she became very worried, as when Roy had had diphtheria, she would begin to rock slightly and the shadows would move on her thin cheeks. Then she looked like just another of the immigrant mothers he often saw during the night, rocking endlessly on the hard bench in the prison waiting room.

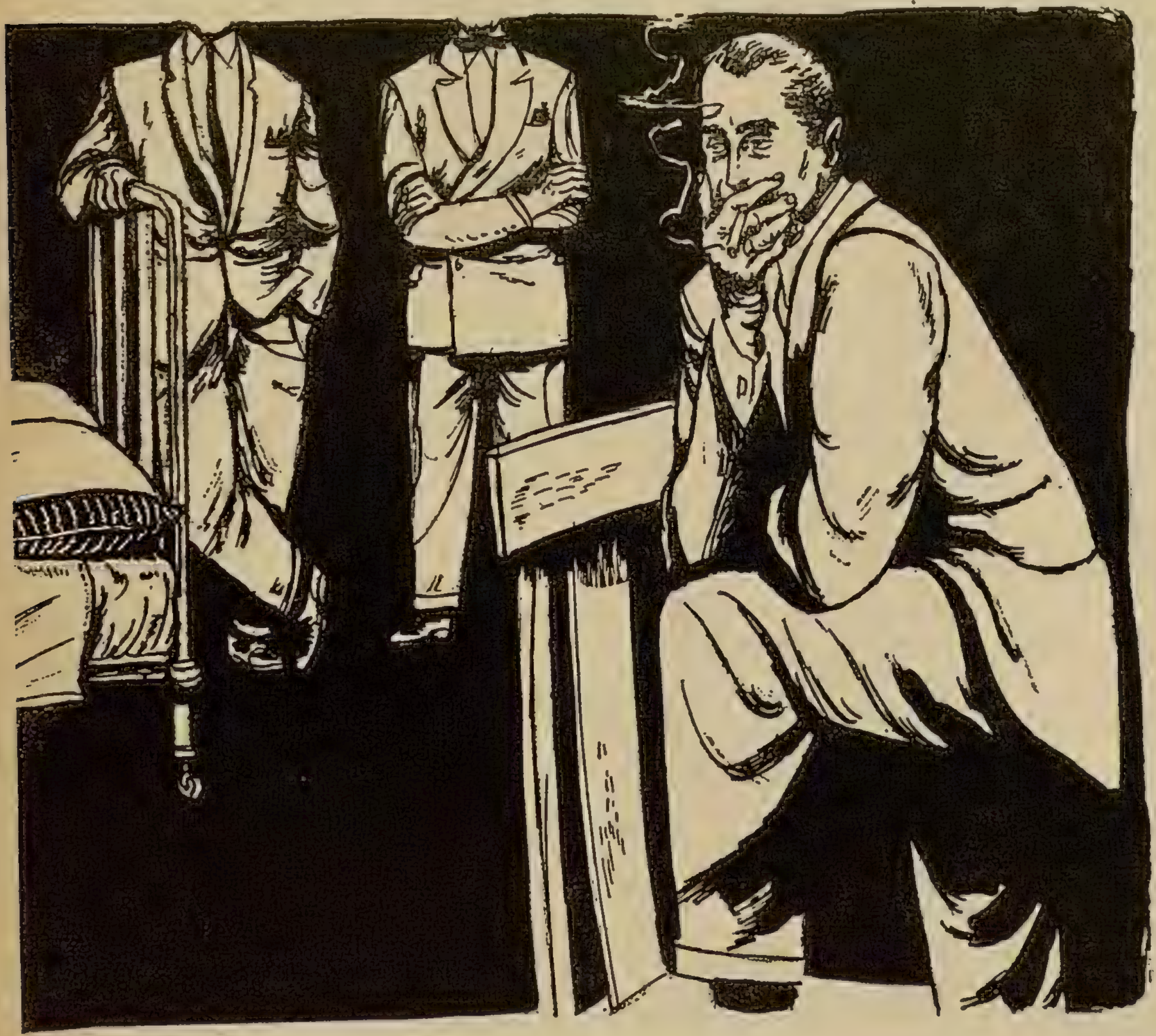
"I'm all right. Just a little headache."

"I can tell it in your voice. Please come home, Sam. You worked all day yesterday."

"I'm all right. . . . I'll be home, Edna."

He worked till very late, alone at his desk. Before him were his open files and notebooks, and at his elbow his telephone, which he kept in constant use. His headache was strong again. Finally he had the answers he wanted, and had spoken to the sleepy, angry voices of Mrs. Leeds and Hagen to give them their instructions.

At two o'clock in the morning he and Hagen came into the Marne, walking swiftly, not speaking. They took the elevator, and went into Freddie's room and closed the door behind them. It was crowded with the people Birge had told to be



the faces before him. "You all know Harry Chapel is dead."

there. Against the wall stood the two bronzed, impassive plain-clothes men. On the chairs were Mrs. Leeds, her cat on her lap; Mrs. Fahey, still wearing a sleeping cap; and Mrs. Ferris, in her working clothes. On the bed sat Freddie and Jean, still in their evening dress, the boy keeping his face turned toward wherever there were voices, the girl glancing around with whiskied hesitancy, her lipstick a wound in her chalky face.

Mrs. Leeds said bitterly, "Was it necessary to get us all out of bed and humiliate us here just to demonstrate your authority, Captain?"

Birge paid no attention. He was sitting on a chair which one of the plain-clothes men had brought him, trying to arrange methodically his notebooks and papers on his lap with fingers which kept making uncontrolled movements from fatigue.

◆

Finally he straightened up and let his eyes move slowly across the faces before him. "I called you all here," he said, "because there are some facts I need to establish tonight. You all know that Harry Chapel is dead. He died this afternoon in the hospital of a bullet wound. He was running away at the time he got shot, apparently thinking that we were coming to arrest him. Did any of you know he was running or that he intended to?"

No one answered.

"All right, then. . . . Mrs. Ferris, you say you looked into Janice Morel's room about eight o'clock. Are you still sure you didn't see him in there?"

Her hands stirred. "I didn't see him, no."

"And you didn't see him come out into the hall?"

"I—no, sir. I left soon after."

"But you, Mrs. Fahey—you did hear a man in the hall a little later?"

"Oh, yes, *I* heard him!"

Hagen looked up in surprise.

"Are you sure it was Chapel?"

"Oh, yes. He was drunk, and walking slow."

Birge said, "You say he touched your door, as though he was so drunk he couldn't see where he was going?"

"Oh he was drunk all right!"

"Did any of you know about Janice Morel's extortion racket?"

Silence. The blind boy had his head turned toward him, his neck straining. Jean's lips began to tremble.

Birge nodded. "All right. We know then that Chapel had spent her last night alive with her; that he'd been with her on the morning of her murder, and was reported leaving her room, drunk, about the time it occurred; that he'd once done time for a similar crime; and that she'd been threatening and extorting money from him."

Hagen was frowning. Why was Birge telling a bunch of outsiders, possibly accomplices, all of these things that were none of their business?

"The fact of the matter is, though, that Harry Chapel did *not* commit that murder! At nine-fifteen I know he was at work at the Leader Department Store, sober.

"He'd been giving her money—that's true—but long after he knew what she was up to, he remained on good terms with her and kept sleeping with her. Moreover, she had the men she bled listed in a regular order that she always followed in getting money. Whoever killed her would probably have been the one she asked last, someone who couldn't spare the money and who had something important to lose. It wasn't Chapel. According to her book, she asked him for money the week before and he gave it to her."

Sweat from his forehead had penetrated to his eyes. He said, "The next name on that list, the last man she was ever to ask for money, was Freddie Eckstein."

The blind man was sitting bolt upright. Next to him Jean shrank away, staring.

"You'd been on that list for a long time, Eckstein — even longer than Chapel. It wasn't easy for you to pay, because Jean knows how much money you get, and you had trouble holding out enough. But you didn't quit because you didn't dare. And then on Tuesday night, the night before the murder, after Jean had left for the movie, Janice Morel asked you for more.

"You didn't know where you were going to get it, did you? And you believed she would keep bleeding you, and you'd never get rid of her. So this time you decided to make sure. You figured that no one would suspect you because you're blind. But you can pick out a body on white sheets when the sun is shining on it, can't you? Especially in a bed that you've been in before? So during the night you got one of the knives out of the kitchen and hid it; and you waited in the morning till you heard Chapel leave—you knew everybody would suspect him—and then you went over—"

"It's a lie!" Freddie was on his feet, shrieking.

"Is it? Ask Jean if it's a lie that you weren't in bed at the time of the murder. Ask Mrs. Fahey whether she heard someone in the hall then, someone who had to touch her door because he couldn't see—"

Jean began to scream, on a single high merciless note. All the others were on their feet now, all except Birge. The blind boy began to come around the bed, trying to get to the source of the voice, his arms stretched out before him. One foot caught on the leg of a vacated chair, and he crashed down heavily, opening his cheek cruelly on the bedpost. He tried to rise again, lifting his bloody face, clawing at the bedcover for help, but before he could even begin to get to his feet, the plain-clothes men had him.

"All right." Birge's lips hardly moved. "Take him out."

He had not stirred while the shouting was going on. He did not move now, while the boy, trying painfully to twist free, was shoved through the door. All the eyes, even Hagen's, were on him.

Birge gathered his notebooks and got to his feet. "All right," he said to Hagen, "let's go." When he reached the door someone came up from behind him and took his sleeve. It was Mrs. Ferris. He shook her hand off. Over his shoulder, still without facing them, he said, "I'll be in my office in Police Headquarters for the next couple of hours if anyone wants to reach me, Mrs. Leeds." Then he went out.

◆

"I hope you know what the hell you're doing, Sam," Hagen said. "I'm sure I don't." He was very angry. "You haven't a single fact—not even that he was in the room at the time of the murder, or that she threatened him, like you claim. Once he gets a lawyer we won't be able to hold him, and when the D. A. hears about it there'll be hell to pay. Why the big show?" Hagen turned savagely toward Birge. "And why the stinking hell is everything such a big secret? Why didn't I know about this? Am I supposed to be working with you or not?"

Birge was silent. The car nosed forward slowly.

"All right," Hagen said, "if we're through for now, drop me somewhere where I can get a cab."

"I'll need you again tonight."

They finally reached headquarters

and pulled up against the curb. From the blurred windows a few lights glowed vaguely. Birge went down the hall and through the railing leading to his office. He said to one of the men on night duty. "Take one of the desks just outside my office where you can watch my door."

He went in. The debris of his night's work was still piled high. He shoved it to one side and sat down. For a moment he put his head in his hands.

"All right," Hagen said, "what do you want me to do?"

Birge shook his head and sat up. "Go into the next room and set up the recorder. I'll call you on the mike when I want you in here. Otherwise you'll know."

Hagen watched him a moment, his expression alternating between anger and puzzlement. Finally he shrugged, turned, and went out the door, closing it hard behind him.

◆

Birge checked the concealed microphone that lay in his desk, connected to Hagen's recorder. It worked, and after a moment he switched it on, and tested it. Then he just sat back and waited.

Soon there were the murmuring voices outside the door—interrogation and response — and then the knocking. He said, "Yes?" and the man he had left outside opened the door.

"Somebody out here to see you, Captain. All right?"

He nodded and said, "Come in."

She walked across the floor and sat down. She laid her old purse on the desk and raised to him for a moment the troubled eyes that were so like Edna's.

She said, "I've come to confess to the murder of Janice Morel."

He took a deep breath, watching those eyes. "You fully realize what you're doing? You're familiar with the penalty for first-degree murder?"

Her hands moved. "Yes."

"All right." He took up a pencil. "Then tell me your story, Mrs. Ferris."

The old woman fixed her eyes firmly on her folded fingers. "I'd meant to do it for some time. That morning I just happened to have the chance."

"She didn't cry or make a noise of any kind?"

She took a deep breath. "No."

"What time was this?"

"Between eight-thirty and nine."

He studied her. Her lips were white, but her half-turned face, in the shadow, was calm.

He tapped his pencil. "This is a very serious business, Mrs. Ferris."

She glanced quickly at him again.

"Where did you get the knife?"

"From the kitchen."

He wrote something in his open pad. "Why did you do it?"

She hesitated. "Well—the way she treated me, mostly. She made a good deal of extra work for me sometimes . . ."

Birge frowned, put down his pencil and leaned back. "Mrs. Ferris," he said, "we have to have evidence that will stand up in court. No jury would believe a story like yours, without even a motive. I certainly don't. If you have anything new to offer I'll be glad to listen, Mrs. Ferris. Otherwise please don't waste my time."

The eyes touched him then, suddenly haggard. "You have that kind of case against the boy?"

He nodded, watching her. "We have enough."

When she spoke again her voice was a whisper. "All right. My real name is Mary Eckstein. I'm his mother. That's what you wanted to know, isn't it?"

Birge leaned forward. "That's why you came here—to get him off?"

"It's why I had to kill the girl."

"It's natural that a mother should try to save her son by sacrificing herself. That's what a jury would think. . . . They would want a lot of proof."

She closed her eyes wearily. "I buried the towel that I wiped the knife with in the cellar, under the ashes. You can still find it there. When I came downstairs, carrying the pail with the knife in it, covered by the dirty water, I met the other maid. You can ask her. She was just coming on duty. She wanted to know what I was still doing there and I said I had some work to finish. She said to give her the pail and she'd finish it for me. I said no—I had to do it myself. . . ."

Birge got to his feet and walked slowly across the floor. The light from the desk lamp reached the wall only faintly and unevenly, and the corners were heavy with shadow. Before the side room he paused, hearing the faint rustling of the turning machinery, remembering suddenly with a slight shock that the recorder was in there, clicking softly, reproducing with inhuman fidelity everything that was being said.

He said over his shoulder, "Didn't you ever try to talk to the girl?"

She did not answer. He said, "It's not reason enough to kill. Didn't you even try to talk to her—give her money—stop her some other way?"

She twisted on the seat. "Didn't you know that toward the end she was like—like something wild? Can you talk or reason with something that's — not responsible — not quite human? Whether it's her fault or not, can you leave your children where she can reach them, hurt them? Why can't you understand!" She turned her head away and gripped the chair arms. "Yes, I gave her money. She promised that she wouldn't touch him if I gave her more. But she couldn't let him alone. She'd have told Jean about him too, sooner or later. I heard her that last night, through his door, screaming at him, threatening him. He didn't have any more money then, and he kept crying and begging her. . . . I was outside and I heard." Her hands shook on the hard arms of the chair. "What could you expect me to do? He never had anything — nothing except Jean — I even took away his eyes!"

◆

Birge nodded. "All right," he said. "All right. Go on."

"I went to the kitchen when I thought everyone was asleep, and got the knife. . . . I didn't have time for or know enough about anything else. Then I went back upstairs. . . . But Mr. Chapel was sleeping with her then, and I had to wait."

"What time was this?"

"About three o'clock." She shivered. "In the morning I went in again, but he was still there. Then I thought, for a while, I wouldn't do it. It was late, growing light already, my hands were unsteady—I'd have to give it up, I thought, at least for a day. But then—I saw my boy. He started to walk down the hall just then. He was guiding himself with his fingers along the wall. . . . So—I waited till I was sure Mr. Chapel was gone. . . ." She shuddered.

"All right," Birge said. He came back slowly to the desk. "And the knife — what did you do with the knife after you got it downstairs?"

"I scoured it in the kitchen. Then I put it away."

His efficient fingers made a note on his pad. Then they threw the pencil aside. "It doesn't make sense. Why did you try to hide the fact that you saw Chapel in that room? That could have kept suspicion from you for at least a little while longer."

"Why should the innocent suffer

while the guilty go free?" Her hands were shaking.

He ran his hand through his hair. "But why didn't you at least run?"

"Run? Leave Freddie here?"

"But what could you *gain* by staying? You couldn't help him any more. And you knew you'd be caught. Did you *want* to be caught?"

"Nobody has the right—to do any of what I did. I had to—but nobody gave me the right. Or the privilege of escaping the punishment." Her lips lifted over her teeth, as though in pain. "You say I should have run. Where? To what? . . . To escape from what?"

He sat down heavily. "In all the time you followed him, couldn't he even guess who you were?"

◆ She leaned toward the desk, the lower edge of her lined face coming within the rim of the yellow circle of light. "While he was still a child—while we still had hope he could be cured—he would sometimes come to me when he needed comforting or help."

She lifted her curved hand and laid it gently against her cheek.

"When he grew a little older he stopped. At school—while he could still go—the boys would trip him and laugh at him. At home he would sit in corners by himself, or talk to himself. He spent hours practicing his music, because that was something he knew he could do well. After he found out what was happening to him—what I had done to him—he never came to me. The day he ran away he hadn't spoken to me for over two months."

Her wrinkled fingertips moved through the gray strands on her temple. "He was eleven then. He was fourteen before I found him again. Then it was pure luck. He was in a juvenile detention home in Chicago. The authorities had put him there because he was playing in a tavern under age, and because he was—drunk. So drunk that he gave his right name. Nobody notified me at first, because he said that his parents were dead. When I came there, he refused to see me. He told them: 'That woman's a dirty liar. My mother's dead. And I'm glad she died.'"

She leaned back again and her face retreated slowly into the shadow. "I told the authorities I'd made a mistake, and pretended to leave town. A private detective I hired watched for his release, got money to him so he wouldn't suspect it was from me, followed him and told me where he got his next job. I got one there too, as a charwoman. . . . I've never left him since."

"In all that time he couldn't even guess?"

She shook her head.

"Couldn't he even recognize your voice?"

"I seldom spoke. Then I disguised my voice." Her gray head rocked gently on her bent fist. "You can do it if you try. You can do anything if you try."

"Did you give him money?"

"When I could without making him suspicious. Sometimes I would leave it in his room or give it to his employer to add secretly to his salary." Her knuckles trembled again against her cheek. "Everything secretly."

"Except this."

She touched her mouth. "Please. . . . That's enough for now, isn't it?"

He rubbed the heel of his hand across his forehead. "I guess so."

He lifted the phone from its cradle, and said into the mouthpiece, "Have a matron sent over." Then he hung up, and for a moment, leaning on his elbow, looked across at her.

"You keep saying that his blindness was your fault. What did you actually do?" She was silent. "You'll have to tell me. The District Attorney has to believe this, otherwise it's no good. Otherwise he won't release the boy."

"He had pneumonia when he was two. I thought he was going to die. He was still only a baby, and I hardly ever left him, night or day, for over a month. . . . But then, one day, after the doctor told me he was out of danger, I thought it would be all right if I went out for a while. It looked all right. He was too weak to get into trouble, and I hadn't seen anybody for so long . . ."

◆ She stopped. Birge watched her lips.

"I didn't have anybody to leave him with, but I thought if I gave him a bottle it would keep him quiet till I got back. He was really too old then for a bottle, but I thought: Just till I get back . . ." Her hand went to her throat. "I forgot to close the crib, and he rolled in his sleep and fell out. When I got back he was on the floor, on his face, with the bottle smashed—"

Birge raised his fingers to his own eyes. "All right," he said. "All right."

She shivered again and leaned back. "You won't tell him?"

"I'll try not to have to."

It was late now, very late. Probably the sky should already have been lightening, but the windows still showed only the blank yellow of the mist. The room, in fact, seemed to be getting dimmer. The circle of the desk light was becoming constrained, as though the fog, on its own stealthy moist feet, had finally penetrated even here. And if it could come so easily through these granite walls, where was anybody safe?

Someone knocked at the door. The prison matron—a big woman in a gray uniform—came in. Mrs. Eckstein had closed her eyes. She looked up, squinting slightly, when the hand touched her shoulder.

Birge cleared his throat before he could speak. "You know," he said, "I didn't really have anything on that boy."

The eyes turned and gazed at him. He raised his hand. He would have to explain to them—to Edna's eyes—before they left.

"He'll go free now?" she whispered.

"Yes. Soon."

The matron touched her sleeve and she got to her feet.

"Wait," he said. "Wait just a minute." She paused and turned again. "It's my job, you understand."

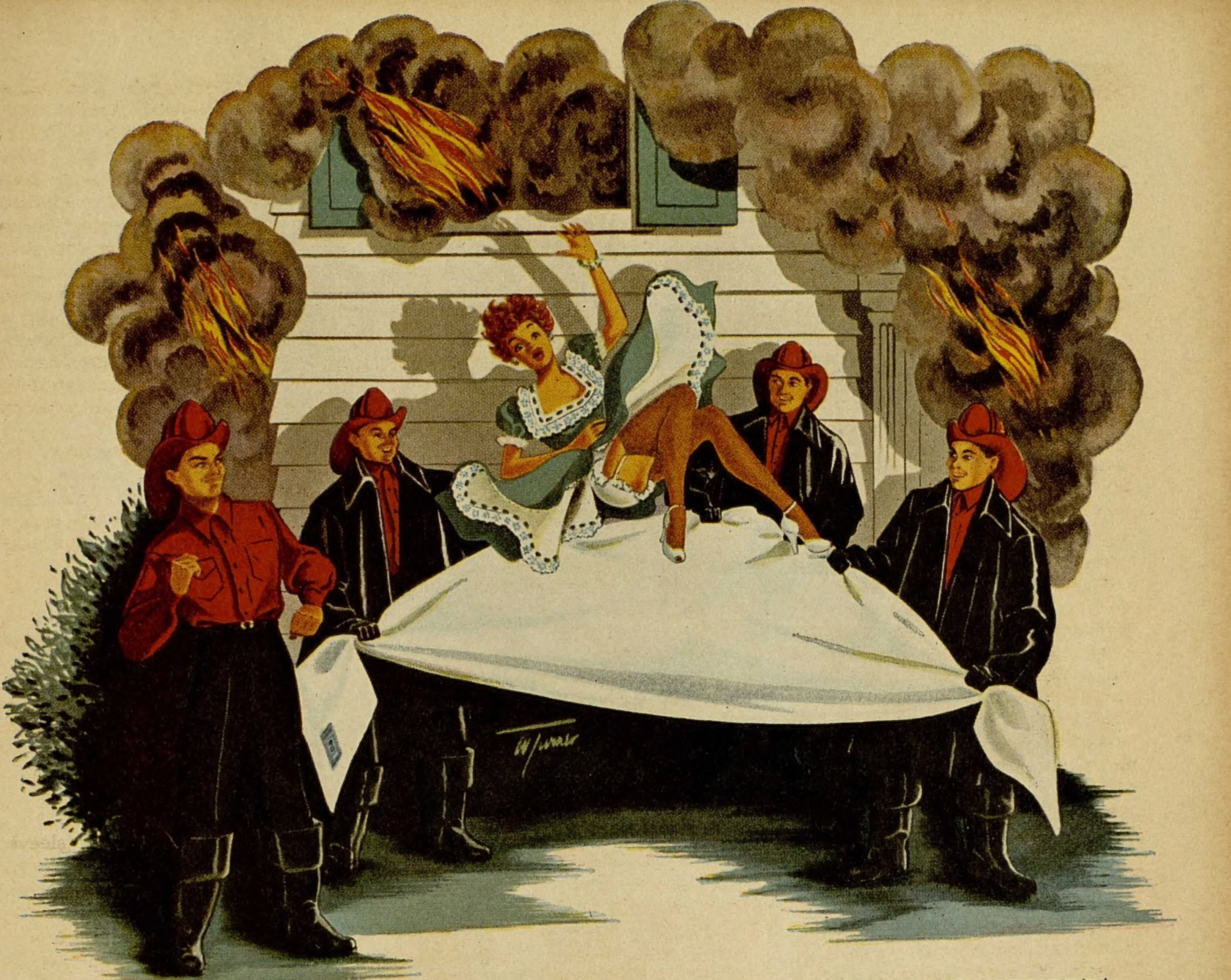
She nodded.

◆ The door closed behind them and his hand fell. For the moment that he was alone he sat staring at the wall. He did not notice that Hagen had re-entered the room until he saw him halfway across the floor.

Hagen put his hands on the desk and leaned forward. "Sam," he said, "it was the damnedest thing I ever saw. One of the best pieces of police work I ever heard about. . . . I don't blame you for not telling me. I can be all kinds of a damned fool. To trick her into a confession like that! Now, if we could only pull something like that on Joe Marco!"

"Charley—" Birge said. "Charley—do me a favor. Follow her. See that she's booked properly and has what she needs. . . . Get a release started for that boy."

Hagen went out. Birge could hear his voice in the corridor, talking to the men there. He could hear their answering exclamations. Probably he was being praised. He looked at his watch. It was late now. Time to go home, to Edna and his son. ◆ ◆



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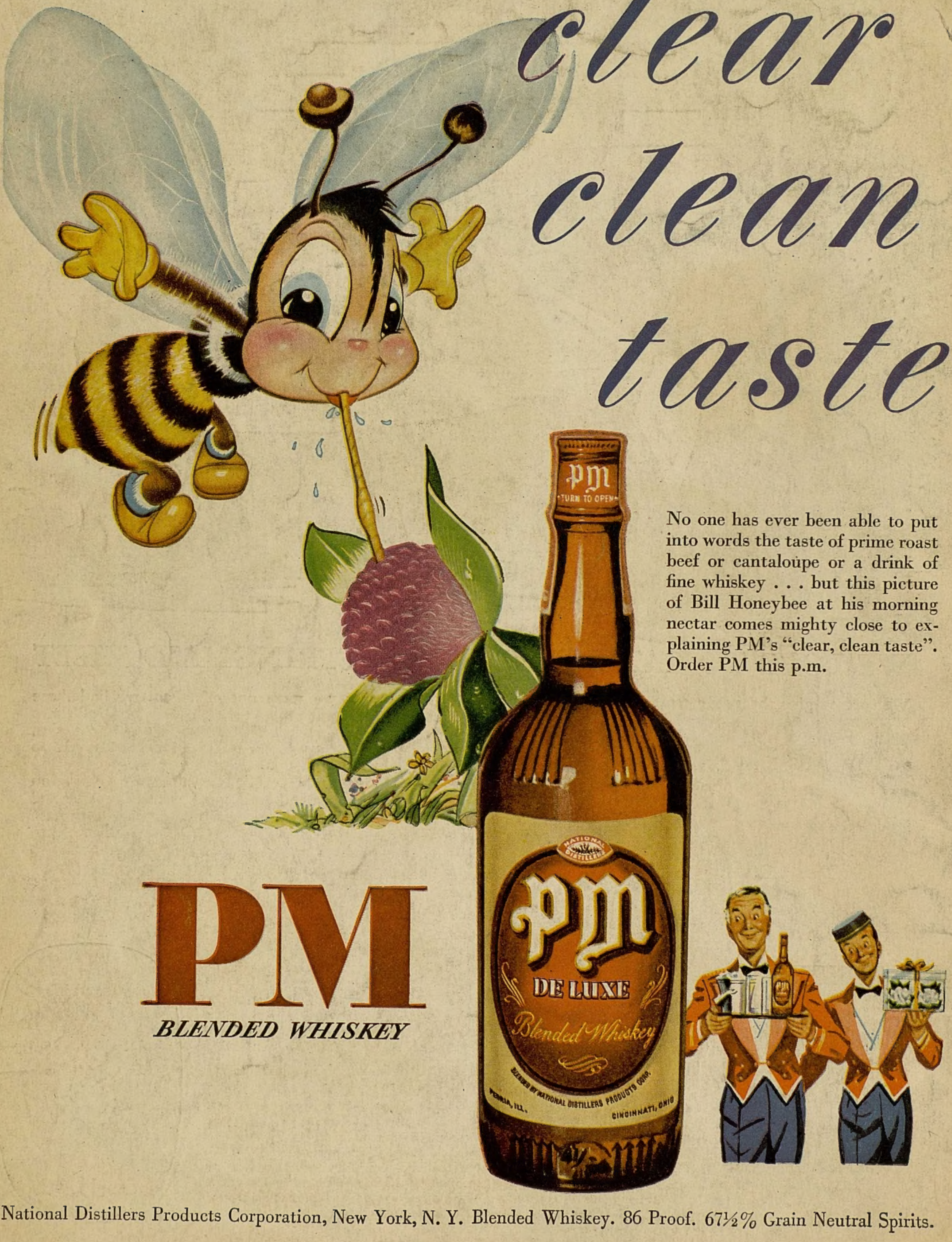
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